THE WORKS OF THE FAMOUS AND WORTHY Knight, Sir DAVID LINDSAY of the Mount, alias, Lyon, King of Armes.

Newly corrected and vindicate from the former errors wherewith they were corrupted: And augmented with sundry works, &c.

JOB VII.

Militia est vita hominis super terram.

Vivet etiam post funera virtus.

GLASGOW:

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THE PRINTER TO THE READER.

It hath pleased God in all ages, to raise up faithful & worthy men, of singular gifts and graces (especially in the time o greatest defection) to bear witness to his truth, and to rebuke th World of sin: As Noah for the space of 120 years, before th delude came upon the old world, to preach repentance. Lot in Sodom; whose soul they vexed with their sinful deeds. Mose the Ruler of his people, sent of God to thereaten Pharao for thei oppression, resolved to suffer with Gods people, rather then t commit sin. And all his Prophets, from time to time, to reprov and correct the enormities not only of the Jews, but also of the Gentils for their sins. And in the time of the Gospel, how many notable men of all Nations, have given their bodies to be cruelly tormented for the cause of Christ? And in our own Nation among many other learned men, it pleased his Majesty, even i the time of palpable darkness, to stir up this Author sir David Lindsay, albeit a Courtyour, and exercised about matters o estate: yet a man of such sincerity and faithfulness, that he spar ed not, as well in his satyrical farlet and playes, as in all othe works, to enveigh most sharply, both against the enormities o the Court, and the great corruption of the Cleargy, that it i wonder how he escaped their bloody hands, they having suc power at that time, as they practised in shedding the Blood o Gods servants. Master Patrick Hamilton, Robert Forester, gentle man, George Wisheart, and Walter Miln, with divers others Who gave their lives for the testimony of Gods truth: and ye this Author ended his days in peace, for all their cruel menacing This lets us see the wonderful power and providence of the Al mighty, that albeit he suffer the wicked to execute their cruelt upon some of his Saints, yet he preserveth others, that their ene mies have no power to touch one hair of their heads, but as i pleaseth his Majesty to permit them. For further commendatio of the Author, his own work shal testifie his probity. I will no detain thee, good Reader, any longer from the perusing of th same.

A PROLOGUE

Of the miſerable eſtate of the World, between Experience and the Courteour.

MUſing and marvelling on the miſery,
From day to day in earth which doth encreaſe,
And of each ſtate the inſtability,
Proceeding of the reſtleſs buſineſs,
Whereon the moſt part do their mind addreſs
Inordinately on hungry Coueitice,
Vain gloze, deceit, and other ſenſual vice.

But tumbling in my bed I might not ly,
Wherefore I went forth in a May morning,
Comfort to get of my melancholy,
Some-what before freſh Phebus up riſing,
Where I might hear the birds ſweetly ſing:
Into a park I paſt for my pleaſure,
Decored well by craft of Dame Nature.

How I received comfort natural,
For to deſcribe at length, it were too lang,
Smelling the wholeſome herbs medicinal,
Whereon the dulce and balmy dew down dang,
Like Orient pearles upon the twills hang:
Or how that the aromatick odours,
Proceeded from the tender fragrant flowrs.

Or how Phebus, that King Etherial,
Sweetly ſprang up into the Orient,
Aſcending in his throne Imperial;
Whoſe bright and Boreal beames reſplendent,
Illuminat all unto the Occident,
Comforting every corporal creature,
Which formed were on earth by Dame Nature.

Whoſe donk impurpur'd veſtment nocturnal,
With his imbrowdred mantle matutine,
He left into his Region Auroral,
Which on him waited when he did decline
Toward his Occident Palace Veſpertine:
And roſe in habite gay and glorious,

Brighter then gold or stones precious.

But Cynthia the horned nights Queen,
She lost her light, and fell a later sail,
When once her soveraign Lord that she had seen
And in his presence waxed black and pale,
And over her vilage cast a mistie vail.
So did Venus the Goddess amorous,
With Jupiter, Mars, and Mercurius.

Right so the old intoxicate Saturn
Perceiving Phebus powr his beams bright
Above the earth, then made he no sojourn,
But suddenly did lose his borrowed light,
Which he did never show but in the night.
So Pole Arctick, Circles, and Starrs all,
Which situat are in the Septentrional.

(To erring ships that are without all guide,
Conveying them upon the stormie night)
Within their frostie circle did them hide,
Howbeit that Starrs have none other light,
But the reflex of Phebus beams bright.
That day durst none into the heavens appear,
Till he had circuit all our Hemisphere.

Me thought it was a sight celestial
To see Phebus so Angel-like ascend
Into his fiery chariot triumphal,
Whose beauty bright I could not comprehend:
All care of worldly things did from me wend,
When fresh Flora spread forth her tapestrie,
Wrought by Dame Nature quient & curiouslie.

Painted with many hundreth heavenly hews,
Glad of the rising of that royal Roy,
With blooms breaking on the tender hews,
Which did provoke mine heart to natural joy:
Neptune that day and Eolus held them coy,
That men of far might hear the birds sound,
Whose noise did to the starry heavens redound.

The pleasant Down punzeing his fetherm fair,
The mirthful Mavels made great melodie:
The lusty Lark ascended in the air,
Numbring her natural notes craftily.
The gay Gold-spink, the merl right merrily.

The

The noise of the noble Nightingales,
Redounded through the mountains, meads & vales.

Contemplating this mirthful harmonie,
How every bird dress them for to advance,
To salute Nature with their melodie,
That I stood gazing almost in a trance,
To hear them make their natural observance
So royally, that all the rocks rang,
Through repercussion of their sugred sang.

I lose my time, alace, for to rehearse
Such unfruitful and vain description:
Or write into my rural ragged verse,
Matter without edification:
Considering how that mine intention,
Been to deplore the mortal miseries,
With continual careful calamities.

Consisting in this wretched vale of sorrow:
But sad sentence should have a sad indyte:
So terms bright I like not for to borrow:
Of mourning matter men have no delyte,
With roussy terms therefore I will now write.
With sorrowful sighs ascending from the spleen,
And bitter tears distilling from mine een.

Without any vain invocation,
To Minerva, or to Melpomene:
Nor yet will I make supplication,
For help to Clio, or to Calliope.
Such marr'd Muses may make me no supply.
Proserpine I refuse and Apollo,
And right so Euterpe, Jupiter, and Juno.

Which been to pleasant Poets comforting:
Wherefore because I am not one of tho;
I do desire of them no supporting:
For I did never sleep in Parnasso,
As did the Poets of long time ago:
And specially the ornate Ennius,
Nor drank I never with Hesiodus.

Of Grece the perfect Poet soderagin,
Of Helicon the souece of Eloquence,
Of that mellifluous famous fresh fountain:
Wherefore to them I ought no reverence:

I purpose not to make obedience
To mischant Muses, or Mahometrie,
Before time used into Poetrie.

Roping Rhamnusia, Goddess of despite,
Might be to me a Muse right convenable:
If I desir'd such help for to indite,
This mourning matter, mad and miserable:
I must go seek a Muse more comfortable,
And such vain superstition to refuse,
Beseeching the great God to be my Muse.

By his wisdom al manner of things were wrought
The high Heavens with all their ornaments,
And without matter made all things of nought:
Hell in mid center of the Elements,
That heavenly Muse to seek my whole intent's
The which gave sapience to King Solomon,
To David grace, and strength to strong Samson.

And of poor Peter made a prudent Preacher,
And by the power of his Deitie,
Of cruel Paul he made a cunning Teacher;
I must beseech right lowly on my knee,
His high super-excellent Majestie,
That with his heavenly Spirit he me inspire,
To write nothing contrarie his desire.

Beseeching eke his soveraign Son Jesu,
Which was conceived by the holy Spirit,
Incarnate of the purified Virgin true:
And into whom the Prophecie was compleat,
That Prince of price, most humble & most sweet,
Which under Pilat suffered passion
Upon the cross for our salvation.

And by that cruel death intolerable,
Lost'd we were from the bonds of Belial:
And moreover it was so profitable,
That to this hour came never man nor shal
In the triumphant joy Imperial
Of life, though they were never so good,
But by the vertue of his precious blood.

Wherefore in stead of the mount Parnasso,
Swiftly I shal go seek my Soveraign:
To Mount Calvarie the straight way shal I go,

to

To get a taste of that most fresh Fountain:
That source to seek, mine heart may not refrain
Of Helicon, which was both deep and wide,
That Longinus did grave into his side.

From this fresh fountain sprang a famous flood,
Which redolent river through the world runs,
As crystal clear, and mixed is with blood;
Whose sound above the highest heavens diuns,
All faithful people purging from their sins:
Wherefore I shall beseech his Excellence,
To grant me grace, wisdom and eloquence.

And bath me with the dulce and balmy strands
Which on the Cross did speedily out-spring
From his most tender feet, and heavenly hands;
And grant me grace to write or dite nothing,
But to his high honor and laud loving.
Without his help there may no good be wrought
To his pleasure, good works, word, or thought.

Therefore, O Lord, I pray thy Majestie,
As thou didst show thine high power divine,
First plainly into Cane of Galilee,
Where thou convertedst water into wine,
Convoy my matter to a fructuous fine
And save my sayings both from shame and sin.
Take heed, for now my purpose I begin.

A DIALOGUE

Of the miserable estate of the World, between Experience and the Courteour.

Into that Park I saw appear
An aged man that drew me near,
Whose beard was well three quarters lang:
His hair did over his shoulders hang,
The which as any snow was white,
Whom to behold I thought delite:
His habite Angel-like of hew.
Of color like the saphyr blew.
Under an holin he repoled,
Of whose presence I was rejoyced.
I did him salute reverently,
So did he me right courteously.

To sit down he requested me
Under the shadow of the tree,
To save me from the Suns heat,
Amongst the flowrs soft and sweet,
For I was weary with walking,
Then he began to fall in talking:
I asked his name with reverence.
E. I am, said he, Experience.
C. Then Sir, said I, you cannot fail
To give a desolate man counsel:
You do appear a man of fame,
And sith Experience is your name:
I pray you, Father venerable,
Give me some counsel comfortable.
E. What been, said he, thy vocation,
Making such supplication.
C. I have, said I, been to this hour,
Since I could ride, a Courtesour:
But now, Father, I think it best,
With your counsel to live in rest:
And from henceforth to take mine ease,
And quietly my God to please,
And renounce curiositie,
Leaving the Court, and learn to die.
Oft have I sailed over the strands,
And travelled through divers lands,
Both south and north, east and west,
Yet can I never find where rest
Doth make his habitation,
Without your supportation.
When I believe to be best eas'd,
Most suddenly I am displeas'd:
From trouble when I fastest flie,
Then find I most adversitie.
Show me, I pray you heartfully
How I may live most pleasantly,
To serve my God of Kings King,
Since I am tyr'd of travelling,
And learn for to be content,
Of quyet life and soberrent:
That I may thank the King of glore,
As if I had a million more:
Sith every Court been variant,

Full of envy, and inconstant:
Might I without grief live in rest,
Now in old age, I think it best.

E. Thou art a great fool, son, said he,
That to desire which may not be,
Longing to have prerogative
Above all creatures that live:
Sith father Adam create been
Into the great camp Damascene,
Might no man say unto this hour,
That ever he found perfect pleasure:
Nor never shal, till that he see
God in his divine Majestie:
Wherefore prepare thee for to travel,
Sith mans life been but battel.
All men begins for to die,
The day of their nativitie:
And journally they do proceed,
Til Atropus cut off their fatal threed,
And in the short time that they have
Between their birth and the grave,
Thou seest what mutabilities,
What miserable calamities,
What trouble, travel, and debate,
Seest thou in every mortal state:
Begin at poor low creatures,
Ascending then to Senatours,
To great Princes and Potentates,
Thou shalt not find in no Estates,
Since the beginning general,
Nor in our time now special,
But tedious restless business,
Withoutten any sickerness.

C. Prudent father, said I, alace,
You tell to me a careful cas:
You say, that no man to this hour,
Hath found on earth no perfect pleasure,
Withoutten infortunate variance,
Since we been thral to such mischance:
Why do we set our whole intents
On riches, dignity, and rents,
Sith in the earth been no man sure,
One day without trouble y-endure.

And worst of all when we least ween,
The cruel death we must sustein:
If I your Father-hood durst demand,
The cause I would fain understand.
And eke, Father, I you implore,
Show me some trouble gone before,
That hearing others indigence,
I may the more have patience.
Fellows in tribulation,
Been wretches consolation.
E. Said he: After my smal cunning;
To thee I shal make answering:
But orderly for to begin,
This misery proceeds of sin:
But it were long to be defined,
How all men are to sin inclined.
When sin abundantly doth reign,
Justly God maketh punishing:
Wherefore great God into his hands,
To daunt the world with diverse wands,
After our evil condition,
He makes on us punition:
With hunger, dearth and indigence,
Sometimes great plagues and pestilence:
And sometimes with his bloodly wand,
Through civil wars by sea and land.
Concluding all our misery
Proceeds of sin allanerly.
C. Father, said I, declare to me
The cause of this fragilitie.
That we be all to sin inclin'd,
In work and word, and in our mind:
I would the verity were shown,
Who hath this seed amongst us sown?
And why we were condemn'd to dead?
And how that we may get remead?
E. Said he, the Scripture hath concluded,
When from felicity are denuded,
By Adam our progenitour,
Sometime of Paradise possessour:
By whose most wilful arrogance,
Was mankind brought to this mischance,
When he was disobedient,

In

In breaking Gods Commandement,
By solliciation of his wife,
He lost that heavenly pleasant life,
Eating of the forbidden tree:
There began all our miserie;
So Adam was cause radical,
That we are fragile sinners all.
Adam brought in this Nation,
Sin, death and eke damnation.
Who will say, that he is no sinner,
Christ saith, he is a great lyer,
Mankind lyeing from Adams loins,
And took of him fleshy, blood and bones:
And so after his quality,
Are all inclin'd sinners to be.
But yet, my son, despair thou nought,
For God that all the world hath wrought,
Hath made a soveraign remead,
To save us both from sin and dead,
And from eternal damnation;
Therefore take consolation:
For God, as Scripture doth record,
Having on man misericord,
Sent down his only Son Jesu;
Which lighted on a Virgin true,
And clad his high Divinity,
With our poor vile humanity:
Then from our sins, to conclude,
He washt us with his precious blood,
Notwhere through Adam we must die,
Through that Lord we shal raised be,
And every man he shal relieve,
Which in his blood doth firm believe,
And bring us all into his glore,
The which through Adam been forlore,
Without that we through lack of faith,
Of his God-head incur the wrath:
But who in Christ firmly believes,
Shal be relieved from all mischieves.

C. What faith is it that you call firm?
Sir, make me understand that term.

E. Faith without hope and charity,
Availeth not, my son, said he.

C. Wha

C. What charity is, that would I know.
E. Said he, my son, that shal I show:
First, love thy God above all thing,
And thy neighbor without faining.
Do none inmure nor villanie,
But as thou wouldst were done to thee.
Quick faith without charitable warks
Can never be, as wryte best Clarks,
More then the fire until his might
Can lack the heat, or Sun lack light.
If Charity into thee failes,
Thy faith nor hope nothing availes.
The devil hath faith, and trembles for dread,
But he lacks hope and love indeed.
Do all the good that may be wrought,
Without charity, availes nought:
Wherefore pray to the Trinity,
For to support thy Charity.
Now have I shown thee, as I can,
How father Adam the first man,
Brought in the world sin and dead,
And how Christ Jesus made remead:
Which in the great day of iudgement,
Shal us deliver from torment,
And bring us to his lasting glore,
Which shal endure for evermore.
But in this would thou gett no rest,
I make it to thee manifest:
Therefore, my son, be diligent,
And learn for to be patient,
And into God set all thy trust,
All things shal then come for the best.
C. Father, I thank you heartily,
Of your comfort and company,
And heavenly consolation,
Making you supplication,
If I durst put you to such pine,
That ye would please for to define,
And make me clearly understand,
How Adam brake the Lords command:
And how through his transgression,
Shall punisht his succession.
E. My son, said he, wouldst thou take cure,

to

To look upon divine Scripture,
Into the book of Genelis,
That history thou shalt not miss:
And also sundry cunning Clarks
Have done rehearse into their warks,
Of Adams fall ornately,
A thousand times better then I
Can write of that unhappy man:
But I shal do the best I can,
Shortly to show that careful case,
With the support of Gods grace.

An Exclamacion to the Reader, touching the writing in vulgar and maternal language.

GEntle Reader, have at me no despite,
Thinking that I presumptuously pretend
In vulgar tongue so hie matter to write,
But where I miss, I pray thee to amend.
To the unlearn'd I would the cause were kend,
Of our most miserable travel and torment,
And how in earth no place is permanent.

Howbeit that diverse devote cunning Clarks,
In latine tongue have written sundry books,
Our unlearn'd knows little of their warks,
More then they do the raving of the rooks:
Wherefore to calliats, carriers, and to cooks,
To Jack and Thom my rime shal be directed,
With cunning men howbeit that it be lack.

Though every common man be not a Clark,
Nor hath no leed, except their tongue maternal,
Why should of God the marvelous heavenly wark
Be hid from them? I think it not fraternal.
The Father of heaven, which was and is eternal,
To Moises gave the Law on Mount Sinai,
Not into Greek nor Latine, as they say.

He wrote the Law in tables hard of stone,
In their own vulgar language of Hebrew,
That the children of Israel every one
Might know the law, and to the same ensue:
Had he done write in Latine, or in Grew,
It had to them been a savourless geft:
We may well know, God wrought all for the best.

Ari-

Aristotle nor Plato, I heard sane,
Wrote not their Philolophie natural
In Dutch, nor Dence, nor tongue Italiane,
But in their most proper tongue maternal,
Whose fame and name doth reign perpetual.
Famous Virgil, the Prince of Poetrie,
Nor Cicero, the flower of Oratrie,

Wrote not in Chaldie language, nor in Grew
Nor yet into the language Saracene,
Nor yet in the natural language of Hebrew,
But in the Romane tongue, as may be seen,
which was their proper language, as I ween.
when Romans reigned Dominators indeed,
The ornate Latine was their proper Leed.

In the mean time when ỳ these bold Romans,
Over all the world had the dominion,
Made Latine schools, their glore for to advance,
That their language might be over all common:
To that intent, by mine opinion,
Trusting that their Empire should ay endure:
But of fortune always they were not sure.

Of languages the first diversitie,
Was made by Gods malediction,
when Babylon was builded in Chaldie:
Whose builders got none other affliction,
Before the time of that punition,
was but one tongue, which Adam spake himself,
where now of tongues there be threescore & twelve

Notwithstanding, I think it great pleasure,
where cunning men have languages anew;
That in their youth by diligent labour,
Have learned Latine, Greek and Hebrew:
That I am not of that sort sore I rew:
wherefore I would all Books necessar
For our faith, were into our tongues vulgar.

Christ after his glorious Ascention,
To his Disciples sent his holy Spirit
In tongues of fire, to that intention,
That being of all languages repleat,
Through all the world, with words fair & sweet,
To every man the faith they would forth shaw.

In

In their own Leed, delivering them their law.

Therefore I think a great derision,
To hear the Nuns and Friers night and day
Singing and saying Psalms and Dirion,
Not understanding what they sing or say:
But like a Stirling, or a Papingay,
Which learned are to speak by long usage,
Them I compare to birds in a cage.

Right so children and Ladies of honors,
Pray in Latine, to them an uncouth Leed:
Mumbling their matins, even songs & their hours,
Their Pater noster, Ave, and their Creed.
It were as pleasant to their spirit indeed,
God have mercy on me, for to say thus,
As for to say, Miserere mei Deus.

Saint Jerome in his proper tongue Roman,
The Law of God truely he did translate
Out of Hebrew, Greek, and Latine in plain,
Which hath been hid from us long time, God wait,
Until this time. But after my conceit
Had Saint Jerome been born into Argyle,
In Irish tongue his Books had done compyle.

Prudent Saint Paul doth make narration,
Touching the diverse Leeds of every Land,
Saying, there have been more edification
In five words that folk do understand
Then to pronounce of words ten thousand
In strange language, & knows not what it means
I think such prattlings is not worth two preans.

Unlearned people on the holy day,
Solemnedly they hear th'Evangel sung,
Not knowing what the priest doth sing or say,
But as a bell when that they hear it rung:
Yet would the Priests in their mother tongue,
Pals to the pulpit, and that doctrine declare
To Laick people, it were more necessare.

I would that prelats and Doctors of the Law
With Laick people were not discontent,
Though we into our vulgar tongue did know
Of Christ Jesus the law and testament,
And how that we should keep commandement:

But

But in our language let us pray and read
Our Pater noster, Ave, and our Creed.

I would some Prince of great discretion,
In vulgar language plainly cau'd translate,
The needful laws of this Region,
Then would there not be half so great debate
Amongst us people of the low estate.
If every man the verity did know,
We needed not to treat these men of Law.

To do our neighbor wrong we would beware,
If we did fear the Laws punishment:
There would not be such brawling at the Bar:
Nor men of Law clim to such royal rent.
To keep the Law, if all men were content,
And each man do, as he would be done to,
The Judges would get little thing ado.

The Prophet David King of Israel,
Comply'd the pleasant psalms of the Psalter,
In his own proper tongue, as I hear tell:
And Solomon which was his son and heir,
Did make his book into his tongue vulgare.
Why should not their sayings be to us shown
In our language? I would the cause were known,

Let Doctors write their curious questions,
And arguments sown full of sophistrie:
Their Logick, and their high opinions,
Their dark judgements of Astronomie,
Their Medicine, and their Philosophie.
Let Poets show their glorious engine,
As ever they please, in Greek, or in Latine.

But let us have the books necessare
To Common wealth, and our salvation,
Justly translated in our tongue vulgare:
And eke I make you supplication,
O gentle Reader, have none indignation,
Thinking to meddle with so high matter:
Now to my purpose forward wil I fare.

The Creation of Adam and Eve.

When God had made the heavens bright
The Sun and Moon for to give light:

the

The starry heavens and cry stalline,
And by his sapience divine,
The Planets in their circles round,
Whirling about with merry sound:
Of whom Phebus was principal,
Just in his Line Ecliptical:
And gave by divine sapience,
To every star their influence,
With motion continual,
Which doth endure perpetual:
And farthest from the heavens empire,
The earth, the water, air and fire.
He clad the earth with herbs and trees,
All kind of fishes in the seas:
All kind of beasts he did prepare,
With fowls flying in the air.
Thus by his word all things were wrought
Without a material, made of nought:
So by his wisdom infinite.
All was made pleasant and perfite.
When heaven and earth, and their contents
Were ended, with their ornaments:
Then last of all the Lord began,
Of most vile earth to make the man:
Not of the Lilly, nor of the role,
Nor cypper tree, as I suppose:
Neither of gold, nor precious stones,
Of earth he made flesh, blood and bones:
To that intent, God made him thus,
That man should not be glorious;
Nor in himself should nothing see
But matter of humility.
When man was made, as I have told,
God in his face did him behold,
Breathing in him a lively spirit.
When all these words were compleat,
He made man to his similitude,
Excelling into pulchritude:
Dotted with gifts of Nature,
Above all earthly creature:
Then pleasantly did him convoy
To a Region compleat with joy,
Of all pleasure which bare the price,

And called earthly Paradise:
And brought by divine providence,
All beasts and birds to his presence.
Adam did craftily impone
A special name to every one:
And to all things material,
A name he gave in special:
How he them named, it hath been kend,
And shal be to the worlds end.
Into that garden of pleasance,
Two trees grew most to advance,
Above all other which bare the price,
In midst of that paradise:
The one was called, the tree of Life,
The other tree began our strife:
The tree to know both good and evil,
Which by perswasion of the devil,
Began our misery and woe:
But let us to our purpose go,
How God gave Adam strait command,
That tree not to touch with his hand:
All other fruits of paradise,
He bade them eat at his divice,
Saying: If thou eat of this tree,
With double death then shalt thou die:
Therefore I thee command bewar,
And from the tree thou stand afar.
Yet Father Adam was alone,
Without company of any one.
Then thought the Lord it necessar,
To creat to him an helper,
God put in Adam such sopour,
That for to sleep he took pleasure,
And layed him down upon the ground:
Then when Adam was sleeping sound,
He took a rib forth off his side,
Then filled it with flesh and hide,
And made a woman of that bone,
Fairer of form was never none:
Then to Adam in continent,
That fair Lady he did present,
Which shortly said, for to conclude.
Thou art my flesh, my bone and blood,

And

And Virago, he call'd her name,
which is interpret, Made of man
which Eva afterward was named,
when for her fault she was defamed.
Then did the Lord them sanctifie,
Saying increase and multiplie:
By this men should leave all their kin,
And with their wives make dwelling,
And for their sake leave father and mother,
And love them best above all other;
For God hath ordained them truly,
To be two souls in one body.
My wit is weak for to indite,
Their heavenly pleasure infinite.
was never earthly creature,
Since that time hath perfect pleasure.
They had puissance Imperial
Above all things material,
As cunning Clarks do conclude.
Adam precell'd in pulchritude,
Most natural, and the fairest Man
That ever was since the world began,
Except Christ Jesus Gods own son,
To whom was no comparison:
And Eve the fairest creature
That ever was formed by Nature.
Though they were naked as they were made,
No shame either of other had.
what pleasure might a man have more,
Then have his Lady him before
So lusty, pleasant, and perfite,
Ready to serve his appetit?
They had none other care, I wiss,
But past their time with joy and bliss.
wild beasts did to them repair,
So did the fowls of the air,
with noise most angelical,
Making to them mirth musical.
The fishes swimming in the strands,
were wholly all at their commands,
All creatures with one accord,
Obey'd him as their soveraign Lord.
They suffered neither heat nor cold,

with

Dailly every pleasure that they would:
And to the death they were not thrall,
And so should we have been all:
For he and his successours
Should have possessed these pleasures,
Then from that joy material,
Gone to the glore imperial.
They had, if I can right describe,
Great joy in all their wits five,
In hearing, seeing, tasting, smelling,
Enduring that delightsome dwelling:
Hearing birds harmonies;
Tasting the fruits of diverse trees;
Smelling the balmie sulce odours,
Which did proceed from fragrant flowrs,
Seeing so many heavenly hews
Of blooms breaking on the bews.
Of touching eke they had delite,
Of other bodies soft and white;
Doubtless enduring that pleasure,
They loved each other paramour:
No marvel though that so should be,
Considering this their great beauty.
And God gave them command express
To multiply and to increase,
That their seed and succession,
Might plenish every Nation.
I will not tarry for to declare
All properties of that place yeclare,
How herbs and trees grew ever green,
And of the temperat air serein:
How fruits indeficient,
Were alike ripe and redolent:
Nor of the fountains, nor of the floods,
Nor of the flowrs pulchritudes:
That matter Clerks do declare,
Wherefore of them I speak no mair.
The scripture makes no mention
How long they reign'd in that Region.
But I believe the time was short,
As diverse doctors do report.

The miserable transgression of Adam.

FAther, how haynes that mischance,
Said I, shows me that circumstance,
Declare to me that careful cace,
How Adam lost that pleasant place,
From him and his succession,
How did proceed transgression?
E. said he: After my rude engine,
I shal rehearse thee that ruine.
When God the Creator of all,
Into the heaven Imperial,
Did creat all the Angels bright,
He made an Angel most of might,
To whom he gave preeminence
Above them all in sapience,
Because all others he did prefer,
Named he was bright Lucifer.
He was so pleasant and so fair,
He thought himself without compair,
And grew so gay and glorious,
Began to be presumptuous:
He thought that he would set his seat
Into the North, and make debate
Contrare the Majesty divine,
Which was the cause of his ruine,
For he incurred Gods yre,
And banisht from the heavens empire,
With Angels many legion,
Which were of his opinion.
Innumerable with him there fell,
Some lighted in the lowest hell:
Some in the sea did make repair:
Some in the earth, some in the air.
That most unhappy company,
At Father Adam had envy,
Perceiving Adam and his seed,
Into their places to succeed:
The serpent was the subtilest
Above all beasts, and craftiest:
Then Satan with a false intent,
Did enter into the serpent,
Imagining some crafty wile,

How he might Adam best beguile,
And caus'd him break commandement:
But to the woman first he went,
Trusting the better to prevail,
Full subtilly did her assail:
With facund words false and fair,
He grew with her familiar,
That he his purpose might advance,
Believing in her inconstance.
What been the cause, Madam, said he,
That ye forbear yon pleasant tree,
Which been peerless and precious,
Whose fruit been most delicious?
I will, said she, thereto accord,
We are forbidden of the Lord,
The which hath given us liberty
To eat of every fruit and tree,
Which grows into this paradise;
Break we command, we are not wise,
He gave to us a strait command,
That tree not to touch with our hand:
Eat we of it, without remead,
She said, doubtless we shal be dead.
Believe not that, said the serpent,
Eat you of it, incontinent
Repleat you shal be with science,
And have perfect intelligence,
Like God himself, of evil and good.
Then hastily, for to conclude,
Hearing of this prerogative,
She pulled down the fruit believe,
Through counsel of this false serpent:
And ate of this incontinent.
And put her husband in believe,
That pleasant fruit if he would prieve
That he should be as sapient,
As the great God Omnipotent.
Think you not that a pleasant thing,
That we like God should ever reign?
He hearing this narration,
And by her solitation,
Moved by prideful ambition,
He ate on that condition,

The principal points of this offence,
was pride and inobedience:
Desiring for to be equal
To God the Creator of all.
Alace, Adam, why didst thou so?
why causedst thou this mortal wo?
Hadst thou been constant, firm and stable
Thy glore had been incomparable.
where was thy consideration,
who hadst the domination
Of every living creature,
That God hath formed by nature,
To use them at thine own devise?
wast thou not prince of paradise?
was never man since thou on live,
That God gave such prerogative.
He gave thee strength above Samson,
And sapience more then Solomon.
Young Absolon in his time most fair,
To thy beauty was no compare.
Aristotle thou didst preced,
Into philosophie natural.
Virgil into his poetrie,
Nor Cicero in his oratry,
were never half so eloquent.
why brake thou Gods commandement?
where was thy wit that wouldst not flee
Far from the presence of that tree
Gave not thy Maker thee free-will,
to take the good, and leave the ill?
How might thy forfaute be excused,
that Gods commandement refused,
Through thy wives perswasion,
which hath been the occasion?
Since that time many Noble men.
By the evil counsel of women,
Have altogether destroyed been,
As in the history may be seen,
which now we need not to declare;
But to our purpose let us fare.
When they had eaten of the fruit,
Of joy then were they destitute
Then gan they both for to think shame,

And

And to be naked through defame,
And made them breeks of leavs green,
That their secrets should not be seen:
But in the estate of innocence,
They had no such experience:
But when to sin they were subiected,
To shame and sin they were coacted.
And in a bush they did them close,
Ashamed of the Lord his voice:
Which called Adam by his name.
Said he: My Lord, I think great shame
Naked to come in thy presence,
Thou hadst no such experience,
Said God, when thou was innocent:
Why brake thou my commandement?
Alace, said Adam to the Lord,
The verity I shal record:
This woman that thou gave to me,
Caus'd me eat of yon pleasant tree.
Right so the woman her excused,
And said: the serpent me abused.
Then to the serpent, God said thus:
O thou deceiver venemous
Because the woman thou begull'd,
From henceforth shalt thou be exil'd:
Curled and wearied shalt thou be,
So shal thy seed be after thee.
Cold earth shal be thy food alle,
And creeping on thy breast shalt go:
And I shal put enimity
Between the woman ever and thee:
Between thy seed and woman seed,
Shal be continual mortal feed:
Howbeit thou hast wrought their mischieves,
It shal not bene thou believes:
Such seed shal be in woman sown,
That thy power shal be down thrown,
Treading thine head that thou mayest feel,
And thou shalt tread him on the heel.
This was his promise and meaning,
That the immaculat Virgin
Should bear the Prince omnipotent,
Which should tread down the false serpent,

Satan

Satan and all his company,
And them confound all utterly.
C. Said I: If Satan prince of hell,
Spake in the serpent, as ye tell,
And beasts can no way sin at all,
Why was the serpent made so thrall?
I hear men say, before that hour,
The serpent had a fair figure,
And went up straight upon his feet,
And had his members all compleat,
As other beasts upon the bent.
E. Said he, for he was instrument
To satan in his misterie,
Punisht he was, as you may see,
As by experience thou mayst knaw,
Express into the common Law:
A man convict of buggerie,
The beast is burnt as well as he,
Howbeit the beast be innocent;
And so befel of this serpent.
It was the Fiend full of despite,
Of Adams fall which had the wite,
As he hath of many mo:
But to our purpose let us go.
Then to the woman for her offence,
God did pronounce this sore sentence:
All pleasure that thou hadst before row,
Shal changed be in lasting sorrow.
Where thou shouldst be with mirth and joy,
Have born thy birth without annoy;
Now all thy children thou shalt bear
With dollour and continual care.
And thou shalt be, for ought thou can,
Ever subject unto the man.
By this sentence God did conclude,
Woman from liberty denude:
when by experience you may see
How Queens of most high degree,
Are under most subjection,
And suffers most correction,
For they like birds into a cage,
Are keeped ay under thirlage.
So all woman in their degree,

Should to their men ſubiected be:
Howbeit ſome will ſtrive for ſtate,
And for the Maſtery make debate,
Which if thy lack both even and morrow,
Their men ſhal ſuffer meekle ſorrow:
Of Eve they take that quality,
To deſire ſoveraignity.
And then to Adam ſaid the Lord:
Becauſe that thou haſt done accord
Thy will, and hearkened to thy wife,
Now ſhalt thou loſe this pleaſant life:
Thou waſt to her obedient,
But thou break my commandement:
Curſed and barren the earth ſhal be,
Whereever thou goeſt, till that thou die:
But thiſtle, nettle, brier and thorn,
Without labour ſhal bear no corn:
For food thou getteſt none other bield,
But eat the herbs upon the field:
Sore laboring till thy browes ſweat:
From henceforth ſhalt thou win thy meat.
I made thee of the earth certain,
And thou to earth ſhalt turn again.
Then made he them abullement
Of skins and ragged rayment,
Them to preſerve from heat and cold:
Then grew their dolor manifold.
Now Adam, ye are like to us,
With your gay garment glorious.
To them theſe words ſaid the Lord.
Then cryed they both: Miſericord,
When from that earth with hearts ſore
Baniſht they were for evermore,
Into this wretched vale of ſorrow,
With dayly labor even and morrow.
After whole dolorous departing,
The Lord gave Paradiſe in keeping,
Unto the Angel Cherubin,
That none ſhould have entry therein:
At the which entry he did ſtand,
With flaming fiery ſword in hand,
To keep that Adam and his wife
Should not taſte of the tree of Life:

For if they of the tree had preeved,
Perpetually they might have lived,
So Adam, and his succession,
Of Paradise lost possession,
And by his sin original,
Were men of misery made thral.
My son, now mayst thou clearly see,
This world began with miserie:
With misery it doth proceed,
Whose end shall dolor be and dread.
C. Father, said I, what kind of life
Led Adam with his lusty wife,
After his bailful banishing?
E. Said he continual lamenting.
Mine heart hath yet compassion,
How they went wandring up and down,
Weeping with many loud, alace,
That they had lost that pleasant place,
In wilderness to be exil'd,
Where they found nought but beasts wild,
Menacing them for to devore,
Which all obedient were before.
C. Father, said I, in what Countrie
Did Adam live after that he
Was banished from that delite?
E. The Clerks, said he, have put in write
How Adam dwelt with meekle bail,
In Mamre, in that lusty vail,
Which after was the Jewish land,
Where yet his sepuchre doth stand.
I list not tarry to describe
The woe of Adam and his wife.
Nor how that they had sons two,
Kain and Abel, and no mo:
Nor how curst Kain for envy,
Did slay his brother cruelly:
Nor of their mourning, nor of their moan,
When they sonless were left alone.
Abel lay slain upon the ground:
Curst Kain fleem'd a vagabond:
Nor how God of his special grace,
Sent them the third son fair of face,
Most like Adam of flesh and blood,

Seth was his name, gracious & good,
And how blind Lamech rackleslly,
Did slay Kain unhappily.
Adam, as Clarks do describe,
Begat with Eve his woful wife,
Of men childzen, thirty and two,
And of daughters alike also:
By this thou mayst well understand,
That Adam saw many a thousand,
That of his body did descend,
Ere he out of the world did wend,
Adam lived in earth but wear,
Compleat nine hundred & thirty yeart
And all his dayes were but sorrow,
Remembzing both even and morrow,
Of paradise the prosperity,
And then of his great misery;
His heart might never be reioic'd,
Remembzing how the heavens was clos'd
From him and his succession,
And that by his transgression.
* After his death, as I heard tell,
His soul descended to the hell,
And there remained prisoner
In that dungeon three thousand year
And more. So did both evil and good,
Till Christ for them had shed his blood:
Then by that most precious ransom,
They were delivered out of prison.
I have declared now as I can,
The misery of the first Man.

* This was an erronious opinion holden at that time.

How GOD destroyed all living creatures in earth for sin, and drowned them by a terrible flood, in the time of Noe.

PRudent Father, Experience,
Declare to me ere you go hence,
what was the cause God did destroy
All creatures in the time of Noy?
E. Said he, I tremble for to tell
That infortune how it befell:
The cause been so abominable,

And

And the matter so miserable.
But for to show the circumstance
Manifestly of that mischance:
First, I must make thee understand,
How Adam gave express command
To these who were of Seths blood
Because they were gracious and good,
Should not contract with Rains kin,
which were inclined all to sin.
To observe that commandement,
Rain past to the Orient,
with his wife called Calmana.
which was his own sister alswa:
where his off-spring did long remain,
Hard by the mountain of Tarbane.
And Seth did long time lead his life
with Delboza his prudent wife,
which was his sister good and fair,
In Damascen made their repair.
In that Countrey of Seths clan,
Descended many holy man.
So long as Adam was livand,
The people did observe command:
when he was dead, & laid in ground,
The people greatly did abound:
And Kain slain, as I have shown,
And Seths dayes all over-blown,
The sons then of Seths blood,
Seeing the pleasant pulchritude
Of the Ladies of Rains kin,
Howbeit they knew well it was sin,
Oppress with sensual lusts rage,
Did take them into marriage:
And so corrupted was that blood:
The good with evil, & evil with good,
Then as the people did increase,
They did abound in wickedness,
As holy Scripture doth rehearse,
which I abhor to put in verse,
Or tell with tongue. I am not able,
The sooth been so abominable,
How men and women shamefully
Abus'd themselves unnaturally:

whose foul abomination,
And filthie fornication,
I think great shame to put in write.
Even as Paul those doth invite.
And if I would at length declare;
It were enough to file the air,
Great Clerks of antiquities,
Have written many true Stories,
which are worthy to be commended,
Howbeit they be not comprehended
At length in the Divine Scripture:
But I shal do my busie cure,
To take the best, as I suppose,
That most pertains to my purpose:
And with support of Christ our King.
I purpose to confirm nothing
Of the old Historiance,
Contrarious to his Excellence:
Howbeit that mens traditions
Be contrary Christs institutions.
Of them though something I declare,
Now let us proceed farther mair:
And with a language lamentable,
Declare this matter miserable.
C. Father, the cause would I knaw,
Why they of nature brake the Law?
E. I trust, said he, that wickedness
Entred through loathful idleness.
The devil with all the craft he can,
When he perceives an idle man,
Or woman, given to idleness,
He getteth eatily entress:
And so by this occasion.
And the fiends persuasion,
The whole world universally,
Corrupted was all utterly.
C. what was the cause they idle were,
That cause, said I, to me declare?
E. Said he, By mine imagination,
For lack of vertuous occupation:
For of crafts they had smal usage,
Of merchandise, or labourage:
The earth was then so plenteous

Of

Of fruit and spice delicious:
The herbs were so comfortable,
Delightsome and medicinable:
The fountains fresh and redolent,
To labouring they took little tent,
All manner of beasts for their pleasure,
Did multiply without labour.
The time between Adam and Noy,
To see the earth it was great joy,
Planted with precious trees of price:
Four famous floods of Paradise,
Ran through the earth in sundry parts,
Spreading their branches in all airts.
The water was so strong and fine.
They would not labor to find wine.
The fruit and herbs were so good,
They made no care for other food:
And so the people took no cure,
But past the time at their pleasure.
Ay finding new inventions,
To fulfil their intentions:
And so the Lord Omnipotent,
That he made man did him repent:
And shew unto his servant Noy,
That he would all the world destroy.
Except himself, and his menzie.
Alace, said Noe, when shal that be?
Then said the Lord: Sith that thou spears,
I shal prolong six score of years,
Tarrying upon their repentance,
Ere I fulfil my just sentence:
In the meantime fall thou to wark
Incontinent, and build an Ark:
Which Noe began obediently,
And wrought on it continually,
And to the people dayly preached,
To cry for grace he to them teached:
And to them plainly did declare,
That God his rod no more would spare,
But on them he would work vengeance.
To Noe yet gave they no credence,
And so they were incounsellable,
Using their lust abominable:

And took his preaching in despite,
By following their foul delite,
More and more to that dateful day,
which all the world put in affray.
C. Father, you made me understand,
when Adam brake the Lords command,
To augment his affliction,
God gave his malediction
Unto the earth which was so fair,
That it should barren be and bare,
And without labor bear no corn,
Nor fruit, but thistle, brier and thorn.
Now say you in the time of May,
To see the earth it was great joy,
Planted with fruits good and fair,
The sooth of this to me declare.
These sayings two make me consider,
How you make them agree together:
F. God made his promise sickerly,
Notwithstanding it came not instantly,
Said he, as Clerks do conclude:
But after when the furious flood
Destroy'd the earth all utterly,
Then came that promise sickerly,
Even as God did give command,
Adam should not touch with his hand,
Nor eat of the forbidden tree;
If he did so that he should die,
Howbeit he died not but weer
After that day nine hundreth year.
Right so the Prophet Esaias,
Speaking of Christ the great Messias.
Saying; the child is to be born,
To save mankind that is forlorn:
If he had been born instantly,
Yet was he not born verily,
After that saying many a year,
As in the Scripture thou mayst hear.
A thousand year, who reckons right,
Is as an hour into Gods sight.
Examples many I might tell,
were it not tedious for to dwel.
To our purpose let us proceed,

shewing

Shewing the hight the, length and breed,
And quantity of Noahs Ark,
which was a right excellent wark,
Of pyne-tree made, bound well about,
Laid over with pick within and out,
Joyned full cloie with nailes strong,
And was three hundreth cubits long:
Fifty in bread, thirty in hight:
Three chambers joyned well and weight,
And every loft above another,
without an anker, oar, or ruther.
A right cubit, as I hear tell,
Of measure now might be an ell,
In the mid-side a door there was,
For beasts a full easie entreis.
This ark which was both long and large,
Made in the bottom like a barge,
Covered with boords well above,
Most like an houle set on a roove,
whose rigging was one cubit bread,
wherein there was a windowe made:
Some sayes, well closed with crystal clear,
where-through the day-light might appear,
This work the more was to be praised,
Because by God it was devised.
The making of this Ark but wear,
Indured well an hundred year,
when Noe had ended this wark,
God did him close within the Ark,
with his wife and sons three,
with their wives, and no more menzie.
Of all fowls of the air,
of every kind entred a pair:
Right so two beasts of every kind:
For why? It was the Lords mind,
That generation should not fail:
wherefore of female and of male,
of every kind were keeped two.
But to rehearse mine heart is wo,
The dolent lamentation,
That time of every Nation,
Saying, Alace, a thousand syle,
when wind and rain began to rise.

The rocks which rief began to rive,
The ugly clouds did over-drive,
And darkned so the heavens bright,
That Sun and Moon might show no light:
The terrible trembling of earth-quake,
Made buildings bow, and Cities shake.
The Thunder rent the clouds stable,
With fearful noise inevitable.
The fire flaughts flew over through the fels,
Then was there not but shouts and yels,
When they perceived without remead,
All creatures for to suffer dead.
All fountains from the earth up sprang,
And from the heaven the rain down dang,
Forty dayes and forty nights:
Then ran the people to the hights:
Some climbs on hills, some climbs on trees,
Some to the highest mountains flees,
With more terror then I can tell;
But all for nought, the floods down fell,
And wind did rout with such a reard,
That every wight wearied his weard,
Crying: Alace, that they were born,
Into the flood to be forlorn.
Men might not make moan to their wives,
Nor yet support the childrens lives.
The floods raise up with such great mights,
That they over-covered all the hights:
They might no more their lives length,
But swim'd so long as thy had strength:
And so with cryes lamentable.
Ended their lives miserable.
Above mountains that were most hie,
Fifty cubits did rise the sea:
Men may imagine in their mind,
All creatures in their kind;
Both beasts and fouls of the air,
In their manner made meikle care:
The fishes thought themselves beguil'd.
When they swimm'd through the woods wild.
The whales tumbling amongst the trees,
Wild beasts swimming in the seas;
Birds with many a piteous pew,

afraid.

Afraidly in the air they flew,
So long as they had ſtrength to flee,
Then ſwattered down into the ſea.
Nothing on earth was left on life,
Beaſts, nor fowls, man, nor wife:
For wholly God did them deſtroy,
Except them in the Ark with Noy:
The which lay fleeting in the flood,
Waltring amongſt the ſtreams wood,
With many terrible affrayes
Remained an hundred and fifty dayes,
In great languor and heavineſs,
Ere wind or rain began to ceaſe.
Sometimes effectuouſly praying,
Sometimes the beaſts viſiting:
For by the Lords commandement,
He made proviſion ſufficient.
For Noe dwelt in the Ark, no doubt,
A year compleat ere he came out,
How at more length in holy writ,
This doleful hiſtory been indite.
And how that Noe gan to rejoice,
When conduits of the heavens did cloſe,
So that the rain no more deſcended,
Nor yet the Floods no more aſcended:
When he perceived the heavens clear,
He ſent a raven forth meſſenger,
Into the air for to eſpy,
If he ſaw any mountains dry:
Some ſayes the raven did forth remain,
And came not to the Ark again.
Forth flew the dove at Noes command:
And when ſhe did perceive dry land,
Of an Olive ſhe brake a branch,
That Noe might know the Flood did ſtanch:
And there no more ſhe did ſojourn,
But with the branch ſhe did return,
That Noe might clearly underſtand,
That fellon Flood was decreaſand.
And ſo it did, till at the laſt,
The Ark upon the ground ſtake faſt,
On the top of a mountain hie,
Into the land of Armenie.

And when Noe had done espy,
How that the earth began to dry,
Then threw he down the doors all,
And looked them the which were thral.
The fowls flew forth into the air,
And all the beasts by pair and pair,
Yode forth to seek their pasturages.
There were none but eight personages,
Noe, his three sons, and their wives,
Of earth that was left with their lives,
Whom God did bless and sanctifie,
Saying: Increase, and multiplie.
God wot if Noe was blyth and glad,
When of that prison he was fred.

When Noe had made his sacrifice,
Thanking God of his benefice.
He landing on Mount Armenie.
where he the Countrey might espy:
We may believe his heart was sore,
Seeing the earth which was before
The flood, so pleasant and perfite,
which to behold was great delite,
That now was barren made and bare,
Before which fructuous was and fair:
The pleasant trees bearing fruits,
were lying pull'd up by the roots,
The wholesome herbs, and fragrant flowrs,
Had lost both vertue and colours.
The fields green, and flowrisht meads,
were spoiled of their pleasant weeds.
The earth which first was so fair formed,
was by the furious flood deformed.
where sometime were the pleasant plants,
were steepy coves and high mountains:
From sounding rocks great and gay,
The earth washen clean away.

But Noe had greatest displeasures,
Beholding the dead creatures,
which was a sight lamentable:
Men, women, beasts innumerable,
Seeing them lying upon the lands,
And some were fleeting upon the strands:
Whales and monsters of the seas,

flicked

Sticked and ſtabd amongſt the trees
And where the flood was decreaſand,
They were left walking on the land.
Before the flood during that ſpace,
The ſea was all into one place:
Right ſo the earth, as been decided,
In ſundry parts was not divided,
As been Europa and Alia.
Divided ay from Africa.
You ſee now diverſe famous Iles,
ſtanding from land right many miles,
All theſe great Iles I underſtand,
were then equal with the firm land,
There was no ſea Mediterran,
But only the great Ocean,
which did not ſpread ſuch hurling ſtrands,
As it doth now over through the lands.
Then by the raging of that flood,
The earth from vertue was denud,
The which before was to be praiſed,
whoſe beauty then was diſaguiſed:
Then was the malediction known,
which was by God to Adam ſhown.
I hear now Clearks do conclud,
Indureing that moſt furious Flood,
with which the earth was ſore oppreſt,
the wind blew forth of the ſouth-weſt,
As may be ſeen by experience,
How through the waters violence,
the high mountains on every airt,
Are bare forenent the ſouth-weſt part,
As the mountains of Pirenes,
the Alpes, and rocks in the ſeas:
Right ſo the rocks great and gay
which ſtandeth into Norroway:
the higheſt hills in every airt,
And in Scotland, for the moſt part,
Through watering of that furious Flood,
the hills of earth were made denud,
travelling men may conſider weil,
the mountains bare next the ſouth-weſt.

C. Declare, ſaid I, ere you conclude,
How long lived Noe after the Flood?

E. ſaid

E. Said he: In Genesies thou mayest hear
How that Noe was six hundreth year,
The time of this great punishment,
And ay to God obedient:
And was the best of Seths blood:
And more he lived after the Flood,
Three hundreth and fifty years,
As holy Scripture witnes bears:
And was ere he rendred his spirit,
Nine hundreth and fifty years compleat,
to show this storie miserable,
At length, my wits are not able.
And more, my son, as I suppose,
It belongs not to our purpose,
To show how Noes sons three
Gan to encrease and multiplie.
Nor how Noe planted the vine.
And drank till he was drunken fine,
And sleeped with his members bare,
And how Cham made for him no care,
But laught to see his father so,
Howbeit his brethren were right wo,
Nor how Noe but restriction,
Gave Cham his malediction,
And put him under servitude,
To Shem and Japhet that were good.
Nor how God made a covenant
With Noe, to make no punishment,
Nor by the Flood no people drown:
In sign of that condition,
His rain-bow set into the air,
Of diverse heavenly colors fair,
For to be a perpetual sign,
By Flood to send no punishing.
This history if thou list to know,
At length the Bible shal thee show.

THE SECOND BOOK.

Containing the building of Babylon by Nimrod: and how King Ninus began the first Monarchy of their idolatry: and how Semiramis governed

the Empire after her husband King Ninus.

FAther, I pray you to me tell,
The First infortune that befell,
Immediatly after the Flood:
And who did first shed guiltless blood,
And how Idolatrie began?
E. Said he: I shal do as I can:
After the Flood, I find no story
Worthy to be put in memory,
Till Nimrod did begin to reign,
Above the people as a king;
Which was the principal man of one,
That builder was of Babylon.
C. That story, Master, would I know,
That thou to me the sooth wouldst show.
Why, and for what occasion
They builded such a strong mansion?
E. Then said to me Experience,
I shal declare with diligence,
These questions at thy command:
But first, son, thou must understand
Of Nimrod the genealogy,
His strength, courage, and quantity;
Howbeit Moses in his first book,
That story lightly doth over-look:
Of him no more he doth declare,
Except he was a strong hunter.
But other Clerks curious,
As Dyole, and doth Josephus,
Describes Nimrod at more length,
Both of his stature, and his strength.
This Nimrod was the fourth person,
From Noe by line descending down.
Noe begat Cham, Cham begat Chus,
And Chus, Nimrod the sooth been thus.
Thus Nimrod a man of might,
That time on earth was none so wight:
He was a Gyant stout and strong,
Perforce wild beasts he down throng.
the people of that region,
Came under his dominion.
No man there was in all that land,

His

His stalwardnes that durst gainstand;
no marvel was though he was wight,
Ten cubits large he was of hight,
Proportionate of length and bread.
Conform unto his hight, we read.
He grew so great and glorious,
So prideful and presumptuous
that he came inobedient,
to the great God Omnipotent.
This Nimrod was the principal man
that first Idolatry began,
then caus'd he all the people call
to his presence both great and smal,
And in that great convention,
Did propone his intention:
My friends, said he, I make it known,
the great vengeance that God hath shown
In time of our fore-father Noy,
when he did all the world destroy,
And drowned them in furious Flood:
wherefore I think we should conclude,
How we should make a strong defence
Against the waters violence,
For to resist his furious pre,
Contrary both to flood and fire:
Let us go spy some pleasant field,
where a strong building we may bield:
A City with a strong Dungeon,
that none ingine may beat it down:
So high, so thick, so large, so long,
that God to us shal do no wrong.
It shal surmount the Planets seven,
that we from God may win the heaven.
these people with a firm intent,
All to his counsel did consent,
And did espy a pleasant place,
Hard on the flood of Euphrates,
the people then did there repare,
Into the plain field Shinare,
which now of Chaldie beers the name,
which did so long time flowrish fame.
that great fortress then did they found,
And search't it till they found sure ground,

And

And fell to work, both man and child.
some found out clay, some burnt the tyld.
Nimrod that curious Champion,
Deviser was of that dungeon:
Nothing they spared their labours,
Like busie bees upon the flowers,
Or emmets travelling into June.
some under wrought, and some above,
with strong and ingenious masonry,
upward that work did fortifie.
with burnt tyl-stones, large & wight,
that tower they raised to such hight,
Above the airs region,
And joyned of strong fashion,
with ciment made of pick and tar,
they used none other mortar,
though fire and water assailed,
Contrare that dungeon nought availed.
the land about was fair and plain,
And it rose like an high mountain.
these foolish people did intend,
that to the heavens it should ascend.
so great a strength was never seen
Into the world with mens een:
And the walls of that work they made
two and fifty fathom braid:
One of them, as some men sayes,
Might be two fathoms in our dayes.
One man was then of more stature,
then two are now, of that be sure.
Josephus holds opinion
saying, the hight of that dungeon,
Of large paces of measure been,
Five thousand eightscore and fourteen
By this reckoning it is full right,
Five miles and an half of hight.
A thousand pace take for a mile,
And thou shalt find it near that tyle.
this tower in compass round about,
were miles ten withoutten doubt.
About the city of Babies
Four hundreth and fourscore I wis,

and

And by this number of compass,
About threescore of miles it was.
And as Orosius reports,
There was fivescore of brasen ports.
This translatory of Orosius,
Into his Chronicle writes thus,
That when the Sun is at the hight,
At noon when it doth shine most bright,
The shadow of that hideous strength,
Six miles and more it was of length.
Thus may you judge into your thought,
If Babylon be high or nought.

How God made the diversity of Languages, and made impediment to the building of Babylon.

When the great God Omnipotent,
To whom all things been present,
That was, and is, and ever shal be,
Are present to his Majestie.
The very secrets of mans heart,
From his presence may not depart:
He seeing the ambition,
And the prideful presumption,
How these proud people did pretend,
Up through the heavens to ascend,
which was great folly to devise
Such a presumptuous enterprise:
For when they were most diligent,
God made them such impediment,
They were constrained with heart sore,
From thence to go and build no more.
Such languages on them he laid,
That none knew what another said.
Where was but one language before,
God sent them languages threescore.
at that time all did speak Hebrew,
Then some began for to speak Greek:
Some did speak Dutch, some Saracin,
and some began to speak Latin:
The master-men were almost wild,

Crying

Crying for trees, they brought them tyld.
Some said, Bring morter here at once,
Then brought they to them stocks and stones.
Then Nimrod their great Champion,
Ran raging like a wild lyon,
Menasling them with words most rude,
But never a word they understood.
Before they found him good and kind,
But then they thought him by his mind,
When he so furiously did flyte,
Then turn'd his pride into despite.
Full dark eclipsed was his glore,
When they would work for him no more.
Behold how God was gracious
To them that was outragious:
He neither brake their legs nor arms,
Nor did to them no other harms,
Except of tongues division:
And for a final conclusion,
Constrained they were for to depart,
Each company in sundry airt.
Some past into the Orient.
And some into the Occident.
Some south, some north, as they thought best,
And so their policy left waste.
But how that City was repared,
Hereafter it shal be declared.

Of the first invention of Idolatrie: How Nimrod compelled the people to adore the fire in Chaldea.

NOw, sir, said I, show me the man,
which first Idolatry began.
E. That shal I do with all mine heart,
My Son said he, ere we depart.
When Nimrod saw his purpose failed,
And his great labor nought availed,
In manner of contemption,
Departed forth of that region:
And as Orosius doth rehearse,
He past into the land of Perse,
And many a year did there remain,

And

And then to Babylon came again,
And found huge people of Chaldie
Remaining in that great City,
that was glad of his returning,
And did obey him as their King.
Nimrod his name for to advance,
Among them made new ordinance,
saying: I think you are not wise,
that to no God make sacrifice,
then to fulfil his false desire,
He caus'd be made a flaming fire,
And made it of such dread and dight,
He caus'd it burn both day and night:
then all the people of that land,
Ador'd the fire at his command,
Prostrate on knees and on feets,
Beseeching their new God of graces,
to give them more occasion,
He made them great persuasion:
this God, said he, is not of might,
showing his beams in the night:
when sun and moon are both obscure,
His heavenly brightness doth indure.
when mens members suffer cold,
Fire warmeth them even as they would.
then cry'd the people at his desire,
there is no God, except the fire,
Ere there was any Imagery,
Began this first Idolatry:
At that time there was no usage
to carve, or for to paint Image:
then made he proclamation,
who made not adoration
to that new God, without remead,
Into that fire should suffer dead.
I find no man into that land,
His tyranny that durst gainstand,
But Abram and Aram his brother
that disobey'd I find none other,
which dwelling was in that countrie,
with their father, called tharie.
these brethren Nimrod did reprieve
Saying to him: Lord, by your leave,
this fire is but an element,

Pray you to God Omnipotent,
Which made the heaven by his might,
Sun, Moon & Stars for to give light:
He made the fishes in the seas,
The earth with beasts herbs and trees:
And last of all, for to conclude,
He made man to his similitude.
To that great God give praise & glore,
Whose reign endures for evermore.
When Nimrod in his furious ire,
These brethren both cast in the fire:
Abram by God he was preserved,
But Aram in the fire was starved.
When Thary heard his son was dead,
He did depart out of that stead,
With Abram, Nachor, & their wives,
As the scripture at length describes,
And left the land of Chaldea,
And past to Mesopotamia,
And dwelt in Charan all his dayes,
And died there, as the story sayes.
The life of Abram, as I suppose,
Nothing belongs to our purpose.
Into the Bible thou mayst read
His vertuous life, word and deed.
Now have I shewen thee the man
That first Idolatry began.

Of the great misery and skaith that cometh of war, and how King Ninus began the first Wars, and stroke the first Battel.

FAther, I pray you with mine heart,
Declare to me ere we depart,
Who first began these mortal wars,
Which every faithful heart so skars,
And every policy down thrawes,
Express against the Lords laws,
Since Christ our King Omnipotent,
Left peace into his testament:
How doth proceed this cruelty,
Against justice and equity?

In land where ever war hath been,
Great misery there may be seen.
All things on earth that God hath wrought,
Wars do destroy and bring to nought.
Cities with many strong dungeon.
Are burnt, and to the earth thrown down.
Virgins and matrons are deflored,
Temples that richly were decored,
Are burnt, and all their priests spoyled:
Poor orphans under feet foyled;
Many old man made childrenless,
And many children fatherless.
Of famous schools the doctrine,
Both natural science and divine,
And every vertue troden down,
No reverence done to Religion:
Strengths destroyed all utterly,
Fair Ladies forced shamefully:
Young widows spoyled of their spouses,
Poor labourers driven from their houses.
There dare no merchand take in hand
To travel either by sea or land.
For butchers that do them confound,
Some murthered been, and some are drown'd;
And crafts-men of good engine,
Are altogether brought to ruine:
The bestial reft, the commons slain,
The land without labouring both remain.
Of policy the perfect warks,
Buildings, gardens, pleasant parks,
Have altogether destroyed been.
Great granges burnt there may be seen:
Riches is turn'd to poverty,
And plenty into penury.
Death, hunger, dearth, it is well kend,
Of war this is the fatal end.
Justice turned into tyranny,
All pleasure in adversity.
The wars all utterly down thrawls,
Both the civil and common laws.
War genders murder and mischief,
Sore lamenting without relief.
Wars do destroy Realms and Kings:

Great

Great Princes war to prison bring.
War doth shed meekie guiltles blood.
Since I can say of wars no good,
Declare to me, sir, if ye can,
who first this misery began.

A short description of the four Monarchies: And how King Ninus began his Monarchy.

OF war, said he, the great outrage,
Began into the second age,
By cruel, prideful, covetous Kings:
Reavers but right of others reigns;
Howbeit Kain before the Flood,
was first shedder of guiltles blood.
Ninus was first and principal man,
which sinistrous conquest began:
And was the man withoutten fail.
In earth which strake the first battel,
And first invented Imagery,
wherethrough came great Idolatry.
We must know ere we further wend
Of whom King Ninus did descend.
Ninus, if I can right define,
He was from Noe the fifth by line.
Noe begat Cham, Cham begat Chus,
And Chus Nimrod, and Nimrod Belus,
And Belus Ninus but leesing,
Of Assyria the second King,
And builder of that great City,
The which is called Ninivy:
And was the first and principal man,
which the first Monarchie began.
C. Father, said he, declare to me,
What signifies a Monarchie?
E. The sooth, said he, son, if thou knew,
Monarchie is a term of Grew,
As when a province principal.
Had whole power imperial,
During their dominations,
Above all Kings and nations.
A Monarchie that men do call,
Of whom I find four principal,

which

which hath reign'd since the world began.
C. Then said I, Father, if you can,
Which four are they? shew me, I pray you,
E. My son, said he, that shal I shew you.
First, reigned the King of Assyrians:
Secondly, reigned the King of Persians:
The Greeks thirdly, with sword and fire,
Perforce obtain'd the third Empire:
The fourth Monarchy, as I hear,
The Romans keeped many a year.
Let us speak of Ninus King,
How he began his conquessing.
The old Greek historian
Diodorus, he writes plain,
At right great length of Ninus King,
Of his Empire and conquessing.
And of Semiramis his wife,
That time the lustiest on life.
It were too long time to put in write,
which Diodore doth indite:
But I shal shew, as I suppose,
which most belongs to our purpose.
When Nimrod Prince of Babylon,
Out of this wretched world was gone,
And his son Belus dead also,
The first King of Assyria:
This Ninus which was second King,
triumphantly began to reign,
And was not pleased nor content
Of his own region nor rent:
Thinking his glore for to advance,
By his great people and pusslance,
Through pride, covetice & vain glore,
Did him prepare to conquess more,
And gathered forth a great army,
Contrare Babylon and Chaldy,
Wherefore he had ardent desire
To joyn that land to his Empire,
Howbeit he had thereto no right,
But by his tyranny and might.
Withoutten fear of God or man,
his conquessing he thus began.
His people being in array,

To Caldea took his ready way.
When that the Babylonians,
Together with the Caldeans,
Heard tell King Ninus was comeand,
Made proclamation through the land,
That each man after his degree,
Should come and save his own country:
Though that they had no use of war,
Without all fear they past forward,
And put themselves in good order
To meet King Ninus on the border.
In that time ye may understand
There was no harness in the land,
For to defend, or yet invade,
Whereby more slaughter there was made:
They fought through strength of bodies,
With goads of iron, with stones and trees,
With sound of horn, and hideous cry,
They rushed together right rudely,
With hardy heart and strength of hands,
Till thousands lay dead on the lands.
Where men in battel naked been,
Great slaughter soon there may be seen.
They fought so long and cruelly,
And with uncertain victory:
No man might judge that good or far,
Who got the better of the war.
But when it did approach the night,
The Chaldeans they took the flight:
Then the King and his company
Were right glad of the victory;
Because he wan the first battel
That stricken was on earth but fail.
And peaceable of that region,
Did take the whole dominion:
Then was he king of Chaldea,
As well as of Assyria.
As for the king of Arabie,
In this conquest made him supply:
Of this yet was he not content,
But to the Realm of Mede he went,
Where Fernus kings of that Country,
Did meet him with a great Army,

But king Ninus the battel wan,
Where slain was many a noble man:
And to the king would give no grace,
But plainly in a publick place,
With his seven sons and his Ladie,
Cruelly did them crucifie.
Of that triumph he did reioice,
Then forward to the field he goes:
Then conquest he Armenia,
Perse, Egypt, and Pamphilia:
Cappadoce, Lyde, and Suritane,
Calpia, Phrygia, and Hircane:
All Africa, and Asia,
Except great Inde and Bactria,
which he did conquish afterward,
As you shal hear ere we depart.
Now would I, ere we farther wend,
That his Idolatry were kend:
Then after that without sojourn,
To our purpose we shal return.

How King Ninus invented the first Idolatrie, or worshipping of Images.

NInus an Image he caus'd make,
For king Belus his fathers sake,
Most like his father of figure,
Of quantity and portratour:
Of fine gold was that figure made,
A crafty Crown upon his head,
With precious stones, in tokening
His father Belus was a king.
In Babylon he a Temple made
Of crafty worck, both hie and broad,
Wherein that Image gloriously
was throned up triumphantly.
Then Ninus gave a strait command,
To all the people of that land,
As well into Assyria,
As in Shinar and Chaldea,
Under his domination,
They should make adoration,
Upon their knees to that figure,

Unde

Under the pain of forfaiture.
There was no Lord in all that land,
His summoning that durst gainstand:
The young and old, both great and smal,
To that Image they prayed all:
And changed his name, as I heard tell,
From Belus to the great God Bell.
In that Temple he did devise,
That Priests should make their sacrifice;
By that consent then came a Law,
None other God that they would knaw:
Also he gave to that Image.
Of sanctuary the priviledge:
For whatsoever transgressor,
An homicide, or oppressor,
Seeing that Image in the face,
Of their guilt got the kings grace.

C. Declare to me, sweet sir, said I,
Was there no more Idolatry,
After that this false Idol Bell
was throned up, as you me tell.

E. My son, said he, incontinent
These novels through the world went,
How King Ninus, as I have said,
A curious Image he had made,
To the which all his Nation
Made devout adoration:
Then every Countrey took conceit,
They would king Ninus counterfeit:
When any famous man was dead,
Set up an Image in his stead.
Which they did honor from the spleen:
As if immortal God had been:
Images some made for the nones,
Of fine gold, of stocks and stones,
Of silver some, and ivory bone,
With diverse names to every one:
For some they called Saturnus,
Some Jupiter, some Neptunus,
And some they called Cupido,
Their God of love, and some Pluto:
They called some Mercurius,
And some the windy Eolus.

Some Mars made like a man of war,
Enarmed well with sword and spear:
Some Bacchus, and some Apollo.
Of names they had an hundred mo.
When any Lady of great fame
Was dead, for to exalt her name,
An Image for a portraitour,
Was set up for an Oratour:
The which they called their goddess,
As Venus, Juno and Pallas:
Some Ceres, Vesta and Diana,
Some Clio, some Proserpina:
And some the great goddess Minerve,
With curious colors they would carve.
Among the Poets you may see,
Of false gods the genealogie.
So that these abominations
Did spread throughout all Nations:
Except goods Abram as we read,
Who honored God in word and deed:
For Abram had his beginning,
Into the time of Ninus King,
Ninus began with tyranny:
And Abram with humility.
Ninus began the first Empire,
Abram of war had no desire.
Ninus began Idolatry,
Abram in spite and verity,
He prayed to the Lord alone,
False Imagery he would have none:
Of him descended, I heard tell,
The twelve tribes of Israel.
These people made adoration,
With humble supplication,
To him who was of kings King,
And heaven & earth made of nothing:
Dead Images they held at nought,
Which were with mens hands wrought,
But the Almighty God on live.
My son, now have I done describe
These questions at thy command,
The which thou didst at me demand.
L. What was the cause, Sir, make me sure,
Idolatrie

Idolatrie did so long endure
Out through the world so generally,
And with the Gentils specially:
E. Said he, some causes principal,
I find in my memorial:
First was through Princes commandment,
Which did Idolatry invent:
Then singular profit of the Priests,
Painters, gold smiths, masons, wrights.
These men of craft most full curiously,
Made Images so pleasantly,
And sold them for a sumptuous price:
So by their crafty merchandise,
They were made rich above measure:
As for the Priests, I thee assure,
They got profit into all lands,
Through sacrifice and offerands:
And by their fained sanctitude,
Abused many men of good.
Ye in the time of Daniel,
The Priests of that Idol Bell,
When Nebuchadonozor king,
In Babylon highly did reign.
The Priests the king made understand
That Image made with mens hand,
Ye was a glorious God of life,
And also had prerogative:
That by his great power divine,
would eat beef, mutton, bread & wine;
And so the king caus'd every day,
Before Bell on his altar lay,
Forty fat wedders fresh and fine,
And six great ruboys of wight wine,
Twelve great loaves of boulted flowr,
Which was all eaten in one hour:
Not by that Image deaf and dumb,
But by the Priests all and some,
As by the Bible thou mayest ken,
Whose number was threescore and ten,
They and their wives every day,
Ate all that on the altar lay.
Then Daniel in conclusion,
Shew'd to the king their abusion:

And of their craft he made him sure,
How underneath the temple floor,
through a passage they came by night;
And ate that meat by candle light.
The king when he the matter knew,
the priests with all their wives he slew:
Thus subtilly the king was syled.
And all the people were beguiled.
My son, said he, now may thou ken,
How by the Priests, and crafty men,
And by their craftiness and care,
Idolatry did long endure.
Behold how John Boccacius
Hath written works wonderous,
Of Gentils superstition,
And of their great abusion.
And in this great book thou mayst see,
Of the false Gods genealogie,
Of Demorgorgon in special,
For grand syre to the Gods all,
Honor'd among Arcadians.
And of the false Philistians,
with their great deviish God Dagon,
with their Idols many one.
But I abhor, the truth to tell,
Of the Princes of Israel,
Chosen by God Omnipotent,
How they brake his commandement.
King Solomon as the Scripture says,
He dotted in his latter dayes:
His wanton wives for to please,
He car'd not God for to displease,
And did commit Idolatry,
Worshipping carv'd Imagery,
As Moloch God of Amonites,
And Chemosh God of Moabites,
Ahtaroth God of Sidonians:
So for his inobedience,
And foul abomination,
was punisht his succession.
His son Roboam, I heard tell,
Lost the ten tribes of Israel,
For his fathers Idolatry,

As

As in the Scripture thou mayst see.

Of Images used among Christian men.

FAther, yet one thing would I speer,
Behold in every Church and Queer
Through Christendom in burgh and land,
Images made with mens hand:
To whom are given diverse names,
Some Peter, and Paul, some John, and James,
Saint Peter carved with his keyes,
Saint Michael with his wings and ways,
Saint Katherin with her sword and wheel,
An hynd let up hard by Saint Geel.
It were o're long for to describe
Saint Francis with his wounds five.
Saint Trodwel eke there may be seen,
who in a prick hath both her een.
Saint Paul well painted with a sword,
As he would fight at the first word.
Saint Appollin on altar stands,
with all her teeth into her hands.
Saint Roch well scaled, men may see,
A byle newbroken on his thie.
Saint Eloy he doth stately stand
A new horse-shoe into his hand.
Saint Ninian of a rotten stock,
Saint Dutho hew'd out of a block.
Saint Andrew with cross in his hand,
Saint George upon a horse rivand.
Saint Antony set upon a sow,
Saint Bryde well carved with a kow.
with costly colours fine and fair,
A thousand more I might declare.
As Saint Colm and Saint Damian,
The souter of Saint Crispinian.
All these on altars stately stands,
Priests crying for their offerands;
To whom we commons on our knees
Do worship all these Imageries,
In church or queer, or in the Cloister,
Praying to them our Pater-noster.
In Pilgrimage from town to town.
with offering and adoration,
To them ay babling on our beeds,

That they may help us in our needs:
What differs this, declare to me,
From the Gentils Idolatrie?
E. If that be true that thou reports,
It goes right near the self same sorts:
But we by counsel of Clergy,
Have licence to make Imagery,
which of unlearned been the books,
For when the Laicks on them looks,
It brings them in remembrance,
Of saints lives the circumstance:
How the faith for to fortifie,
They suffered pain right patiently.
Seeing the Image on the rood,
Men should remember on the blood
Which Christ into his passion
Did shed for our salvation.
Or when thou seest the portraiture
Of blessed Mary Virgin pure,
A pleasant babe upon her knee,
Then in thy mind remember thee,
The word which the prophet said,
How she should be both mother maid:
But who that sitteth on their knees,
Praying to many Imageries,
With oration and offerands,
Kneeling with cup into their hands:
No difference been, I say to thee,
From the Gentils Idolatry.
Right so of diverse Nations,
I read th'abominations,
How Greeks made their devotion hall
To Mars to save them in battel.
To Jupiter some took their voyage,
To save them from the stormy rage:
Some prayed to Venus from the spleen
That they their lovers might obtain:
And some to Juno for riches,
Their pilgrimage they would address:
So doth our common populare,
Which were too long for to declare,
Their superstitious pilgrimages
To many diverse Images.
Some to Saint Roch with diligence, To

To save them from the pestilence:
For their teeth to Saint Appolline:
To Saint Trouwel to mend their een.
Some makes offerings to Saint Eloy,
That he their horse might well convoy.
They run when they have jewels tint,
To Saint Syeth ere ever they tint:
And to Saint Germane to get remead,
For maledies into their head.
They bring mad men on feet and horse,
And binds them to Saint Mungo's cross,
To Saint Barbara they cry full fast,
To save them from the thunder blast.
For good novels, as I heard tell,
Some takes their way to Gabriel:
Some wives Saint Margaret doth exhort
Into their birth them to support.
To Saint Anchon to save the sow.
To Saint Wode for calf and kow.
To Saint Sebastian they run and ride,
That from the shot he save their side,
And some in hope to get their heal,
Runs to the old rood of Kareal:
Howbeit these people rude
Think their intention to be good,
Mo be to Priests, I say, for me,
Which should show them the verity.
Prelats which have of them the cure,
Shal make answer therefore, be sure,
In the great day of judgement,
Where no time is for to repent,
Where manifest Idolatry
Shal punisht be perpetually.

An Exclamation against Idolatry.

IMprudent people, ignorant and blind,
By what reason, law, or authority;
Or what authentick Scripture can ye find
Lawful for to commit Idolatrie?
Which is to bow your body, or your knee,
With devote humble adoration,
To any Image made of stock or tree,
Giving to them offering or oblation.
Why do ye give the honor, laud, or glore

Pertaining to God who made all things of nought
Who was, and is, and shal be evermore,
To Images by mens hands wrought?
O foolish folk! why have ye succour sought:
Of them that cannot help you in distress?
Yet reasonably revolve into your thought,
In stock or stone can be no holiness.

In the desert the people of Israel,
Moses remaining on the Mount Sinay,
They made a molten Calf of fine metal,
which they did honor as their God alway.
But when Moses descended, I heard say,
And did consider their Idolatry,
Of that people three thousand caus'd he slay,
As the scripture at length doth testifie.

Because the holy Prophet Daniel,
In Babylon Idolatry reproved,
And would not worship their false Idol Bell,
The whole people at him were sore agrieved,
To that effect that he should be mischieved:
Delivered him to ramping Lyons seven,
But of that dangerous den he was relieved,
Through miracle of the great God of heaven.

Behold how Nebuchadonozor King,
Into the vail of Duran did prepare
An Image of fine gold, a marvelous thing,
Threescore of cubits high, and six in square,
As more clearly the scripture doth declare;
To whom all people by proclamation,
With bodies bow'd, and on their knees bare,
Right humbly made their adoration.

A great wonder that day was seen also;
How Nebuchadonozor in his yre,
Took Sidrach Melech and Abednego,
which would not bow their knees at his desire
To th'Idol, caus'd cast them into the fire
For to be burnt, ere he stirr'd off the stead.
When he believ'd they were burnt bones & lyre,
was not consum'd a smal hair of their head.

The Angel of the Lord was with them seen
Into that hot furnace, passing up and down,

Into

Into a rotie earth as they had been:
No spot of fire disdaining coat or gown:
Of victory they did obtain the Crown,
And were to them that made adoration
To that Idol, or bow'd their body down,
A witnessing of their damnation.

What was the cause, at me thou mayst demand,
That Solomon usʻd no Imagery
In his triumphant Temple for to stand,
Of Abram, Isaac, Jacob, nor Jesse,
Nor to Moses, their safeguard through the sea,
Nor Josua their valiant Champion?
Because God did command the contrary,
They should not use such superstition.

Behold how the great God Omnipotent,
To preserve Israel from Idolatry,
Directed them a strait commandement,
That they should make no graven Imagerie,
Neither of gold, silver, stone nor tree,
Nor give worship to any similitude,
Being in heaven, in earth, or in the sea,
But openly to his soveraign rectitude.

The Prophet David plainly did reprieve
Idolatry to their confusion;
In graven stock or stone that did believe,
Declaring to them their great abusion,
speaking in manner of derision,
How dead idols by mens hands wrought,
whom they honorʻd with humble adoration,
were in the market daily sold and bought.

The devils seeing the ill condition
Of the Gentils, and their unfaithfulness,
For to augment their superstition,
In these Idols they made their enteresse,
And in them spake, as stories do expresse,
Then men believed of them to get relief,
Asking their help in all their business,
But finally they turnʻd to their mischief.

Trust well, in them is no divinitie,
when with the rust their fair color doth fade:
Though they have feet, on foot they cannot flee,

Holy

Howbeit the temple burnt about their head.
In them is neither friendship nor remead.
In such figures, what favor can ye find?
With mouth and ears & eyes though they be made,
All men may see they are dumb, deaf and blind.

Howbeit they fall down flatly on the floor,
They have no strength themselves to raise again:
Though rats over them run, they take no cure:
Howbeit they broke their neck, they feel no pain.
Why should men Psalms to them sing or sain,
Since growing trees that yearly beareth fruit,
Are more to praise, I make it to thee plain,
Then cutted stocks, wanting both crop and root.

Of Edinburgh the great Idolatrie,
And manifest abomination.
On their feast days all creatures may see:
They bear an old stock Image through the town,
With tabern, trumpet, shalm and clarion,
Which hath been used many a year bygone,
With priests and friers into processione,
Like unto Bell carried through Babylon.

Think ye not shame, ye secular priests and friers
To so great superstition to consent?
Idolaters ye have been many years,
Express against the Lords commandement.
Wherefore, brethren, I counsel you repent:
Give no honor to carved stocks or stone,
But honor give to God Omnipotent,
And praise him ay, as wisely writeth John.

Fy on you friers that uses for to preach.
And do advance forward Idolatry:
Why do ye not the ignorant people teach,
How a dead Image carved on a tree,
As it were holy, should not honored be,
Nor born on burgess backs up and down?
But ye show plainly your hypocrisie,
When ye pass formost in processione.

Fy on you fosterers of Idolatry,
That to the dead stocks do reverence.
In presence of the people publickly.
Fear ye not God to commit such offence?

I counsel

I counsel you to do your diligence,
To cause suppress so great abusion:
Do ye not so, I dread your repentance
Shal be nought else but clean confusion.

Had saint Francis been born out through ȳ town,
Or saint Dominick, though ye had refused
with them to have paſt in procession,
In that case some would you have excused.
Now men may see how that ye have abused
That noble town through your hypocrisie:
The people think that they may right well use it,
when ye pass with them into company.

Some of you have been quyet counsellors,
Provoking Princes to shed guiltless blood,
which never did your prudent predecessors:
But ye like furious Pharisees denud
Of Charity whichrent Christ on the rood,
For Christis flock, without malice or ire,
Converted fragile faultors, I conclud
By Gods own word, withoutten sword or fire.

Read ye not how Christ hath given command,
If thy brother do ought thee to offend,
Then secretly correct him hand for hand
In friendly manner, ere that thou further wend.
If he will not hear thee, then make it kend
To one or two by true narration:
If he for them will not this mis amend,
Delate him to the congregation.

And yet if he remain obstinat,
And to the holy Church uncounsellable,
Then like a Turk hold him excommunicat,
And with all faithful folk abominable,
Banishing him, that he be no more able
To dwel among the faithful company:
when he repents be not unmerciable,
But him receive again right tenderly.

But our dumb Doctors of divinity,
And ye of the last found Religion.
Of poor transgressors ye have no pity,
But expes to put them ay to confusion,
As cry'd the Jews for the effusion

Of

Of Christ's blood into their burning ire,
Crucifie: so ye with an union
Do cry, cause call the faulter in the fire.

Unmerciful members of the Antichrist,
Extolling your humane tradition,
Contrare the institution of Christ,
Fear ye not for divine punition.
Though some of you be of good condition,
Ready to receive new recent wine:
I speak to you all bolles of perdition:
Return in time, ere ye run to ruine.

As ran the perverse prophets of Baal,
which did consent to the Idolatry
Of wicked Achab king of Israel,
whose number were four hundred and fifty,
which honored that Idol openly.
But when Elias did prove their abusion.
He caus'd the people slay them cruelly:
So in one hour came their confusion.

I pray you print in your remembrance,
How the red Friers for their idolatry,
In Scotland, England, Spain Italy & France,
Upon one day were punisht piteously.
Behold how your own brethren now lately,
In Dutchland, England, denmark & Norroway,
Are troden down with their hypocrisie,
And as the snow are vanisht quite away.

I marvel that our Bishops think no shame,
To give your Friers such preeminence,
To use their office to their great defame,
Preaching for them in open audience.
But might a Bishop augment his own expence,
For each sermon ten ducats in his hand:
He would ere he did lack that recompence,
Go preach himself both into burgh and land.

I trust to see good reformation,
when that we get a faithful prudent King
which knows the truth, and his vocation:
All Publicans, I trust he will down thring,
And will not suffer in his Realm to reign
Corrupted scribes, nor falſe pharisience,

against

Against the truth which plainly do malign:
Till that King come we must take patience,

Now farewell friends, because I cannot flyte
Howbeit I could, ye must had me excused:
Though I against Idolatry indite,
Or them despite that will not yet refuse it,
I pray to God that it be no more used
Among the rulers of this region,
That common people be no more abused,
But give him glore that bare the thorny Crown:

Who teacheth us by his divine Scripture,
To right prayer the perfect ready way,
As writeth Matthew in his sixth chapter,
In what manner, and to whom we should pray
A short compendious oration each-day,
Most profitable both for body and soul:
The which is not directed, I hear say,
To John, or James, to Peter or to Paul.

Nor to none other of th'Apostles twelve,
Nor to no saint, nor Angel in the heaven;
But only to our Father God himself,
which oration is contained full even,
Most profitable for us petitions seven,
which we lack-folk the Pater noster call.
Though we say psalms, nine, ten or eleven,
Of all prayers this is the principal.

By reason of the Maker that it made,
Who was the son of God our Savior:
And by reason to whom it should be said,
To the Father of heaven our Creator,
Who dwelleth not in temple nor in tower;
He clearly sees our thought, will, and intent:
What needeth us at others seek succour,
when in all place his power is present?

Ye princes of the priests, ye that should preach,
why suffer ye so great abusion?
why do ye not the simple people teach,
How and to whom to direct their oration?
Why thole ye them to go from town to town,
In pilgrimage to any Imageries,
Hoping to get some satisfaction,

pray-

Praying to them devoutly on their knees:

This was the pracise of some pilgrimage,
When fillocks into Fife began the ton;
With Jack and Thom then they took their voyage,
In Angus to the field chappet of Dron.
Then Kittock there as ready as a con,
Without regard either to sin or shame,
Gave Lawry leave at leasure to leap on:
Far better been to have tarried at hame.

I have seen pass a marvellous multitude,
Young men and women singing on their feet,
Under the form of fained sanctitude,
For to adore an Image in Lawret:
Many came with their fellows for to meet,
Committing their foul fornication,
Some kill the clagged tail of the hermite:
Why thole ye this abomination?

Of fornication and adultery,
Appearantly ye take but little cure,
Seeing the marvellous iniquity,
Which hath so long done in this Land endure,
Of your default which have the charge and cure:
This is of truth, my Lords, with your leave.
Such Pilgrimages have made many a whore,
Which, if I pleased, plainly I might prove.

Why make ye not the Scriptures manifest
To poor people touching Idolatry?
In your preaching why have ye not exprest
How many kings of Israel cruelly
were punisht by God so rigorously:
As Jeroboam, and many mo, no doubt,
For worshipping of carv'd Imagery,
were from their realms rudely rooted out.

Why thole ye under your dominion,
A crafty priest, or fained falle hermite,
Abusing the people of this region,
Only for their particular profite?
And specially that hermite Lawret,
He put the common people in believe,
That blind got sight, and crooked got their feet,
The which the pastard by no means can prieve.

Pe

Ye married men that have trim wanton wives,
And lusty daughters of young and tender age,
Whose honesty ye should love as your lives,
Permit them not to pass in pilgrimage,
To seek support of any stock image;
For I have known good women pass from hame,
Which have been trapped with such lusts rage,
Have returned both with great sin and shame.

Get up, thou sleepest still too long, O Lord,
And make an hasty reformation
On them that do tramp down thy gracious word,
And have a deadly indignation
At them which make a true narration
Of thy Gospel, showing the verity:
O Lord, I make thee supplication,
Support our faith, our hope, and charity.

How King Ninus built the great City of Nineve, and how he vanquished Zoroastes King of Bactria.

THis Ninus of Assyria king,
when he had made his conquessing,
To build a city he him drest,
Choosing a place where he thought best,
where he had first dominion,
In Assyria his own region:
Though Athur, as the Scripture says,
who came before king Ninus days,
He founded that famous city,
The which was called Ninive;
But as rehearseth Diodore,
Ninus that City did decore,
So marvellous triumphantly,
As ye shal hear immediatly.
Upon the flood of Euphrates,
which to behold great wonder was,
An hundred and fifty stages,
That city was of length I wis:
The walls an hundred foot of hight,
No wonder was though it was wight.
Such breadth about the walls there was,

Three carts might sidlongs on them pass:
Four hundred stages, fourscore and four,
In circuit, but nine or more:
Of towers about the walls I ween,
A thousand and five hundred been.
Of hight two hundred foot and more,
As writeth famous Diodore,
The Scripture maketh mention,
When God sent Jonas to that town,
To show them of his punishment,
Throughout the city when he went,
Three dayes journey to him it was,
The bible sayes it was no less.
My son, now have I shown to thee,
Of the building of Ninivie:
For the augmenting of his fame,
Ninus call'd it after his name.
When he that great city had ended,
To conquess more yet he intended,
And did depart from Ninivy,
And raised up a great army
Of the most stalwart men and stout,
Of all the regions round about,
In great order took their journey
Toward the realm of Bactria,
Of wight footmen I understand,
He hath seventeen hundred thousand,
Without horse-men and warlike carts,
whom he ordered in sundry parts,
Which to deserive I am not able,
whose number is incredible.
Zoroastes that noble King,
Then Bactria had in governing:
That prudent Prince, as I heard tell,
Did in Astronomy excel;
And found the art of Magia,
With natural science many ma,
Seeing king ninus in the field,
Forward he came with spear & shield,
Four hundred thousand men he was,
In his army there was not less,
And met King Ninus on the border,
Right valiantly and in good order:

On the vanguard of his army,
On them he rushed right rudely,
And of them slew, as I heard say,
An hundred thousand men that day:
The rest that scaped were unslain,
To Ninus great host fled again.
Of that king Ninus was so noyed,
He rested never till he destroyed
All whole that region up and down,
And from the king did reave the Crown,
And made the realm of Bactria
Subject unto Assyria:
And in the self-same land I wis,
He got his wife Semiramis,
which as mine Author doth describe,
was then the lustiest on live:
That being done without sojourn,
To Nineve he did return
with great triumph of victorie,
As mine Author doth specifie:
Both Occident and Orient
were all to him obedient.
It would abhore thee to hear red,
The guiltless blood that he did shed.
When he had reign'd, as you may hear,
The space of three and forty year:
Being in his excellent glore,
The dolent death did him devore,
In what sort I am not certain.
Some Author says that he was slain,
And left into his heritage,
A little child of tender age.
Young Ninus was the childs name,
Which after flourisht in great fame:
Some says, that by his wives treason,
King Ninus died in prison,
As I shal show ere I hence fare,
As Diodore hath done declare.

Of the wonderful deeds of Queen Semiramis.

NInus loved so ardently
Semiramis his fair Lady:
There was nothing she would have done,

But

But all obeyed was him full loon.
She seeing him so ambitious,
She grew proud and presumptuous,
And at the king she did desire,
Five dayes to govern his Empire:
And he of his benevolence,
Did grant her that preeminence.
With Scepter, Crown and robe royal,
And whole power Imperial,
Till five dayes were come and gone,
That she as king might reign alone.
Then all the Princes of the Land,
During that time made her a band,
With banquet royal merrily,
She treated them triumphantly,
So the first day the people all
Came to her service, bound and thrall:
But ere the second day was gone,
She took such glore to reign alone,
By a deceit made them among,
The king she put in prison strong.
I read well of his prisoning,
But not of his delivering:
However it was, into his bowis,
He did of death suffer the throwis,
And might not length his life one hour
Though he was the first Conquerour:
whose conquesting, for to conclud,
was not without shedding of blood.
Now have you heard of Ninus king,
How he began, and his ending.
Although mine Author Diodore
Of him hath written meekle more.
Princes for wrongous conquesting,
Do make oftentimes an evil ending.
Though he had long prosperity,
He ended with great misery.

Of King Ninus Sepulcher.

THe Queen a sepulcher had made,
where she king Ninus body laid,
Of curious crafty work and wight,
The which had stades nine of hight,

And

And ten ſtades of breadth it was,
Diodore ſayes, it was no leſs:
For eight ſtades a mile thou take,
And thereafter thy number make:
So by this compt it was full right,
A mile and eke a ſtave of hight:
Except the Tower of Babylon,
So high a work, I read of none.
Semiramis his lufty Queen,
Conſidering what danger been,
To have a King of tender age,
Which might not uſe his vaſſalage,
She took a couragious conceit,
Thinking that ſhe would make debate,
If any made rebellion
Contrare her ſon and region,
whom ſhe did foſter tenderly,
And keeped him full quyetly.
ſhe laid apart her own clothing,
And took the rayment of a King.
when ſhe was into armor pight,
Might no man know her by a Knight,
So valiantly went to the wear,
And to give battel took no fear,
Daunting all realms round about,
That all the world of her had doubt:
More fortunate in her conqueſting
Then was her huſband Ninus King.
Babylon ſhe did fortifie,
Temples and Towers triumphantly,
ſo pleaſantly did them prepare,
which in the earth had no compare:
Howbeit Nimrod of whom I ſpeake,
The hideous dungeon he cauſ'd make,
And of the city the fundament.
To whom God made impediment.
where Nimrod left, there ſhe began,
And put to work many a man:
Of all Realms round about,
Of moſt engine ſhe ſought them out.
ſhe had working with tree and ſtones,
twelve hundred thouſand men at once.
Go read the book of Diodore,

and

And thou shalt find the number more.
On every side of Euphrates,
That noble City builded was,
And so that river of renown,
Ran through the mid-part of that town.
Over-thwart that Flood the bridges made,
Of marvelous strength, both long and brade.
They were five stages large of length,
On every bridge the made a strength,
The circuit, as I said before,
Four hundred stages and fourscore.
The walls hight who would describe,
Three hundred foot, threescore, & five:
six carts might pals right easily,
Above the walls of that City
sidelongs without impediment,
Consider then by your judgement,
If these walls were high or nought,
And also curiously were wrought,
As Diodore hath done define,
which doth transcend my rude engine.
Of Babylon the magnificence,
to whom ye would give no credence,
If I at length would put in write,
which Diodore hath done endyte.
Compare with Cities find I none,
To Ninive and Babylon.
From Ninive of Assyria,
To Babylon in Chaldea;
By bridges pleasant ye may pass,
Upon the Flood of Euphrates.
Among the floods of Paradise,
This Euphrates may bear the prise:
All works which the Queen began,
Transcended the engine of man.
The proud Queen Penthsilea,
The Princes of Amazona,
with her Ladies triumphantly,
At troy which fought valiantly:
Nor yet the fair Maiden of France,
daughter of English ordinance:
To semiramis in her dayes,
were no compare, as books sayes:

except

Except triumphant Julius,
Strong Hanibal, or Pompeius:
Or Alexander the Conqueror,
I find no greater warrior,
Would I rehearse, as write Clarks,
Her wonderful and valiant warks,
It were to me a great labor,
And tedious to the Auditor,
What she did in Ethiopia,
And in the land of Media,
Building cities, castles and towers,
Parks and gardens of pleasures:
For the exalting of her name.
And immortal to make her fame.
Of Jarcius the high mountain,
She caus'd run down, and made them plain,
Great Dyantes, the mountain wight,
Twenty and five stages of hight,
To her palace to draw a loch,
By force of men she cut it through.
Had she keeped her chastity,
She might have been an A per se.
When she had ordered her Empire,
Of Venus work she took desire:
A secret mansion she caus'd make,
Wherein she pleasantly might take
Young Gentle-men for her pleasure,
The which she used above measure,
One man alone might not be able
To stanch her lust insatiable.
When she was satisfied of one,
She caus'd another come anon,
The lustiest in all that land,
Came quietly at her command.
When they at length had lyen her by,
She slew all them right cruelly.
When her son came to age perfyte,
Of him she took so great delite,
So caused him with her to ly,
Among the rest right quiety.
Some sayes with sensual lusts rage,
She bound him into marriage,
And held him under tutorie,

To

To uphold her authority.

How the Queen Semiramis with a great army past to Indus, and fought with the King Staurobates, And of her miserable end.

When she had long time liv'd in rest
To conquish more she her addrest:
Because of diverse she heard tell,
How that the Indus Oriental
Precell'd in great commodities,
As bestial, corns, and fruitful trees:
All kind of spices delicious,
Gold, silver and, stones precious:
And how that plenteous land did bear
Corn, fruit and wine twise in the year,
With Elephants innumerable,
In battel wondrous terrible:
She hearing this, and meikle more,
Believing to augment her glore,
Caus'd make strait proclamations,
In all and sundry Nations,
Showing how it was her desire,
All princes under her Empire,
In Egypt, and Arabia,
In Perse, in Mede, and Chaldea,
In Greece, in Calpia, and Hircane.
In Cappadoce, Lyne, & Mauritane,
In Armenie, and Phrygia,
In Pamphilia, and Assyria,
That each land after their degree,
should bring to her a great armie,
In all the goodly haste they ma,
And meet her into Bactria.
Declaring them that her intent
was to pass to the Orient,
And make war with the king of Inde.
From time they knew what was her mind,
Then by themselves each Region,
Came forward with their garrison,
Triumphantly in good array:
To Bactria took the ready way,

and

And made their musters to the Queen:
But such a sight was never seen,
In battel-ray so many a man
At once, since God the world began:
But Spanzie, France, Scotland, England,
Dutchland, Denmark, nor yet Ireland,
Were not inhabit in those dayes,
Nor long after, my Author sayes.
Ephesias he doth specifie
The number of this great Army:
Saying, there came at her command,
Foot-men thirty hundred thousand:
Of horse-men mounted gallantly,
Five hundred thousand verily.
And hundred thousand camels wight,
On every Camel rode a knight.
Prepar'd to pass into all parts,
There was an hundred thousand carts.
Two thousand boats with her she carries
On horse, camels, or dromadaries,
Bridges to make she did conclude,
Over-thwart Indus that furious Flood,
which been of Inde the utmost border,
On the which Flood with right good order,
Of her barges she bridges made,
whereon her great host safely rade.
T. Father, I would men understood,
Might be at once brought to the field,
Ready to fight with spear and shield.
Some men will judge this been a fable,
The matter been so untrueable.
F. It may well be, my son, said he,
As by example we may see,
How David king of Israel.
His people caused number all,
By Joab his chief Captain,
As holy Scripture sheweth plain:
Of fighting men into that Land,
He found thirteen hundred thousand,
Sith David in that small countrey.
Might have raised such an Army,
To this Lady it was no wonder,
The which had great realms her under,

Then Davids little Region,
Though she had many a Legion
Of men, mo then I told before.
Therefore my lon: marvel no more.
When Staurobates King of Inde,
Greatly perturbed in his mind:
Hearing of such a multitude,
To make defence he did conclude,
And sent a message to the Queen,
Praying her Majesty sereen,
That she would of her special grace,
Give him licence to live in peace:
Failing of that, though he should die,
That he should make her fight or flee:
And to his God a vow he made,
If no peace might of her be had,
And if he wan the victory,
That he the Queen should crucifie.
At his boasting the Queen made bourds,
Saying, It shal be no words
Shal make me pass from my purpose,
Without great stroaks, as I suppose.
The Messenger shew'd to the King.
Of her presumptuous answering.
Then Staurobates wise and wight,
Came forward like a noble knight,
With many a thousand spear & shield,
Arrayed royal on the field,
Thinking he would his life defend,
Or in the battel make an end.
The Queen upon the other side,
Full of presumption and pride:
Her banners pleasantly display'd,
With hardy heart and unafray'd,
Upon Indus that famous Flood
They met, where shed was meekle blood.
In boats, balingers and barges,
The two armies on other charges:
Semiramis the battel wan,
Where drown'd and slain were many a man,
So that the water of the flood
Ran red mixed with mens blood.
The King of Inde with all his might,

from

From Indus flood he took the flight,
To this chief City he retired,
Where in his presence there appeared,
In battle-ray a new army
Of right invincible chevalry,
With Elephants an hideous number,
which afterward made meekle cumber.
Semiramis and her company,
In the mean time right cruelly,
Destroyed the borders of that land,
Took prisoners mo then ten thousand.
She took a courageous conceit,
Great Elephants to counterfeit:
She had ten thousand oxen hides,
Well sew'd together, back and sides,
with mouth & nole, teeth, ears & een;
Quick Elephants as they had been,
Right well stuffed with straw and hay
whereof the Indeans took a fray:
Upon camels and dromadaries,
these false figures with her she carries.
the Indeans when they saw that sight
Afrayedly they took the flight:
For such a sight was never seen,
If natural beasts they had been.
The king himself was right afeared,
Till he the verity had speared,
And knew by his explorateurs,
They were but feigned false figures.
Then manfully like men of wear,
Forward they came withouten fear,
Right so Semiramis the Queen,
Which for one man was ay fifteen.
These two armies fuht cruelly,
They rusht together so rudely,
With hideous cry, and trumpets sound,
Till thousands lay dead on the ground.
Semiramis had such a number,
To order them it was great cumber.
Then the great Elephants of Inde,
Right strong and hardy of their kind,
Forward they came, and would not cease,
Till through the midst of the preas

Of that great hoſt they rudely ruſhed,
Their men and horſe to earth they duſhed.
Theſe fained beats withouten ſpite,
Were ſtruſht and foyled under feet.
The king of Inde with courage keen,
Met with Semiramis the Queen,
Ye riding on an Elephant:
But ſhe wᵗ him fought hand for hand,
And gave the king ſo great aſſay,
That he was never in ſuch a fray.
So ſtrike at him ſhe took no fear,
So well ſhe uſed was in weer.
His ſtrokes ſhe had but little counted,
Were not the King was ſo well mounted.
Either at other ſtrake ſo faſt,
Till they were tyred at the laſt.
The king he thought himſelf aſhamed,
With a woman to be defamed,
And was determined not to flie,
Though in that batter he ſhould die.
As one which had deſpaired been,
Ye rudely ran upon the Queen,
And through the arm gave her a wound,
Which to her heart gave ſuch a ſtound,
That ſhe conſtrained was to flee:
Then all the reſt of her armie,
When they perceiv'd that ſhe was gone,
To Indus flood they fled each one.
The Queen oyeth wart the flood ſhe rade,
On bridges which were of boats made,
With her a ſober company,
Which with her fled afrayedly,
The Indeans followed on the chaſe,
Then to the bridges came ſuch preaſs
Of fleeing folks, which was great wonder,
So that the bridges brake inlunder.
Some ſunk, ſome down the river ran,
Then drown'd was many noble man,
Which was great pitty to deplore,
As writeth famous Diodore.
And finally, for to conclud,
Was never ſhed ſo meekle blood
At one time ſince the world began.

For

Nor slain so many guiltless man,
And all through thy occasion,
And the pridefull perswasion
Of this ambitious wicked queen,
Such one was never heard nor seen.
Staurobates the king of Inde,
Greatly rejoiced in his mind.
Of this triumph and victory:
Semiramis with heart full sory,
Seeing so many tane and slain,
To her countrey return'd again:
Lamenting fortunes variance.
Which brought her to so great mischance,
Before which was so fortunate,
And then of comfort desolate.
Her son a man of perfection,
Considering his subiection,
His liberty he did desire.
That he might govern his Empire:
Seeing his mother vicious,
And with that so ambitious:
As mine author doth specifie,
He slew his mother cruelly:
What other cause or intention,
I find no special mention.
Some sayes, to be at liberty:
Some sayes, for her adultery:
None other cause I can define,
Except punition divine,
Of this fair Lady courageous,
Behold the ending dolorous:
Who was but twenty years of age,
When she began her vassalage:
And reign'd triumphantly but wear,
The space of forty and two year.
When she was slain, she was threescore,
With years two, she was no more,
As Diodore writes in his book.
His Chronicles who list to look.
Of this Lady I make an end:
Thinking no way I can commend
Woman to be man-like,
Nor men for to be women-like.

For

For why? 'tis been the Lords mind,
All creatures to use in their kind.
Men for to have preeminence,
And women under obedience:
Though all women inclined be
To have the soveraignity,
As this Lady, who would not rest
Till she her husband had suppress:
To that intent that she might reign
Alone to have the governing.
Ladies no wayes I can commend,
Presumptuously which do pretend
To use the office of a King,
Or Realms take in governing,
Howbeit they valiant be and wight,
Going in battel like a knight,
As did proud Penthesilea,
The Princess of Amazona,
In mens habeit against reason.
Likewise I think derision,
A Prince to be effeminate,
Of knightly courage desolate,
Neglecting his authority,
Through beastly sensuality,
Accompanied both days and nights,
With women more then valiant knights.
Such Kings I discommend at all,
Example of Sardanapal.
Father, said I, show me how lang
The succession of King Ninus rang.
That shall I do with diligence,
My son said he, ere we go hence:
Since I have shown at thy desire,
What man began the first Empire.
Now would I it were to thee kend,
Of that Empire the fatal end.

How King Sardanapalus for his vicious life, made a miserable end.

BEtween the Conqueror Ninus
And sensual Sardanapalus,
I can find no special story,

worthy

Worthy to put in memory,
Except which I have done describe,
Of Semiramis king Ninus wife.
But I can find no good at all
To write of King Sardanapal.
which was the fir and thirty King,
By line from Ninus descending:
At length his life for to declare,
I think it is not necessare,
Because that many cunning Clarks,
Have done described in their warks,
How he was last of Assyrians,
Which had the whole preeminence,
The time of the first Monarchie,
In Chronicles as thou mayest see:
The last and the most vicious king
which in that Monarchy did reign,
That Prince was so effeminate
with sensual lust intoxicate:
He did abhor the company
Of his most noble chevalry,
That he might have the more delite
To use his beastly appetit:
Converted with women night & day,
And clothed him in their array:
so that no man that had him seen,
Could judge a man that he had been:
so he in whoredom and harlotry,
Did keep himself so quyetly:
The Princes of Assyrians
Of him they could get no presence;
Thus lived he continually,
Against nature so inordinatly,
Whenso the Perse and to the Medes,
Reported was such vicious deeds,
with the rulers of Babylon,
They did conclud all into one,
They would not suffer for to reign
Above them such a vicious King.
But Arbaces a Duke of Mede,
He deerly took in hand that deed,
And first he came to Ninivy
To see the King his Majestie:

And to one of the Kings guard,
He gave a secret rich reward;
To put him in a quyet place,
where he might see the king his Grace,
And be unseen of any wight,
But he saw neither King nor Knight
Into his Majesties company.
Except women allanerly,
And as a woman he was clad,
with women counselled and led:
And shamefully he was sitting,
with spindle and with rock spinning.
when Arbarces that sight had seen,
His courage rose up from the spleen,
And thought it smal difficulty,
For to deprive his Majesty.
Then railed he the Persians,
with Medes and Babylonians,
Enarmed well with spear and shield,
Triumphantly they took the field.
The King raised the Assyrians,
Together with the Chaldeans,
And they resisted as they might:
But finally he took the flight,
To save himself in Ninivy:
Then sieged they that great City,
Continually two years and more,
As writeth famous Diodore,
Till that the flood of Euphrates
Arose with such a furiousnes,
where through the most part of the town,
By violence was beaten down.
Then when the King found no remead,
But to be taken, or to be dead,
As men dispaired full of ire,
Caus'd make a furious flaming fire,
And took his gold and jewels all,
with scepter, crown, and robe royal,
with all his tender servitures,
That of his corps had greatest cures,
together with his lusty queens,
And all his wanton concubins,
And in that fire he did them cast,

then

Then lap himſelf in at the laſt,
where all were burnt in powder ſmal,
Thus ended king Sardanapal,
Without any repentance,
As may be ſeen by this ſentence
Here following, which he did endite
Before his death in great deſpite:
Which is a right ungodly thing,
As ye may ſee by this dyting,

Epitaphium Sardanapali.

Cùm te mortalem nôris, præſentibus exple
Deliciis animum, poſt mortem nulla voluptas,
Et Venere, & cœnis, & plumis Sardanapali.

Now have I ſhown with diligence,
The Monarchie of the Aſſyrians,
The which at king Ninus began,
And ended at this wicked man;
And did endure without teen weer,
A thouſand two hundred and forty year,
As doth endite Euſebius:
Read him, and thou ſhalt find it thus.

THE THIRD BOOK.

Of the miſerable deſtruction of the five Cities, called Sodom, Gomorrah, Seboim, Segor, and Adama, with their whole Regions.

FAther, I pray you to me tell,
What noble thing that befel,
During the reign of Aſſyrians,
Which had ſo long preemmence.
I mean of other Nations,
Under their dominations.
E. That muſt be done in terms ſhort,
Said he, as ſtories do report,
Enduring the firſt Monarchie,
Became that woeful miſery
Of Sodom, Gomorrah, and their region,
As Scripture doth make mention.

Whose people were so sensual
In filthy sins unnatural,
The which into this vulgar verse,
My tongue abhorreth to rehearse:
Like brutal beasts out of their minds,
Unnaturally abus'd their kinds,
By filthy stinking lecherie,
And most abominable Sodomie,
As holy Scriptures do describe.
In that Countrey were cities five,
Which were Sodom and Gomorrha,
Seboim, Segor, and Adama:
Among them all found there was none
Undefiled, but Lot alone.
Now Abraham dwelt near hand by,
Which prayed for Lot effectually:
For God made him advertisement,
that he would make such punishment:
To Lot two Angels God did send,
Him from that fury to defend.
When the people of that Region
Saw the Angels come to the town,
Transformed into fair young men,
They purposed them for to ken,
And abuse them unnaturally,
with their foul stinking Sodomy.
Of that thing Lot was wonder wo,
And offered them his daughters two,
Them at their pleasure for to use;
But they his daughers did refuse.
And then the Angels with their might,
These men deprived of their sight,
And so perforce left them alone.
From Lots lodging when they were gone.
They him commanded hastily,
For to depart from that City:
That foul unnatural lechery,
A vengeance from the heaven did cry,
The which did move God to such yre,
That from the heaven brimstone and fire,
with awful thundring rained down,
And did consume that whole Region.
Of all that land escaped no mo,

Except

Except Lot, and his daughters two.
His wife was turn'd into a stone,
So wifeless was he left alone,
For she was inobedient,
And kept not the commandement,
when the Angels gave them command,
Soon to depart out of that land,
They charged them under great pain,
Never to look backward again.
When Lots wife heard the thundering
Of flaming fire, and lightening,
The woful cryes lamentable
Of people most eponventable:
For none of them had force to flee,
She yearn'd that sorrowful sight to see;
And as she turned her anon,
She was transformed in a stone,
Where she remaineth to this day:
Of her I have no more to say.
To show at length I am not able,
That piteous process lamentable,
How cities, castles, towns & towres,
Villages, ballallyes and bowres,
They were all into powder driven:
Fortress by the roots up riven:
Their king their queen, their people all:
Young and old burnt in powder smal.
No creature was left alive.
Fowles, beasts, man nor wife.
The earth, the corn, herbs, fruits and trees,
The children on the nurses knees.
Right suddenly in an instant
Unwarily came that judgement,
As it was in the time of Noy,
when God did all the world destroy,
And for the self sin of Sodomie,
And most abominable bougerie.
That vice at length for to declare,
I think it now not necessare.
When all was burnt, flesh, blood and bones,
The hills, valleys flocks and stones:
The countrey sank for to conclude,
where now there stands an ugly flood,

the

The which is called, the dead sea,
Next to the countrey of Indie:
Whose stinking strands black as tar,
The flewr of it men feels on far.
Into Diantius thou mayst read
Of that countrey the length and breadth,
Of length fifty myles and two,
And fourteen miles of breadth also.
Lot of his wife was so a gast,
That to a mountain wild he past,
Of company he had no mo,
Except his lusty daughters two:
And by their provocation,
As Moles makes narration,
Alone into that mountain wild,
His daughters two he got with child,
For they believed in their thought,
That all the world was gone to nought.
As it became that Nation:
Thinking that generation
would fail, except they craftily
Caus'd their father with them to ly;
And so they found a crafty wile,
How they their father might beguile,
And caused him to drink wight wine,
Which men to lechery doth incline:
When he was full and fallen on sleep,
His daughters quietly did creep
Into his bed full secretly,
Provoking him with them to ly:
He knew not how he was beguil'd,
Till both his daughters were with child,
And bare two sons in certain,
They being in that wild mountain,
Of whom two Nations did proceed,
As in the Scripture thou mayst read:
In the which Scripture thou mayst see
At length this woful miserie.
This misery became but wear,
From Noes flood three hundreth year,
Together with fourscore and eleven,
As counteth Carion full even.
And after Noahs death I guess,

One

One and forty years there was:
When Abraham was of age I ween,
Fourscore of years and nineteen,
Then this foul sin of Sodomy
Was punished so rigorously.
Great God preserve us in our time,
That we commit not such a crime.
Tedious it were for me to tell
This Monarchie during what befel.
And wonders that on earth were wrought,
Which to my purpose longeth nought:
As home the people of Israel,
Did long time into Egypt dwel,
And of their great punition,
Through Pharaohs persecution:
And how Moses did them convoy
Through the red sea with meekle joy:
Where King Pharaoh most miserably
Was drowned with his huge army:
And how that people wandring was,
Forty years in the wilderness.
Moses that time, as I heard say,
Received the Law on mount Sinay
That time Josua from Jordan,
Led the people to Canaan,
where Saul, David and Solomon,
with Hebrew kings many one,
Did richly reign in that Country,
Enduring this first Monarchy.
The siege of Thebes miserable,
where blood was shed incomparable,
Of noble men into those days,
with other terrible affrays.
As how the Greeks wroght vengeance
Upon the noble Troyans,
Because that Paris did convoy,
Perforce fair Helena to Troy
which was king Menelaus wife,
where many a thousand lost their life.
That time the valiant Hercules,
Throughout the world did him address,
where he did many a doughty deed,
As in his story thou mayst read:

And

And how through Deianira his wife,
This Champion did loose his life,
In flaming fire full furiously,
The death he suffered cruelly.
That time Remus and Romulus
Did found that city most famous
Of Rome, standing in Italy,
As in their story thou mayst see,
Wouldst thou read Titus Livius,
Thou shouldst find works wonderous
Whose worthy deeds are well kend,
And shal be to the worlds end:
Though they began with cruelty,
And ended with great misery,
As been the matter, to conclud,
Of all shedders of guiltless blood.
In Greece the ornat Poetrie,
Medicine, Musick, Astronomie,
During the first Monarchie began,
By Homerus that famous man:
Together with Hesiodus,
As divers Authors showeth us.
It were too long to put in rime,
The books that they wrote in their time.
These were the acts principal,
That Monarchy during which befel.
As for good Abraham and his seed.
Into the Bible thou mayst read,
How in his time, as I hear tell,
Began the Kingdom spiritual:
As I have shown to thee before,
Wherefore of them I speak no more.

A short Description of the second, third, and fourth Monarchies.

FAther, said I, which was the man,
That the next Monarchy began?
E. Cyrus, said he, the King of Perse,
As Chronicles hath done rehearse;
Prudent and full of policy
Began the second Monarchy:
For he was the most godly King,

That

That ever in Perſe or Mede did reign:
For he of his benignity,
Delivered from captivity
The whole people of Iſrael,
Into the time of Daniel,
The which had been priſoners
In Babylon full ſeventy years.
Therefore God of grace bening,
Gave him a divine knowledging.
During his time as I hear tell,
He uſed counſel of Daniel.
Carion at length doth ſpecifie
Of his marvelous nativity,
And of his vertuous upbringing,
And how he vanquiſht Creſus king,
With many other valiant deed,
As into Carion thou mayſt read.
Whoſe ſucceſſion did endure
To the tenth King thereof be ſure.
But after his great conqueſting,
Right miſerable was his ending,
As Herodotus doth deſcrive:
In Scythia he loſt his life,
Where the undaunted Scythians:
Vanquiſht the noble Perſians.
And after that Cyrus was dead,
Queen Tompre hacked off his head,
Which was the Queen of Scythians,
In deſpite of the Perſians.
She caſt his head, for to conclude,
Into a veſſel full of blood,
And ſaid theſe words right cruelly:
Drink thou thy fill, if thou be dry.
For thou didſt ay blood ſhedding thirſt,
Now drink at leaſure, if thou liſt.
After that Cyrus ſucceſſion
Of all the world had Poſſeſſion,
Alexander with ſword and fire,
Attain'd perforce the third Empire,
Which was the King of Macedone,
With valiant Greeks many one:
In battel fell and furious,
Vanquiſht the mighty Darius,

which

which was the tenth and the laſt king,
which did after king Cyrus reign:
As for this potent Emperor,
Alexander the Conqueror,
If thou at length would read his reign,
And of his cruel conquesting,
In Engliſh tongue, in his great book,
At length his life there thou mayſt look,
How Alexander that potent king,
Was twelve years in his conquesting:
And how for all his great conqueſt,
He lived but one year in reſt,
when by his ſervant ſecretly.
He poyſon'd was full pitеouſly.
Vulcan and Alexander compare
To thunder or fire flaught in the air:
A cruel planet, a mortal weird,
down thringing people with his ſword.
Ganges that moſt famous flood,
He mixed with the Indians blood.
And Euphrates with the blood of Perſe:
whoſe cruelty for to reheарſe,
And guiltleſs blood which he did ſhed,
were right abominable to be read.
After his ſhort proſperity,
He died with great miſery.
It were too long to be decided,
How all their Realms were divided,
All while that Celar Julius,
when he had vanquiſht Pompeius,
was choſen Emperor and king,
Above the Romans for to reign.
That potent Prince was the firſt man,
which the fourth Monarchie began,
And had the whole dominion
Of every land and region:
whoſe ſucceſſors did reign but weer,
Over the world many hundred year:
But gentle Julius, alace,
Reign'd Emperor but little ſpace,
which I think pity to deplore,
In five moneths, and little more:
By falſe exorbitant treaſon,

that

That prudent prince was troden down,
And murdred in the Counsel-house,
By cruel Brutus and Cassius.
After that Julius was slain,
Did reign the great Octavian,
Of Emperors one of the best:
During his time was peace and rest,
Over all the world in each Region,
As stories do make mention:
And eke I make it to thee plain,
During the time of Octavian,
The son of God our Lord Jesu,
Took mankind of the Virgin true,
And was that time in Bethlem born,
To save mankind that was forlorn,
As scripture makes narration,
Of his blest incarnation.
Now have I told thee, as I can,
How the fourth Monarchy began:
But in thy mind thou mayst consider,
How worldly power hath been but slidder:
For all their great Empire [illegible] gone:
Thou seest there is no Pr [illegible] alone,
which hath the whole dominion,
This time of every region.

C. Father, what reason had these kings,
Robers to be of others reigns,
But any right and just quarrel,
wherethrough that they might make battel,
And common people to down thring?
To this, said I, make answering.

E. My son, said he, that shal be done,
As I best can, and that right soon:
These Monarchies, I understand,
Preordinate were by command
Of God the Salvator of all,
For to down thring, and to make thral
Undaunted people vicious,
And eke for to be gracious,
To them which vertuous were and good,
As Daniel hath done conclud
At length into his prophecies,
How there shal be four Monarchies:

his

His second chapter thou mayst see,
How after the first Monarchie,
When Nebuchodonozor king
An Image saw in his sleeping,
With auster look, both high and broad,
And of pure fine gold was his head,
His breast and arms of silver bright,
His womb of copper, hard and wight,
His loins and limbs of iron right strong,
His feet of clay, iron mixt among.
From the mountain there came alone,
Without mens hands, a full great stone,
Which on that figures feet did fall,
And dang all down in powder smal.
Of whose interpretation,
Doctors do make narration:
The head of gold doth signifie,
First, the Assyrians Monarchie.
The silver breast they do apply,
To Persians which rang secondly:
The womb of copper, or of brass,
Thirdly, to Greeks compared was.
His loins and limbs of iron and steel,
Clerks have them compared well,
The Romans through their diligence,
To have the fourth preeminence
Above each other Nation.
By this interpretation,
The mixed feet with iron and clay,
Did signifie the latter day,
When that the world shal be divided,
As afterward shal be decided.
So Christ is signified the stone,
Whose Monarchy shal never be gone:
For under his dominion,
All Princes shal be troden down.
When that great God Omnipotent,
Come to his general Judgement,
His Monarchy shal then be known,
And after shal be to thee shown.
And as the Scripture shal thee tell,
How in the eight of Daniel,
He saw into his vision,

By a plain expolition,
How that the Greeks should work vengeance
Upon the Medes and Persians,
Comparing the Greeks unto a Goat,
With an horn fierce, furious and hot,
Which kill'd the Rams with horns two,
Compar'd the Perse and Mede also,
And so by Daniels prophesies,
All their great mighty Monarchies,
The which all other Realms suppriled,
By the great God they were devised:
As he of Titus the Roman,
Son and heir to Uelpasian,
Made him a furious instrument
To put the Jews to great torment:
Which I suppose, ere I hence fare,
Shortly that process to declare.

Of the most miserable and terrible destruction of Jerusalem.

FAther, said I, declare to me,
Enduring the fourth Monarchie,
The most infortune that befel?
E. Why son, said he, that shal I tell,
The most and manifest misery
Became upon that great City
Jerusalem, when it was suppried,
As stories do make manifest:
But as the scripture doth devise,
Jerusalem was destroyed twise:
First, for their great Idolatrie,
Which they committed in Jurie:
The honor ought to God alone,
They gave to figures of stock & stone;
Before Christs Incarnation
Came this first desolation,
Five hundred years fourscore and ten,
In Chronicles as thou mayst ken,
How Nebuchodonozor king,
That famous city did down thring:
Their King with people many one,
Brought them all bound to Babylon,

where

Wthere they remained prisoners,
The space of threescore and ten years.
And that first desolation
Was called, the translmigration.
Was no man left into their Lands,
But poor folk laboring with their hands,
Till mighty Cyrus king of Perse,
As Daniel hath done rehearse,
Was moved by God for to restore
The Jews where they dwelled before.
If I neglect, I were to blame,
The last siege of Jerusalem,
whose ruine was most miserable,
And for to tell right terrible:
was never in earth, city, nor town,
Got such extream destruction.
The Towns of Tyr, Thebe, nor Troy,
They never suffered half such noy.
the Emperor Uespasian,
He did devise that siege certain.
There was the Prophesie compleat,
which Christ spake on Mount Olivet,
when he Jerusalem beheld,
The tears from his eyes distill'd,
Seeing by divine presence,
The great destruction and vengeance
which was to come on that City,
His heart was pierced with pity,
Saying: Jerusalem, if thou knew
The great ruine, sore thou wouldst rew;
For ought that I can to the show:
The verity thou wilt not know:
Nor hast in consideration
Thine holy visitation:
Thy people will no way consider,
whom gathered I would have together
As wandring sheep are without herds,
Or as the hen gathered her birds
Under her wings right tenderly,
which they refused despitefully:
wherefore shal come that dreadful day,
That no remedy make you may,
Thy dungeons shal be dung asunder,
So all the world shal at the wonder.

thy temple now most triumphant;
Shal be trod down among the sand.
And as he said, so it befell,
As hereafter I shal thee tell,
C. Show me, said I, with circumstance,
the special cause of that mischance.
C. Said he: As Scripture doth conclud,
For shedding of the guiltless blood
Of prophets which God to them sent;
And eke because that they miskent
Jesus the son of God soveraign.
when he among them did remain:
For all the miracles that he shew,
Maliciously they him misknew:
though by his great power divine,
the water clear he turn'd to wine:
And by the self same power e might,
to the blind born he gave the light:
And gave the crooked men their feet,
And made the lepers whole compleat.
He healed all, and rais'd the dead,
Yet held they him at mortal feed,
Because he shew the veritie,
they did conclud that he should die.
the Bishops Princes of the Priests,
they grew so bolden in their breasts:
The scribes and doctors of the Law,
Of God nor man they stood no aw
On Christ Jesus to work vengeance.
Right so the false Pharisians,
A sect of fained religion,
Devised his confusion,
And sent their servants at the last,
And with strong cords they bound him fast:
then scourged him both back and side,
that none for blood might see his hide:
there was not left a penny broad
Unwounded from his feet to head,
In manner of derision,
they plat to him a cruel crown
Of pricking thorns sharp and long,
which on his heavenly head they throng.
then caus'd him, for the greater lack,

Bear his own gallows on his back,
To the vile place of Calvary,
Where many a thousand men might see:
That Innocent they took perforce,
And plat him backward to the cross:
Through feet and hands great nails they thrust,
Till blood abundantly out-burst:
Without grudging, clamor or cry,
That pain he suffered patiently:
And for augmenting of his grieves,
They hanged him between two thieves:
Where men might see the bloody strands,
which sprang forth from his feet and hands:
From thorns thrusted on his head,
Ran down bullering streams red:
In the presence of many a man,
That blood-Royal on rockes ran.
Shortly to say, that heavenly King
In extream dolor there did hing,
Till he said, Consummatum est,
With a loud cry he gave the Ghaist.
When he was dead, they took a dart,
And pierced that King through the heart,
From whom there came water and blood:
The earth then trembled: so conclude,
Phebus did hide his beams bright,
That through the world there was no light,
The great vail of the Temple rave,
The dead men rose out of their grave,
And in the City did appear,
As in the Scripture thou mayst hear:
Then Joseph of Arimathie,
Did bury him right honestly,
But yet he rose full glorioully,
On the third day triumphantly:
With his disciples in certain,
Forty dayes he did remain,
After to heaven he ascended,
The Jews nothing their life amended,
Nor gave no credit to his laws,
As at more length the storie shaws:
But cruelly they did oppress
All men that Christs name did profess,

and

And persecuted many one:
They prison'd both Peter and John,
And Steven they stoned to the dead:
From James the less they stroke the head:
This was the cause, in conclusion,
Of their cruel confusion.
The prudent Jew Josephus sayes,
That he was present in those dayes:
And in his book makes mention,
How after Christs ascension,
The space of two and forty years,
Began these cruel mortal wears,
The second year of Uelpasian,
When many taken were and slain.
Josephus plainly doth conclude,
was never seen such a multitude,
Before that time into the town,
which came for their confusion,
where great infortune so befel,
To all the princes of Israel.
Conveen'd against the time of Pasch,
But to return they had no grace.
the bold Romans with their Christan
Titus the son of Uelpasian,
Their army over Judea spred:
Then all men to the City fled,
Believing there to get relief,
But all that turn'd to their mischief:
The Romans leaped them about,
That by no way they might win out.
Six moneths did that siege endure,
where lost were many creature,
which their in misery did remain,
Till they were all taken and slain.
During the time of this assail,
Their meat and drink, & all did fail:
For there was such a multitude.
That thousands died for fault of food.
Necessity caus'd them eat perforce,
Dog, cat, and ratton, ass, and horse:
Rich men behoved to eat their gold,
Then died for hunger manifold.
Such hunger was without remead,

the

the quick behov'd to eat the dead,
the filth of privies many eat,
to length their life, they thought it sweet.
the famous Ladies of the town,
For fault of food they fell in swoon,
when they might get no other meat,
they kill'd their proper bairns to eat:
But all for nought delpitefully,
their own souldiers full greedily,
Reft them that flesh most miserable:
And they with mourning lamentable,
For extream hunger yeeld the spirit.
there was the prophelie compleat,
As Christ before made narration,
the day of his grim passion.
when that the Ladies for him mourned,
Full piteously to them he turned,
And said: daughters, mourn not for me,
Mourn for your own posterity:
within short time shal come that day,
that men of this City shall say,
when they are trapped in the snare:
Blest be the womb that never bare.
the barren paps then shal they bliss,
that doleful day thou shalt not miss.
this prophelie it came to pass,
that they cry many loud, alace:
Such sorrowful lamentation
was never heard in that Nation:
Seeing the lusty Ladies sweet,
Dying for hunger in the street:
their husbands, nor their children,
Might give to them no comforting,
Nor yet relieve them of their harms;
But either dying in others arms.
After this woful indigence,
Among them rose such pestilence,
wherein there died many hunder,
which to declare it were great wonder.
And for final conclusion,
these war-like walls they did ding down.
Prince Titus with his Chevalry,
with trumpets sounding triumphantly,

he entered in that great City.
But to deplore, I think pity,
The painful clamor horrible,
Of wounded folk most miserable.
there was nought else but take & slay,
For there might no man win away:
The strands of blood ran through the street,
Of dead folk trodden under feet,
Old widows in the piscals were smor'd:
Young virgins shamefully deflor'd,
The great temple of Solomon,
With many a curious carved stone,
With perfect pinacles on hight,
which were both beautiful and wight,
wherein rich jewels did abound,
They rushed rudely to the ground:
And set into their furious ire,
Sanctum Sanctorum into fire:
And with extream confusion,
All their great dungeons they dang down.
There buried were the golden treasts
Of Bishops Princes of the Priests.
There taken was the great vengeance
Of the false scribes and Phariſiance:
All their painted hypocriſie,
That time might make them no supplie.
That day they dolefully repented,
That to the death of Christ consented:
Though it was our salvation,
It was to their damnation.
The vengeance for the blood guiltless,
From Abel to Zacharias,
That day upon Jerusalem fell.
But tedious it were to tell,
The great extream confusion,
And of blood such effusion,
Was never slain so many a man,
At one time since the world began:
The Jews that day got their desire,
Which they did ask into their ire,
As in the Scripture is specified,
That day when Christ was crucified:
When Pontes Pilate the President,

Said to them: I am innocent
Of the juſt blood of Chriſt Jeſus.
They cryed: his blood light upon us,
And on our generation:
They got their ſupplication:
That day with many a carefull cry,
Their blood was ſhed abundantly.
Joſephus writeth in his Book,
His Chronicles who liſt to look,
During that cruel ſiege certain,
were eleven hundred thouſand ſlain:
Of priſoners were told and ſeen,
Fourſcore thouſand and ſeventeen:
Out of the land they did expel
All the people of Iſrael:
And for their great ingratitude,
They live yet under ſervitude,
There is no Jew in no Countrey,
which hath one foot of property,
Nor never had withoutten wear,
Since this day ſixteen hundred year:
Nor never ſhal, I to thee ſhaw,
Till that they turn to Chriſts Law.
Some ſayes, that Jews manifold,
Were thirty for a penny ſold,
As Judas ſold the king of glore,
For thirty pennies, and no more.
After that many were miſchieved,
when novels paſt how long they lived
Upon their gold, withoutten doubt,
They ſlit their bellies to ſearch it out:
The reſt to Egypt they did ſend
Priſoners to their lives end.
Titus took in his company,
Great number of the moſt worthy;
with him to Rome they led them bound,
Then cruelly did them confound,
His victory for to decore
And for augmenting of his glore,
Cauſ'd put them into publick places,
where each man might behold their faces,
Then with wild Lyons cruelly,
He cauſ'd devore them dolefully.

This high triumphant mighty town,
At Baich was put to confusion:
Because that in the time of Baich,
They crucified the King of grace.
Some have this matter done indite,
More ornately then I can write,
wherefore of it I speak no more,
Only to God be laud and glore.

Of the miserable end of certain tyrannous Princes, and especially the beginners of the four Monarchies.

NOw have I done declare at thy desires,
As thou demandest into terms short,
And who began the principal Empires.
As Chronicles and Stories do report:
wherefore, my son, I heartily thee exhort,
Perfectly print into thy remembrance,
Of this inconstant world the variance.

The princes of these four great Monarchies,
In their most highest pomp imperial,
Trusting most sure to be set on their seas,
The fraudful world gave to them mortal falls
For their reward, and dark memorials,
Though over the world they had preeminence:
Of it they got no other recompence.

For such like as the snow doth melt in May,
through the reflex of Phebus beams bright,
these great empires right so are went away:
Gone is their glore, their power, & their might:
Because they were rovers withoutten right,
And blood-shedders full cruel: for to conclude,
Right cruelly therefore was shed their blood.

Behold how God ay since the world began,
Hath often times made Kings instruments
to scourge people, and to kill many a man,
which to his law were inobedients:
when they had done, performèd his intents,
In daunting wrongous people shamefully,
He suffers them be scourged cruelly.

Even as the school-master doth make a wand

To daunt and ding the Scholers of rude engine,
The which will not studie at his command;
He scourges them, and only to that fine,
That they should to his good counsel incline:
Then they obey, appeased in his ire,
He takes the wand, and casts it in the fire.

God of king Pharaoh made an instrument.
which was the great King of Egyptiance,
His own peculiar people to torment:
That being done, he wrought on him vengeance,
And let him fall through inobedience:
And finally he with his great army,
In the read sea was drowned dolefully.

Right so of Nebuchadonozor King,
God made of him a furious instrument,
Jerusalem and the Jews to down thring,
When they to God were disobedient:
They reft from him his rithes and his rent,
And him transformed in a beast brutal,
Seven years and more, as writeth Daniel.

Alexander through pitiefull tyranny.
In years twelve did make his great conquest,
Ay thedding sakeless blood full cruelly,
Till he was king of kings he took no rest:
In all the world when he was full posset,
In Babylon throned triumphantly,
Through poyson strong deceased dolefully.

Duke Hannibal the strong Carthagiane,
The daunter of the Romans pomp and glorie:
By his power were many thoulands slain,
As may be read at length into his storie,
At Cannes where he wan the victorie,
Of Romans hands that dead lay on the ground,
Three heaped bushels were of rings found.

Into that mortal battel, I heard sane,
Of the Romans most worthy warriors,
Attour Captains, were forty thoulands slain:
Of whom there was thirty wise senators,
And twenty Lords which had been precors,
That died each in defence of their countrie,
And for to hold their land at liberie.

what

What reward got the cruel champion,
When he had slain so great a multitude:
And when the glass of his vain glore was run,
A shameful death: and shortly to conclude,
This is reward of all shedders of blood:
For he got such extream confusion,
He kill'd himself in drinking strong poyson.

Behold the two most famous champions,
That is to say, Julius and Pompey,
Which did conquests all earthly regions,
As well many Lands, as Isles into the sea,
And to the town of Rome caus'd them obey:
For Pompeus subdued the Orient,
And Julius Cesar all the Occident.

But finally these two did strive for state,
whereby three hundred thousand men were slain:
But Pompeius after that great debate,
He murthered was, the story telleth plain;
Then Julius was prince and soveraign,
Above the whole world Emperor and King;
But into rest short time endur'd his reign.

For within five moneths, and little more,
Amidst the Lords into the counsel-house,
He murthred was, what needs process more,
As I have said, by Brute and Casilus.
If thou wouldst know their deeds dolorous,
Thou mayst at length go read the Roman story,
Which hath this matter put in memory.

Gone is the golden world of Assyrians,
Of whom King Ninus was first and principal.
Gone is the silver world of Persians.
The copper world of Greeks now thral.
The world of iron which was the last of all,
Compared to the Romans in their glore,
Are gone right so, I hear of them no more.

Now in the world of iron mixt with clay,
As Daniel at length hath done indite:
The great empires are molten clean away:
Now is the world of dolor and despite;
I see nought else but trouble infinite:
Wherefore, my son, I make it to thee kand,

this

this world, I wot, is drawing to an end.

Tokens of dearth, hunger and pestilence,
with cruel wars both by sea and land:
Realm against realm with mortal violence,
which signifies the last day even at hand:
wherefore, my son, be in thy faith constant,
Raising thine heart to God to cry for grace,
And mend thy life whilst thou hast time & space.

Of the first spiritual and Papal Monarchie.

T. FAther, is there no Prince reignand,
which hath the world now at command,
As had the King of Assyrians,
Perse Greeks, or the Romans,
who hath now dominion
Of every land and region?

W. There is no prince, my son, said he,
That hath the principal monarchie
Above the world universal,
with whole power Imperial,
As Alexander, or Darius,
Or as had Cesar Julius,
For Orient and Occident,
were all to them obedient.
Notwithstanding, I find one King,
which into Europe now doth reign,
That is the potent prince of Rome,
Empiring over all Christendom,
To whom no prince may be compare,
As Canon Laws can declare.
All princes of the Occident,
Are to his Grace obedient:
For he hath whole power compleat,
Both of the body and the spirit,
which never had no prince before,
Except the mighty King of glore.
To Christ he is the great Lieutenand,
In holy Peters seat sittand:
So he is of all Kings King,
which into Europe now doth reign.
And as the Roman emperours.
Having the world under their cures,

had

Had princes, knights, and champions,
Rulers into all regions,
Upholding their authority,
Using Justice and policy:
Right so this potent Pope of Rome,
The soveraign king of Christendom,
Hath into every Countrey,
His princes of great gravity:
In some countrey his Cardinals,
In their most precious apparels,
Arch-bishops, Bishops thou mayest see,
Defending his authoritie:
with other potent Patriarchs,
Colledges full of cunning Clarks:
Abbots and priors, as ye ken,
Wilrulers of religious men.
Officials with their procuratours,
whose longsome laws spoils the poors.
Arch Deans and Deans of dignity,
Great doctors of divinity,
Their Chanters, & their Sacristans,
Their Thesaurers, & their Subdeans,
Legions of priests seculars:
Parsons, Vicars, Monks and Friers.
Of diverse Orders many one,
which longsome were for to expone:
In sundry habits, as ye ken,
Differing from other Christen men,
Fair ladies of religion
Professed in every region.
False hermites fashioned like the friers:
proud parish clarks and pardoners,
Their Gaynters & their chamberlains,
With their temporal Courtisans:
Thus all the world by land and sea,
His sanctitude they do obey:
Not only his spiritual kingdom,
But the great Emperor of Rome,
And kings of every region,
that day when they receive the crown,
They make oath of fidelity,
To defend his authority.
Moreover, with humble reverence,

They make to him obedience,
By themselves, or Ambassadors,
Or other ornate Orators:
Who did gainstand his majestie,
His laws or yet his libertie,
Or holds any opinion
Contrare his great dominion,
Either by way of deeds or words,
Are put to death by fire and swords,
Saint Peter styled was sanctus,
But he is called sanctissimus.
His style at length if thou wouldst knaw,
Thou must go look the Canon Law,
Both in the firth of Clementin,
His stately style there may be seen.
There thou shalt finds, read if thou can,
How he is neither God nor man.
C. What is he then, by your judgement?
T. Said he: Me thinks him different,
Far from our soveraign Lord Jesus,
And to his kind contrarions:
For Christ was natural God and man.
C. If he be neither, what is he than?
T. The Canon law, my son, said he,
That question will declare to thee,
It doth transcend my rude ingine,
His sanctitude for to define;
Or to show the authority
Pertaining to his majesty,
So great a prince where shalt thou find,
That spiritually may lose or bind:
Nor by whom sins are forgiven,
Be they with his disciples striven:
Whomever he binds with his might,
They bounden are in Gods sight:
whomever he looses on earth here down,
Are loosed by God in his region.
As he is prince of purgatorie,
Delivering souls from pain to glorie:
Of that dark dungeon, withoutten doubt,
whomever he pleaseth, he takes out.
Our secret sins every year,

We

We muſt ſhow to ſome prieſt or frier,
And take their abſolution,
Or elſe get no remiſſion:
So by this did they clearly keen,
The ſecrets of all lecular men.
Their ſecrets we know not at all,
Thus are we to them bound & thral:
Whatever their miniſters commands
Muſt be obey without demands.
Wherefore, my ſon, I ſay to thee,
This is a marvelous monarchie,
Which hath power Imperial,
Both of the body and the ſoul.

C. Father, ſaid I declare to me
who did begin this Monarchie?

E. Said he: Chriſt Jeſus, God and man,
That Empire graciouſly began,
Not by fire, nor by the ſword,
But by the vertue of his word,
And left into his Teſtament
Many a devote document,
Writh his ſucceſſors to be uſed,
Though many of them be now abuſed:
For Peter and Paul with all the reſt
Of their brethren, made manifeſt
The law of God with true intent,
Preaching the old & new Teſtament.
They led their lives in poverty,
Devotion and true humility,
As did their Maſter Chriſt Jeſus,
And were not half ſo glorious,
As their ſucceſſors now in Rome,
Empyring over all Chriſtendom.
After the death of Peter and Paul,
And of Chriſts true diſciples all,
Their ſucceſſors within few years,
As at more length the ſtorie bears,
Right cruelly came to the hight,
From ſpiritual life to temporal right.

C. Father, ere we paſs further more,
when did begin their temporal glore?

E. My ſon, ſaid he, thou ſhalt underſtand,
Ere ever a Pope got any land,

Two and thirty great Popes of Rome,
Received the crown of martyrdom:
But not the threefold diadem.
To wear three crowns they thought great shame,
Till Sylvester the Confessor,
From Constantine the Emperor,
Received the realm of Italy,
Right so of Rome the great City,
That was the root of their riches,
Then sprang the well of wealthiness.
When that the pope was made a king,
All Princes bowed at his bidding.
This act was done withoutten wear,
from Christs death three hundred year.
Then Lady sensuality,
Took lodging in that great city,
Where she sensyn hath done remain,
As their own Lady soveraign.
There kings into all nations,
Made priests great foundations:
They thought great merit and honor,
To counterfeit the Emperor:
As did David of Scotland king,
The which did found during his reign,
Fifteen abbeyes with temporal lands,
Withoutten tithes and offrands:
By whose holy simplicity,
He left the Crown in poverty.
Now have I shown thee, as I can,
How their temporal empire began,
Ascending up ay gree by gree,
Above the emperors majestie:
So when they got among their hands,
Of Italie all the emperors lands,
After that into each Countrey
Sprang up their temporality,
With such great riches, and such rent,
That they gan to be negligent,
In making ministration
To Christs true Congregation,
And took no more pain in their preaching,
And far less travel in their teaching:
Changing their spirituality

In

In temporal sensuality.
C. Father, think ye that they are sure,
That their empire shal long endure?
E. Appearantly it may be kend,
Said he, their glore shal have an end:
I mean their temporal Monarchie,
Shal turn into humilitie:
Through Gods word, without debate,
They shall turn to their first estate,
As in Daniels prophesie appears,
Thereto shal not be many years:
Albeit Christ faith shal never fail,
But more and more it shal prevail,
Though Christs true congregation
Suffers great tribulation.
C. Father, said I, by what reason,
Think ye their empire should come down,
Considering their preeminence?
E. Said he, for disobedience,
Abusing the Commandement
which Christ left in his Testament,
Using their own tradition,
Contrare Christs institution:
For Christ in his last convention,
The day of his ascension,
To his disciples gave command,
That they should pass to every land,
To teach and preach with true intent,
His law and his commandement:
No other office he to them gave:
He did not bid them seek or crave,
Corps, presents, nor offerands,
Nor yet Lordships, nor temporal lands:
But now it may be heard and seen,
Both with thine ears, & eke thine een,
How prelats now in every Land,
Take little cure of Christs command;
Neither into their deeds nor saws,
Neglecting their own canon Laws:
Using themselves contrarious,
For the most part to Christ Jesus.
Christ thought no shame to be a preacher,
And to all people of truth a teacher;

A pope,

A Pope, a Bishop, a Cardinal,
To teach and preach will not be thral.
They send forth Friers to teach for them,
which makes the people mock them for shame.
Christ would not be a temporal king,
Richly into no realm to reign,
But fled temporal authority,
As in the Scripture thou mayst see,
All men may know how Popes reigns
In dignity above all Kings,
As well of temporality,
As into spirituality.
Thou mayst see by experience,
The Popes princely preeminence,
In chronicles, if thou list to look,
How Carion writes in his book,
A notable narration,
The year of our salvation
Eleven hundred and six and fifty,
Pope Alexander presumptuously,
which was the third Pope of that name,
Frederick the emperor he did defame,
In Venice that triumphant town,
That noble emperor he caus'd lay down
Upon his womb with shame and lack,
Then trod his feet upon his neck,
In token of obedience:
There he shew his preeminence,
And caus'd his Clergie for to sing
These words hereafter following:
Super aspidem & basiliscum ambulabis,
Et conculcabis leonem & draconem, That is,
Thou shalt walk upon the adder and cocatrice,
And thou shalt tread down the lyon and dragon.
Then said the humble emperor:
I do to Peter this honor,
The pope answered with words wroth,
Thou shalt me honor and Peter both.
Christ for to show his humble spirit,
Did wash his poor disciples feet:
The Popes holiness, I wis,
will suffer kings their feet to kiss.
Birds had their nests, and fods their den,

But

But Christ Jesus saver of men,
In earth had not a penny bread,
whereupon he might repose his head:
Albeit the Popes excellence
Hath castles of magnificence:
Abbots, Bishops, Cardinals,
Have pleasant palaces royals,
Like paradise all these pleasant places,
wanting no pleasure of their faces.
John, Andrew, James, Peter nor Paul
Had few houses among them all:
From time they knew the verity,
They did contemn all prosperity:
And were right heartily content
Of meat and drink and abuliment.
To save manking that was forlorn,
Christ bare a cruel crown of thorn.
The Pope three crowns for the nons,
Of gold, powdred with precious stones:
Of gold and silver, I am sure,
Christ Jesus took but little cure,
And left not when he yeeld the sprite,
To buy himself a winding sheet:
But his successor good pope John,
when he deceased in Avignon,
He left behind him a treasure
Of gold and silver great measure,
By a just computation,
well five and twenty million,
As doth endite Palmerius:
Read him, and thou shalt find it thus.
Christ disciples were well known,
Through vertue which was to them shown:
But specially fervent charity,
Great patience and humility.
The popes flocks in all regions,
Are known best by their clipped crowns.
Christ he did honor matrimonie
Into Cana of Galilie,
where he by his power divine.
Did turn the water into wine:
And eke he chose some married men
To be his servants, as ye ken.

and

And Peter during all his life,
He thought no sin to have a wife.
Ye shal not find in no passage,
where Christ forbiddeth marriage,
But lawful for each man to marry,
Which lacks the gift of chastity.
The Pope hath made the cõtrare laws
In his kingdom, as all men knows:
None of his priests dare marry wives,
Under the pain even of their lives:
Though they had concubins fifteen,
Into that case, they are overseen.
What chastity they keep in Rome,
Is well known over all Christendom.
Christ did show his obedience,
Unto the Emperors excellence,
And caused Peter for to pay
Tribut to Cesar for them tway.
Paul bids us be obedient
To Kings as the most excellent:
The contrare did pope Celestin,
When that his sanctitude serven
Did crown Henry the Emperor,
I think he did him smal honor,
For with his hand he did him crown,
then with his feet the crown cast down,
Saying, I have authority,
Men to exalt to dignity,
And to make Emperors and kings,
And then deprive them of their reigns.
Peter by mine opinion,
Did never use such dominion:
Appearantly by my judgement,
This Pope read never the New Testament:
If he had learned at that lore
He had refused such vain glore;
As Barnabas, Peter and Paul,
And right so Christs disciples all.
The good captain Cornelius,
when saint Peter came to his house,
To worship him fell at his feet:
But saint Peter with humble spirit,
Did raise him up with diligence,

And

And did refuse such reverence.
Right so saint John the Evangelist,
The angels feet he would have kist,
And he refused such honor,
Saying, I am but servitor,
And eke thy fellow and thy brother:
Give glore to God, and to none other.
And likewise Barnabas and Paul,
Such honor did refuse at all,
In Lystra where they wrought great works:
The priests of Jupiter and his clerks,
And all the people with their advise,
Would have made to them sacrifice;
Of which they were so discontent,
That they their clothing rave and rent,
And Paul among them rudely ran,
Saying, I am a mortal man:
Give glore to God of kings king,
That made heaven, earth, and every thing.
Since Peter and John vain glore refused,
With popes why should vain glore be used?
Peter, Andrew, John, James and Paul,
And Christs true disciples all,
By Gods word their faith defended:
To burn & scald they never pretended.
The pope defends his traditions,
By flaming fire without remissions:
Albeit men break the Law divine,
They are not put to so great pine,
For whoredom, nor idolatry,
For incest, nor adultery;
Or when young virgins are deflored,
For such things men are not abhored:
But who that eats flesh into Lent,
Are terribly put to torment:
And if a priest happen to marry,
They do him banish curse and vary,
Though it be not against the Law
Of God, as men may clearly knaw.
Between these two what difference been,
By faithful folk it may be seen.
Such Antitheses many mo,
I might declare, which I let go:

I may

Of each order the stately stile;
The silly Nuns will think great shame,
Except they called be, Madam:
The poor priest thinks he gets no right,
Be he not stiled like a knight,
And called Sir, before his name,
As Sir Thomas, and Sir William.
All Monks, as ye may hear and see,
Are called Deans, for dignitie:
Albeit his mother milk the kow,
He must be called, Dean Anyow,
Dean Peter, Dean Paul, Dean Robert:
With Thrift they take a painful part,
With double clothing from the cold,
Eating and drinking when they would:
With curious coursing in the Queer:
God knows if they buy heaven full dear.
My Lord Abbot right venerable,
Ay marshalled upmost at the Table:
My Lord Bishop right reverent,
Sits above Earls in Parliament:
And cardinals during their reigns,
Fellows to princes and to kings:
The pope exalted in honor,
Above the potent Emperor.
The proud parson I think truly,
He leads his life right lustily:
For why he hath no other pyne,
But takes the tithes, and spends them syn:
But he is oblisht by reason
To preach unto his parishon:
Though they lack preaching seventeen year,
He will not lack a peck of bear:
Some parson hath at his command
The wanton winches of the land:
Als they have great prerogatives,
That they may part ay with their wives,
without divorce or summoning,
Then take another without wedding.
Some would think it a lusty life.
Ay when he lists to change a wife,
And take another of more beauty:
But seculars lack that liberty,

the

The which are bound in marriage.
But they like rams into their rage,
Unpilled, runs among the ewes,
So long as nature in them grows:
And eke the Vicar, as I trow,
He will not fail to take a kow,
And upmost cloth (though babes them ban)
From a poor silly husband man,
When that he lyeth for to die,
Having small children two or three:
That hath three kine withoutten ma,
The Vicar must have one of tha,
With the gray cloke that haps the bed,
Albeit that he be poorly cled:
And if his wife die on the morn,
Though all the babes should be forlorn,
The other kow he streks away,
With the poor coat of raploch gray:
And if within two years or three,
The eldest child happen to die,
Of the third kow he will be sure.
When he them hath all under cure,
And father and mother both are dead,
Beg must the babes without remead:
They hold the corps at the kirk stile,
And there it must remain a while,
Till they get sufficient soverty,
For their Church right and duty.
Then comes the Land-lord perforce,
And streks to him an hired horse.
Poor labourers would these laws were down,
Which never founded was by reason.
I heard them say under confession,
That Law was brother to oppression.
My son, I have shown as I can,
How the fifth Monarchie began,
Whose great empire for to report,
At length the time been all too short.

A short description of the Court of Rome.

FAther, said I, what rule keep they in Rome,
which hath spiritual dominion,
And Monarchy above all Christendom?

shew

Shew me, I make you supplication.
E. My son, would I make true narration,
Said he to Peter and Paul though they succed,
I think they prove not that into their deed.

For Peter, Andrew and John, were fishers fine,
Of men and women to the Christian faith:
But they have spred their net with hook and line,
On rents, riches, on gold and other graith:
Such fishing to neglect they will be laith.
For why, they have fished overthwart strands,
A great part truly of all temporal lands.

With the tenth part of all goods moveable,
For the upholding of their dignities;
So been their fishing very profitable.
On the dry land, as well as on the seas:
Their berry water they spread over all countreys,
And with their hose-net dayly draws to Rome,
The most fine gold that is in Christendom.

I dare well say, within this fifty year,
Rome hath received forth of this region,
For buls and benefices which they buy full dear,
That might ful wel have payed a Kings ransom.
But were I worthy for to wear a crown,
Priests should no more our substance so consume,
Sending yearly so great riches to Rome.

Into their tramelt-net they fang'd a fish
More then a whale, worthy of memory,
Of whom they had many a dainty dish,
By which they are exalted to great glory.
That marvelous monster, called Purgatory:
Albeit to us it be not amiable,
It hath to them been very profitable.

Let they that fruitful fish escape their net,
For which they have so great commodities:
A more fat fish, I trust they shal not get,
Though they should search out through the Ocean
Adew, the dayly dolorous dirigies. (seas
Silly poor priest may sing with heart full sory,
Lack they that vainful palace purgatory.

Farewel monkry, with chanon, nun and frier
Alace, they will be lightlied in all lands:

Cow

Cowls will no more be known in church or queer,
Let they that fruitful fish escape their hands.
I counsel you to bind him fast in bands:
For Peter, Andrew nor John could never get
So profitable a fish into their net.

Their merchandise into all Nations,
As printed lead, their war, and their parchment,
Their pardons and their dispensations,
They do exceed some temporal Prince's rent,
In such traffick they are not negligent:
Of benefice they make good merchandise,
Though simony, which they hold little vice.

Christ did command Peter to feed his sheep,
And so he did feed them full tenderly:
Of that command they take but little keep,
But Christs sheep they spoyl piteously,
And with the wool they cloth them curiously:
Like greedy wolves they take of them their food:
they eat their flesh, and drink both milk & blood.

For their office, they serve but little hyr:
I think such pastors are not worthy to yile,
which cannot guide their sheep about the myr,
They are so busie in their merchandile:
Though peter was porter of paradise,
That pleasant passage craftily they close
Through them right few gets entrels, I suppose.

Christ Jesus said, as Matthew doth report,
Wo be to scribes, and to pharisiance,
The which did close of paradise the port:
Of them we have the same experience,
To enter there they make small diligence,
They take such care of temporal business,
Right so from us they stop the plain entress.

The spiritual keys that Christ to peter gave,
Their color with smoke and rust are faded:
Unexercised they hold them in their neeve:
Of that office they serve to be deryded
With Gods word, except that they amend it,
Opening ỹ port which long time hath been closed,
That we may enter with them, & be rejoyced,

Contrare to Christs institution,

To

To them that dies in habit of a Frier,
Rome hath them granted full remission,
To pass to heaven straight way without ten wear,
which been in Scotland used many a year.
Is there such vertue in a friers hood,
I think in vain Christ Jesus shed his blood.

Would God, the pope who hath preeminence,
with advise of his Councils General,
That they would make their debtful diligence,
That Christs laws might be keeped over all,
And truely preached both to great and smal:
And give to them spiritual authority,
which can perfectly show forth the verity,

who cannot preach, a priest should not be named,
As may be proved by the Law divine:
And by the canon Law they are defamed,
That takes priest-hood but only to that fine:
To all vertue their hearts they should incline,
In special to preach with true intents,
And minister the needful Sacraments,

As for their monks, their chanons and their friers,
And lusty ladies of religion,
I know not whereto their office effeers;
But men may see their great abusion:
They are not like, into conclusion,
Neither into their words, nor by their warks,
To the Apostles, prophets, nor patriachs.

If presently these prelats cannot preach,
Then let each Bishop have a suffragan,
Of successor who can the people teach.
On their expenses yearly to remain,
To cause the people from their vice refrain:
And when a prelat happens to decease,
Then put a perfect preacher in his place,

Do they not so, on them shal ly the charge,
Giving unable men authority,
As who would make a stires man to a barge,
Of one blind-born which can no danger see:
If that ship drown, forsooth I say for me,
who gave the stiers man such commission,
Should of the ship make restitution.

th

The humaine Lawes that are contrarious,
And not conforming to the Law divine,
They should tryed, and hold them odious,
when they perceive them come to no good fine,
Invented but by sensual mens engine;
As that Law which forbiddeth marriage,
Causing young clerks burn into lusts rage.

Full hard it is chastity to observe,
without great grace and abstinence.
Into our flesh sy reigneth still we sterve,
That first original sin, concupisence,
which we through Adams disobedience
Have done incur, and shal endure for ever,
Till that our soul and body death disserver.

wherefore made God of marriage the band
In paradise? as Scripture doth record.
In Galilee, right so I understand,
was marriage honored by Christ our Lord:
Old Law and New, thereto they do concord.
I think, for me, better that they had keeped,
Then to have made a Law, and never keeped.

Took not Christ Jesus his humanity
Of a Virgin in marriage contracted,
And of her flesh clad his Divinity?
why have they done this blessed bond dejected
In their kingdom? would God it were corrected,
That young Prelats might marry lusty wives,
And not in sensual lust to lead their lives.

Did not Christ schools of honest married men,
As well as they had keeped chastity,
For to be his disciples, as ye ken,
As in the Scripture clearly thou mayst see?
They keeped still their wives with honesty:
As Peter, and his spoused brethren all,
Observed chastity matrimonial.

But now appears the prophesie of Paul,
How some should rise into the latter age.
That from the true faith should depart and fall,
And some forbid the bond of marriage.
As thou shalt find into that same passage,
They should command from meats for to abstain,
which God creat his people to sustain.

but

But since the pope our spiritual prince & king,
He doth oversee such vices manifest,
And in his kingdom suffers for to reign,
The men by whom the verity is suppress:
I excuse not himself more then the rest.
Alace, how should we members be well used,
When thus our spiritual heads are abused?

The famous ancient Doctor Avicen,
Sayes, when ill rheum descendeth from the head,
Into the members genders meekle pain,
Except their be made hastily remead,
When the cold humor doth there from proceed,
In sinews it causeth Arthritica,
Right so into the hands of Chiragra.

Of maladies it genders many mo,
Except men get some soveraign preserve.
As in his thighs Sciatica pastio,
And in the breast sometimes the strong caterve,
Which causeth men right hastily to sterve:
And podagra right difficile for to cure
In mens feet, which long time doth endure.

So to this most triumphant Court of Rome,
This similitude I may full well compare,
Which hath been heirship over all Christendom,
And to the world an evil exemplare,
That sometimes was lead star and luminare,
And the most sapient seat of sanctitude,
And now, alace, bare of beatitude.

Their kingdom may be called Babylon,
Which sometims was a bright Jerusalem,
As plainly meaneth the Apostle John.
Their most famous city hath lost the fame:
Inhabiters thereof their noble name.
For why they have of Saints the habitacle,
To Simon Magus made a tabernacle.

A horrible vail of every kind of vice,
A loathly loch of stinking lecherie,
A cursed cave, corrupted with covetice,
Borderes about with pride and simonie:
Some say, a cistern full of sodomie:
Whole vice in special, if I would declare,

It were enough for to perturb the air.

Of truth the whom christian Religion.
Through them is scandalized and offended:
It cannot fail, but their abusion,
Before the throne of God it is ascended.
I dread, but doubt, except that they amend it,
The plagues of John his revelation,
Shal fall upon their generation.

O Lord, which hath the heart of every king
Into thine hand, I make thee supplication,
convert that court, that of thy grace benign,
They would make general reformation
Among themselves in every nation,
That they may be an holy exemplar
To us thy poor Laick common popular.

Hungred, alace! for fault of spiritual food,
Because from us is hid the verity:
O prince, that shed for us his precious blood,
Kindle in us the fire of charity,
And save us from eternal misery,
Now labouring in thy church militant,
That we may come to thy church triumphant.

THE FOURTH BOOK.

Making mention of the death of the Antichrist, of the general judgement, &c. With an Exhortation by Experience to the Courteour.

C. PRudent Father Experience,
Since you of your benevolence,
Hath caused me for to consider,
How worldly pomp and glore been slidder,
By diverse stories miserable,
Which to rehearse been lamentable
Yet ere the pals out of this pale,
I pray you give me your counsel;
what shal I do in time coming,
To have the glore everlasting?

E. My son, said he, set thine intent

To

To keep the Lords commandement:
And preais thee not to climb over hie,
To vp worldly authority,
who in this world do most reioyce,
Are farded ay from their purpose.
Wouldst thou leave worldly vanities,
And think on four extremities,
which are to come, and that shortly,
Thou wouldst never sin wilfully:
Print these four in thy memory,
Death the hell and heavens glory,
And extream iudgement general,
where thou must render a count of all;
Thou shalt not fail to be content,
Of quyet life and sober rent,
Considring no man can be sure
In earth one hour for to endure:
So all worldly prosperity
Is mixed with great misery,
were thou Emperor of Asia,
King of Europe and Africa,
Great dominator of the sea:
And though the heavens did thee obey,
All fishes swimming in the strand,
All beasts and fowls at thy cōmand;
Concluding thou were king over all,
Under the heavens imperial,
In that most high authority,
Thou shouldst find least tranquillity:
Example of king Solomon,
More precious life had never none:
Such riches with so great pleasure,
Had never King nor Emperour,
with most profound intelligence,
And super-excellent sapience.
His pleasant habitations,
Precelled other Nations.
Gardens and parks for harts and hinds,
Stanks with fishes of diverse kinds:
Most profound maters of Musick.
That in the world was none them like:
Such treasure of gold and precious stones,
In earth had never king at once.

He had seven hundred lusty Queens,
And three hundred fair concubins.
In earth there was no thing pleasand,
Contrarious to his command:
Yet all his great prosperity,
He thought it vain and vanity,
And never found repose compleat,
Without affliction of the spite.
E. Father, said I, it marvels me,
He having such prosperitie,
With so great riches above measure,
For he had infinite pleasure.
E. My son, said I, if thou wouldst know,
The verity I shal thee show:
There is no worldly thing at all,
May satisfie a mans soul:
For it is so insatiable,
that heaven and earth may not be able
A soul alone for to content,
Till it see God Omnipotent.
Was never none, nor never shal be
Satiate, that sight till that he see.
Wherefore, my son, set not thy cure
In earth where nothing can be sure,
Except the death alanerly,
which follows men continually:
Therefore, my son, remember thee,
within short time that thou must die,
Not knowing when, how, or in what place,
But as it pleaseth the king of grace.

Of Death.

OF miseries most miserable,
Is Death, and most abominable:
That dreadful dragon with his darts,
Ay ready for to pierce the hearts
Of every creature on live:
Contrare whose strength may no man strive.
Of dolent death this sore sentence,
Was given through disobedience
Of our parents: alace, therefore,
As I have done declare before,
How they and their posterity,

Were all condemned for to dy.
Albeit the flesh to death be thral,
God hath the soul make immortal:
And so of his benignity,
Hath mixt his justice with mercy:
Therefore call to remembrance,
Of this false world the variance,
How we like pilgrims even and morrow,
Are travelling through this vale of sorrow:
Sometime in vain prosperity,
And sometime in great misery.
Sometime in blis, sometime in bail,
Sometime right sick, and sometime hail:
Sometime full rich, and sometime poor:
Wherefore my son, take little cure,
Neither of great prosperity,
Nor yet of greater misery:
But pleasant life, and hard mischance,
Ponder them both in one ballance,
Considering none other authority:
Riches, wisdom, nor dignity,
Empire of realms, beauty, nor strength,
May not one day our lives length:
Since we are sure that we must die,
Farewel all vain felicity.
Greatly it doth perturb my mind,
Of dolent death the diverse kind:
Though death to every man resorts,
Yet strikes he into sundry sorts:
Some by hot fevers violence,
Some by contagious pestilence.
Some by Justice execution,
Been put to death without remission.
Some hanged, some do loose their heads,
Some hurt, some sodden into leads:
And some for their unlawful acts,
Are rent and riven on the rakes.
Some are dissolved by poyson,
Some on the night are murdered down:
Some falls into phrenetie,
Some dies into hydropisie.
And other strange infirmities,
Wherein many a thousand dies,

which

Which humane nature doth abhore;
As in the gut, gravel and gote,
Some in the flux and fever quartan,
But ay the hour of death's uncertain.
Some are dissolved suddenly,
By catharre or appolexy
Some do destroy their self, and also
As Hannibal and wise Cato.
By thunder death doth some consume,
As he did the third King of Rome,
Called Tullus Hostilius,
As writeth great Valerius:
For he and his household at once,
were burnt by thunder, flesh & bones,
Some dieth by extream excels
Of joy, as Valerie doth expels,
Some by extream melancholy,
Will die but other maladie.
In Chronicles thou mayst well ken,
How many hundred thousand men
Are slain, since first the world began,
In battel, and how many a man,
Upon the seas do loose their lives,
When that ships upon the rocks rives:
Though some die naturally through age,
Far mo die raving in a rage.
Happy is he the which hath space,
At his last hour to cry for grace.
Albeit death be abominable,
I think it should be comfortable
To them of the faithful number,
For they depart from care & cumber,
From trouble, travel, hurt and strife,
To joy and everlasting life.
Polidorus Virgilius,
To that effect he writeth thus:
In Thrace when any child was born,
their kin and friends was them before
With dolent lamentation,
For the great tribulation,
Calamity, cumber and cure,
That they on earth are to endure;
But at their death and burying,

They make great joy and banqueting,
That they have past from misery,
To rest and great felicity.
Since death been final conclusion,
What avails worldly provision,
When wisdom may not countramand,
Nor strength the stour may not gain-stand:
Ten thousand millions of treasure,
May not prolong thy life one hour:
After whole dolent departing, Thy spirit shal but tarrying
Straight way to joy inestimable,
Or to strong pain intollerable:
Thy vile corrupted carion shal turn to putrification,
And so remain in powder smal, unto ꝑ judgement general.

A short description of the Antichrist.

SAid I, Father I hear men say,
That there shal rise before that day,
Which ye call general judgment,
A wicked man from satan sent, (Antichrist:
And contrary the law of Christ, called the cruel
And some sayes, that mischievous man
Descended shal of the tribe of Dan,
That should be born in Babylon,
The which deceive shal many one.
Infidels shal of every airt,
With that false prophet take a part:
And how Enoch and Elias,
Shal preach against that false Messias:
But finally his false doctrine, & he shal be put to ruine:
But neither by the fire nor sword,
But by the vertue of Gods word:
And if this be of verity,
The sooth, I pray you, show to me?

E. My son, said he as writeth John,
There shal not be a man alone,
Having that name in special; but Antichrists in general
Have been and now are many one:
And right so in the time of John,
There Antichrists, as himself sayes,
As presently now in these dayes,
Are right many withoutten doubt,
There their false laws well sought out:
Who was a greater Antichrist,

And

And more contrarious to Christ,
Then the falle prophet Mahomet,
Which his curst laws made so sweet?
In Turkie yet they are observed,
where through the hell he hath deserved.
All Turkis, Saracens and Jews,
That in the son of God not trows,
Are Antichristis, I thee declare,
Because to Christ they are contrare.
Daniel sayes in his prophetis,
That after thele great monarchies
Shal rise a marvelous potent King,
which with a shameful face shal reign,
Mighty and wise in dark speakings,
And prosperous in all pleasant things:
Through his falshood and craftinels,
He shall flow into wealthinels.
The godly people he shal noy
By cruel death, and them destroy.
the king of kings shal him gainstand,
Then be destroyed withoutten hand.
Paul sayes: before the Lords coming,
That there shal be a departing,
And that man of iniquitie,
To all men he shal opened be:
Which shal sit on the holy seat,
Contrary God to make debate;
But that son of perdition shal be put to confusion,
By power of the holy spirit,
when he his time hath done compleat.
Believe not that in time coming,
A greater Antichrist shal reign,
Then there hath been, and presently
Are now, as clerks can espy:
Therefore my will is that thou knaw,
Whatever they be that make the law,
Though they be called Christian men,
By natural reason thou mayst keen,
Be they never of so great valor,
Pope, cardinal, king, or emperor,
Extolling their traditions
Above Christs institutions,
Making laws contrare to Christ,

He is a very Antichrist.
And who doth fortifie or defend
Such law, I make it to thee kend,
Be he a Pope, Emperor, King or Queen,
Great sorrow shal on them be seen,
At Christ his extream Judgement,
Except in time they do repent.

A short remembrance of the most terrible day of Judgement.

C. FAther, said I, with your licence,
Since you have such experience,
Yet one thing at you would I spear,
When shal this dreadful day appear,
Which you call Judgement general?
What things before that day shal fall?
Where shal appear that dreadful judge?
Or how may faulters get refuge?
E. Said he, as to thy first question,
I can make no solution:
Wherefore perturb not thine intent,
To know the day, hour, or moment;
To God alone the day is known,
Which never was to Angels shown:
Albeit by diverse conjectures,
And principal expositures,
Of Daniel and his prophesie,
And by the sentence of Elie,
Which have declared as they can,
How long it is since the world began:
And for to show have done their cure,
How long they trust it shal endure:
And eke how many ages been.
As in their works it may be seen.
But to declare those questions,
There are diverse opinions,
Some writers have the world divided
In six ages, as been decided,
Into fasciculis temporum,
And Chronica chronicum:
And by the sentence of Elie,
The world divided is in three,
As cunning maister Carion,
Hath made plain exposition.

How

How Elie sayes withoutten wears,
The world shal last six thousand years:
Of whom I follow the sentence,
And let the other books go heme.
From the creation of Adam,
Two thousand years to Abraham,
From Abraham by this narration,
To Christ his incarnation,
Right so hath been two thousand years,
As by their prophesies appears:
From Christ, as they make to us kend,
Two thousand years to the worlds end,
The which are by-gone, as I ween,
A thousand six hundred, ten and thirteen,
And so remains to come but wear.
Three hundred, threescore and eighteen year.
And then the Lord Omnipotent,
Shal come to his great Judgement.
Christ sayes: The time shal be made short,
As Matthew plainly doth report,
That for the worlds iniquitie,
The latter time shal shortned be:
For pleasure of the chosen number,
That they may pass from care and cumber.
So by this count it may be kend,
The world is drawing near an end:
For legions are come no doubt,
Of Antichrist were they sought out:
And many tokens do appear,
As after shortly thou shalt hear:
How that Saint Jerome doth indyt,
That he hath read in Hebrew writ,
Of fifteen things in special,
Before that Judgement general:
Of some of them I take no cure,
Which I find not in the Scripture.
A part of them though I declare,
First, I will to the Scripture fare:
Christ sayes: before that day of doom,
There shal be signs of Sun and Moon:
The Sun shal hide his beams bright,
So that the Moon shal give no light:
The glittering stars by mens judgement,

Shal fall forth of the firmament.
Of these signs, ere we farther gone,
Some moral sense we will expone,
As cunning clerks have oft declar'd.
And have the sun and moon compar'd
The sun to the state spiritual,
The moon to princes temporal.
Right so the stars they do compare
To Laick common populare.
The moon and stars have no light,
But the reflex of Phebus bright:
So when the sun of light is dark,
the moon & stars must needs be mirk.
Right so when pastors spirituals,
Popes, Bishops and Cardinals,
In their beginning shews great light,
The temporal state was ruled right:
But now, alace, it is not so;
Their shining lamps been long ago.
their radious beams are turn'd to reek
For now in earth nothing they seek,
Except riches and dignity,
Following their sensuality,
Many prelats are now reignand,
The which no more do understand
What doth pertain to their office,
Then they can kindle fire with yce.
Wo be to Popes, I say for me,
That suffers such enormity,
That ignorant worldly creatures
Should in the Church have any cures.
No marvel though the people slide,
When they have blind men to their guide:
For a prelat that cannot preach,
Nor Gods Law to people teach,
Esay compares them in his wark,
To a dumb dog that cannot bark:
And Christ him calleth in his grief,
Woss like a murtherer or a thief.
The cunning doctor Augustin,
To wolves and devils doth them devin.
The canon law doth them defame,
That of a Prelat bears the name,

and

And will not preach the divine laws,
As the decrees plainly shaws.
But those that have authority,
To provide spiritual dignity,
Might if they pleased to take pain.
cause them light all their lamps again,
But ever, alace that is not done;
So darkned been both sun and moon.
Were kings lives well declared,
The which are to the moon compared,
Men might consider their estate,
From charity degenerate,
I think they should think mickle shame
Of Christ for to take their surname:
They live not like to christians,
But more like Turks or pagans.
Turks contrare Turks makes little wear,
But christian Princes takes no fear,
Which should agree as brother with brother:
But now each one dings down another:
I know no reasonable cause wherefore,
Except pride, covetous, and vain glore:
The Emperor moves his ordinance
Contrare the potent king of France,
And France right so with great rigor,
Contrare his friend the emperor:
And right so France against England,
England also against Scotland,
And eke the Scots with all their might,
Do fight for to defend their right
Between the realms of Albion,
Where battels have been many one,
Can be made no affinity,
Nor yet no consanguinity:
Nor by no way they can consider,
that they may have no peace together:
I dread these wars make no ending,
Till they be both under one king.
Though Christ the soveraign king of grace,
Left in his Testament love and peace,
Our kings from war will not refrain,
Till there be many a thousand slain:
Great damage made by sea and land,

As all the world may understand.
C. Father, I think that temporal kings
May fight for to defend their reigns:
For I have seen the spiritual state
Make war, their rights for to debate.
I saw Pope Julius manfully,
Pass to the field triumphantly,
With a right awful ordinance,
Contrare Lowis the King of France:
And for to do him more despite,
He did his Region interdite.
E. My son, said he, as I suppose,
That belongs well to our purpose,
How sun and moon are both denude
Of light, as clerks do conclude:
Comparing them, as you heard tell,
To spiritual state and temporal:
And common people have despared,
Which to the stars have been compared.
Laick people follow ay their heads,
And specially into their deeds,
The most part of religion
Been turned to abusion.
What doth avail religious weeds,
when they are contrare to their deeds?
What holiness is there within
A wolf clad in a wedders skin?
So by these tokens doth appear,
The day of Judgement draweth near.
Now let us leave this moral sense,
Proceeding to our purpose hence,
And of this matter speak no more,
Beginning where we left before.
The scripture sayes: After these signs,
Shal be seen many marvelous things,
Then shal rise tribulations
In earth, and great mutations,
As well here under, as above,
when power of the heavens shal move,
Such cruel wars shal be ere than,
Was never since the world began:
The which shal cause great indigence,
As dearth, hunger and pestilence:

the

The horrible sound of the sea,
The people shal pertub and flee.
Jerome sayes: It shal rise on hight
Above the mountains by mens sight:
But it shal not spread over the land,
But like a wall shal straight upstand,
Then settle down again so low,
That no man shal the water knew:
Great whales shal rumish, rout and rair,
Whose sound redound shal in the air,
All fish and monsters marvelous,
Shal cry with sounds odious,
That men shal wither on the eird,
And weeping warie shal their weird,
With loud alace and wail-away.
That ever we lived to see that day.
And specially those that dwelling be,
Upon the coasts of the sea.
Right so, as Jerome concluds,
Shal be seen ferlies on the floods:
The sea with moving marvelous,
Shal burn with flams furious:
Right so shal burn fountains & flood,
And herb and trees shall sweat like blood.
Fowls shall fall forth out of the air,
Wild beasts to the plain repair,
And in their manner make their moan,
Howling with many grielly groan.
The bodies of the dead creatures,
Appear shal on their sepulchers:
Then shal both men, women & bairns
Come crying forth of dark caverns,
Where they for dread were hid before,
With sighs and sobs, and heart full sore,
Wandring about as they were wood,
Astamished for fault of food:
None may make other comforting,
But double grief and lamenting.
What may they do but weep and wonder,
When they see rocks shake all asunder,
Through trembling of the earth and quaking.
Of sorrow then shal be no staking.
They that are living in those dayes,

May tell of terrible affrayes:
When riches, rents, and great treasure,
that time may do them final pleasure:
But when such wonders do appear,
Men may be sure that day draws near.
The iust men shal pass to the glorie;
Unjust to pain for evermore.
E. Father, said I, we dayly read
An article into our creed,
Saying that Christ Omnipotent,
Into that general Judgement,
Shal judge both quick and dead also:
Wherefore declare me ere I go,
If there shal any man or wife,
That day be founded upon life?
E. Said he, As to that question,
I shal make some solution:
The scripture plainly doth expone,
when all tokens are come and gone,
Yet many an hundred thousand men
that self-same day shal be livand,
Albeit there shal no creature,
Neither of day nor hour be sure:
For Christ shal come so suddenly,
That no man shal the time espy,
As it was in the time of Noy,
when God did all the world destroy:
Some on the field shal be laboring,
Some in the Temple marrying,
Some before Judges making ply,
And some men sailing on the sea:
Those that be on the field going,
shal not return to their lodging:
Who been upon the house above,
Shal not have leasure to remove.
Two shal be in the mill grinding,
which shal be taken without warning,
The one to everlasting glorie,
The other lost for evermore.
Two shal be lying in one bed,
The one to pleasure shal be led,
The other shal be left alone,
Weeping with many a grievous grone.

And

And so, my son, thou mayst well trow,
The world shal be as it is now,
The people using business,
As holy Scripture doth express.
Since no man knows the hour nor day,
The Scripture bids us watch and pray,
And for our sins be penitent.
As Christ would come incontinent.

The manner how Christ shal come to his Judgement.

When all the tokens are brought to end,
Then shal the Son of God descend:
As fire-flaughts hastily glancing,
Descend shal the great heavenly King,
As Phebus in the Orient
Lightneth in haste the Occident,
So pleasantly he shal appear,
Among the heavenly clouds clear,
With great power and majestie,
Above the countrey of Judie,
As clerks have concluded hail,
Direct above the lusty vaile
Of Josophat, and mount Olivet:
All prophesie there shal be compleat.
The Angels of the orders nine,
Environ shal the Throne divine,
With humble adoration,
Making him ministration:
In his presence there shal be born
The sign of cross, and crown of thorn,
Pillar and nails, scourges and spear,
With every thing that did him deer,
The time of his grim passion.
And for our consolation,
Appear shal in his hands and feet,
And in his side, the print compleat
Of his five wounds precious,
Shining like Rubies radious,
To reprobats confusion:
And for final conclusion,
He sitting in his Tribunal,

with

With great power imperial,
Then shal an angel blow a blast,
which shal make all the world agast,
With hideous voice and vehement,
Rise up dead folk, come to judgement.
With that all reasonable creature,
That ever was formed by nature,
Shal suddenly rise up at once,
Conjoined with soul, flesh, blood and bones.
That terrible trumpet, I hear tell,
shal be heard in heaven, earth and hell:
Those that were drowned in the sea,
That boustrous blast they shal obey,
where ever the body buried was,
All shall be found into that place,
Angels shal pass in the four airts
Of earth, and bring them from all parts,
And with an instant diligence,
Present them to his Excellence.
Saint Jerome thought continually
On this Judgement so ardently:
He said: Whether I eat or drink,
Or wake or sleep, forsooth I think,
That terrible trumpet like a bell,
So quickly in mine ears doth knel,
As instantly as it were present;
Rise up dead folk, come to Judgement.
If Saint Jerome took such affray,
Alace, what shal we sinners say.
All those that shal be found alive,
Then shal immortal be believe:
And in the twinkling of an eye,
with fire they shal translated be,
And never for to die again,
As divine scripture showeth plain:
As ready both for pain and glore,
As they which died long time before.
Some authors say, they shal appear
In age of three and thirty year,
whether they die young or old,
whole great number may not be told.
That day shal not be mist one man,
which as born since the world began.

The

The Angel shal them separat
As doth an herd, sheep from the goat,
And those that be of Belials band,
Trembling upon the earth shal stand
On the left hand of that great Judge,
But esperance to get refuge;
But these that are predestinat,
Shal from the earth be elevat:
And that moſt happy company,
Shal ordered be triumphantly,
At the right hand of Christ our king,
High in the air with loud loving.
Full glorionsly there shal compear,
More bright then Phebus in his sphear,
The Virgin Maris Queen of Queens,
With many a thousand of virgins,
The fathers of the Old Testament,
Which were to God obedient,
Father Adam shal them convoy,
With Abel, Seth, Enoch and Noy.
Abraham with all his faithful warks,
With all the prudent patriarks:
John the Baptist shal there compear,
The principal and last messenger,
which came but half a year before
The coming of the king of glore.
Moses and Esayas honorable,
with all true prophets venerable.
David with all the faithful kings,
Which vertuously did rule their reigns,
The noble chiftain Josue,
With gentle Judas Maccabe,
with many a noble champion,
Which in their time with great renown
Manfully to their lives end,
The Law of God they did defend.
With Eve that day shal be present,
The Ladies of the Old Testament:
Deborha, Adams daughter dear,
with four moſt lusty Ladies clear,
which kept were in the Ark with Noy.
Sara and Keturah with joy,
The which to Abraham wives been,

with

With good Rebecca there shal be seen.
The prudent wives of Israel,
Good Leah, and the fair Rachel,
With Judith, Hester and Sulanna,
And the right sapient Queen Saba.
There shal compear Peter and Paul,
With Christ his good disciples all.
Laurence and Steven with their bleid band,
Of Martyrs mo then ten thouland.
Gregorie, Ambrose and Augustin,
with confessors a triumphant train.
With Saint Francis and benedick,
Saint Bernard, and Saint Dominick,
with smal number of monks and friers,
Of Carmelites and Cordeliers,
That for the love of Christ only,
Renounc'd the world unfeignedly:
With Elizabeth and Anna,
All good wives shal compear that day.
The bleid and holy Magdalen,
That day before her soverain,
Right pleasantly he shal present.
All sinners that were penitent,
Which of their guilt here asked grace,
In heaven with her shal have a place.
But wo be to that bailful band,
Which shal stand low at his left hand:
Wo then to kings and emperors,
That were unrighteous conquerors,
For their glore and particular good,
Caus'd shed so meekle sakeless blood,
Both scepter, Crown, and robe royal,
That day they shal make count of all,
And for their cruel tyranny,
Shal punisht be perpetually,
Ye Lords and Barons more and less,
That our poor tenants did oppress,
By great girsum and double mail.
Wore then your lands were avail,
With sore exorbitant carriage,
With mercheets of their marriage,
Tormented both in peace and wear,
With burdens more then they can bear,

Be

Be they have payed to you their maill,
And to the priest the teinds haill:
And when the land again is sown,
What rests behind, I would were known.
I trust, they and their poor household,
May tell of much hunger and cold,
Except ye have of them pity,
I dread you shal get no merry,
That day when Christ Omnipotent,
Comes to his general judgement.
Who be to publick oppressors,
To tyrants and to transgressors.
To murtherers and common thieves,
That did not mend their great mischiefs.
Fornicators and usurers,
Common publick adulterers.
All perverse wicked hereticks,
All false deceitful schismaticks,
All shall be present in that place,
With many lamentable alace.
The curst Cain that never was good,
With all shedders of sakeless blood,
Nimrod the founder of Babylon,
With false Idolaters many one,
Ninus the king of Assyria,
With great dole shal compear that day,
Which first invented imagery,
Wherethrough came great idolatry,
For making of that Image Bell,
That day his hyre shal be in hell.
The great oppressor Pharao,
That tyrant Emperor Nero,
Shal with them curst king Herod bring,
With many other careful king.
The cruel king Antiochus,
With the most furious Holofernus,
Great oppressors of Israel,
That day their hyre shal be in hell.
With Judas shal compear a clan
Of false traytors to God and man.
There shal compear of every land,
With Ponce Pilat a baitful band
Of temporal and Spiritual states,

false

Falſe Judges with their Advocats.
There ſhal our Senyetours of the Seſſion,
Of all their faults made clear confeſſion.
There ſhal be ſeen the fraudful failyies,
with Sheriffs, Provest, and of Bailyies:
Officials with their conſiſtorie clerks,
Shal make count of their wrongous warks,
They and their perverſe procutours,
Oppreſſors both of rich and poors,
Through Dilatours full of falſe deceit,
which many one cauſ'd beg their meat.
Great dole that day to Judges been,
That comes not with their conſcience clean,
That day ſhal paſs by peremptors
without cautel, or dilators,
No duplicandum nor triplicandum,
But ſhortly paſs to ſententiandum.
without continuations.
Or any applications.
That ſentence ſhal not be retreated,
Nor with no man of Law debated.
Ye laborers of ſea and lands,
Perfect crafts-men, and rich Merchands,
Leave your deceits and crafty wiles,
which ſilly ſimple folk beguiles:
Make recompence here as ye may,
Remembring on that dreadful day,
with Mahomit ſhal compear, no doubt,
Of Antichriſts an hideous rout.
Biſhop Annas and Caiaphas,
with them in company ſhal paſs.
The Scribes and falſe Phariſiens,
which wrought on Chriſt great violence,
with many a Turk and Saracen,
with great ſorrow there ſhall be ſeen.
Pops with their traditions,
Contrare Chriſts inſtitutions,
with many a cowl and clipped crown,
which Chriſts Laws hath beaten down:
And would not ſuffer for to preach
The verity, nor the people teach,
But laick-men put to great torment,
which uſed Chriſt his Teſtament.

All

All Kings and Queens there shal be kend,
The which such Laws do defend.
To that Court shal come many one
Of that black byk of Babylon,
The innocent blood that day shal cry
A loud vengeance full piteously,
On thele cruel bloody butchers
Of Martyrs, Prophets and Preachers:
some with the fire, some with the sword,
which plainly preached God his word.
That day they shal rewarded be,
Conform to their iniquitie.
The Sodomites and Gomorrhance,
On whom God wrought so great vengeance,
with Corah, Dathan, and Abiron,
with their assistants many one:
The holy scripture will thee tell,
how they sank down all to the hell,
with Simon Magus shal resort,
Of proud Priests a shameful sort.
The self-same day there shal be seen,
Many a cruel careful Queen:
Queen Semiramis, King Ninus wife,
A tyger full of strut and strife.
Together with Queen Jezabel,
which was covetous and cruel.
The false deceitful Dalila,
with cruel Queen Clytemnestra,
The which did murther in the night,
Agamemnon both wise and wight.
The which was her soveraign Lord,
As Greek stories do record:
with cruel Queens many one,
which longsome were for to expone.
Ye wanton Ladies and burgels wives,
That now for sidest tails strives,
Clapping the filth among your feet,
Kailing the dust into the street,
That day for all your pomp and pride,
Your tails shal not your hips hide.
These vanities ye shal repent,
Unless that ye be penitent.
which Pythonissa, I hear tell,

which

Which raised the spirit of Samuel,
That day with her there shal resort.
Of rank witches a sorrowful sort,
Brought from all parts many a myle,
From Savoy, Athole and Argyle,
And from the Rhynds of Galloway,
With a woful wail-away.
Ye brethren of religion,
In time leave your abusion,
With which ye have the world abused,
Or ye that day shal be refused.
I speak to you all in general,
Not to one order special:
That day all creatures shal ken,
If ye were Saints or worldly men,
Or if ye took the chapelry,
That ye might live most pleasantly,
And get good large portion,
Or for a godly devotion,
That day your fained sanctitude
Shal not be known by your hoods:
Your superstitious ceremonies,
Participat with Idolatries.
Cords, cutted shooes, nor clipped head,
That day shal stand you in no stead:
For cowls black, gray, nor begard,
Ye shal that day get your reward.
Your polit painted flattery,
Your dissimulat hypocrisie,
That day they shal be clearly known,
When they shal reap as they have sown:
Therefore in time be penitent,
Or else that day ye shal be shent.
I pray you heartily, as I may,
Remember on that dreadful day.
Ye Abbots, Priors, or Priorels,
Consider what ye do confels;
And how that your promotion
was nothing for devotion,
But to obtain the Abbacy:
Ye made your vow of chastity,
Of poverty and obedience:
Therefore remord your conscience.

How

How these three vows been observed,
And what reward hath been deserved:
wherefore repent while ye have space,
Since God is liberal of his grace.

C. Father, said I, declare to me,
where shal our Prelats ordered be,
which now are in the world livand?
with whom shal come that spiritual band?

E. Said he, As saint Bernard describes,
Except that they amend their lives,
And leave their wanton vicious warks,
Not with the Prophets, nor Patriachs,
Nor with the Martyrs and Confessours,
The which to Christ were true Preachers:
Their predecessors Peter and Paul,
That day will them misknow at all:
So shal they not, I say for me,
with the Apostles ordered be:
I trust they will dwel on the border
Of hell, where there shal be no order,
Enlong the flood of Phlegeton,
Upon the brayes of Acheron,
Trying on Charon, I conclud,
To ferry them over that furious flood,
To eternal confusion,
Except they leave their abusion.
I trust, these prelats more and less,
Shal make clear count of their riches,
That dreadful day with hearts full sore,
And what service they did therefore.
The princely pomp, or apparel
Of Pope, Bishop, or Cardinal,
Their Royal rents and dignitie,
That day shal not regarded be.
There shal no tailes, as I hear say,
Of Bishops be born up that day.
Come they not with their conscience clean,
On them great sorrow shal be seen,
Except that they their lives amend
In time and so I make an end.

The manner how Christ shal give his Sentence.

When all these Congregations
Are brought out of all Nations, which

which shal be without process
Though I have made so long digress:
For in the twinkling of an eye;
All mankind shal presented be,
Before that Kings excellence,
Then shortly shal he give sentence:
First, saying to that blessed band,
which ordred be at his right hand,
Come with my Fathers benediction,
And receive your possession,
which was for you predordinate
Before the world was first create.
when I was hungry, ye me fed:
when I was naked, ye me cled:
Oft times ye gave me harbery,
And gave me drink when I was dry:
And visit me with minds meek,
when I was prisoner and sick:
In all such tribulation,
Ye gave me consolation.
Then shal they say: O potent King,
when saw we thee before such thing?
we never saw thine excellence
subdued to such indigence.
Yet shal he say, I you assure,
when ever ye did receive the poor,
And for my sake made them supplie,
That gift doubtless ye gave to me:
Therefore shal now begin your glore,
which shal endure for evermore.
Then shal he look on his left hand,
And say unto that bashful band,
Pass with my malediction,
To eternal affliction,
In company with fiends fell,
In everlasting fire of hell.
when I stood naked at your gate,
Hungry and thirsty, cold and wet,
Right feeble sick and like to die,
I never got of you supplie:
And when I lay in prison strong,
Of you I might have lyen full long,
without your consolation,

Or any supportation.
Trembling for dread, then shal they say,
with many hideous harm-say:
Alace, good Lord, when saw we thee
subiect to such necessitie?
when saw we thee come to our doore,
Hungry and thirsty, naked and poore?
when saw we thee in prison ly,
Or thee refused harbery?
Then shal that most precellent King,
To these wretches make answering:
That time when ye refus'd the poore,
which needful cryed at your doore,
And of your superfluity,
For my sake made them no supply:
Refusing them, ye me refused,
with wretchednes so ye were abused:
Therefore ye shal have to your hyr,
The everlasting burning fire,
without grace, peace, or comforting.
Then shal they cry full sore weeping:
That we were made, alace, good Lord:
Alace is there no mistericord?
But thus withoutten hope of grace,
Tyn presence of that pleasant face,
Alace for us it had been good,
we had been smored in our cod.
Then with a rear the earth shal rive,
And swallow them both man & wife.
Then shal these creatures forlorn,
wary the hour that they were born,
with many an hideous cry and yell,
From time they feel the flames fell,
Upon their tender bodies bite,
whose torment shal be infinit.
The earth shal close, & from their sight
shal taken be all kind of light.
There shal be howling and weeping,
withoutten hope of comforting.
In that inestimable pain,
Eternally they shal remain,
Burning in furious flames red,
Ever dying, but never dead:

That the ſmal minut of an houre,
To them ſhal be ſo great dolour,
They thal think they have done remain
A thouland years into that pain,
Alace, I tremble to hear tell,
That terrible tormenting of hell.
That painful pit for to deplore,
Which muſt endure for evermore.
Then ſhal theſe glorified creatures,
With mirth and infinit pleaſures,
Convoyed with joy angelical,
Paſs to the heavens imperial,
With Chriſt Jeſus our ſoveraign king,
In glore everlaſtingly to reign;
Of man which paſſeth the engine,
The thouland part for to define,
Alanerly to the leaſt pleaſure
Prerordinat for one creature.
Then ſhal a fire as clerks ſain,
Make all the hills and valleys plain,
From earth up to the heavens impire.
All ſhal renew'd be by that fire,
Purging all things material,
Under the heavens Imperial:
Both earth and water, fire and air,
Shal be more perfect made and fair,
The which before had mired been,
Shal then be purifi'd and made clean.
The earth like cryſtal ſhal be clear,
And every planet in his ſphear,
Shal reſt withoutten more moving,
Both ſtarry heaven and cryſtalin.
The firſt & higheſt heavens moveable,
Will ſtand but turnings, firm & ſtable.
The Sun into the Orient.
Will ſtand, and in the Occident
Reſt ſhal the moon, and be more clear
Then now is Phebus in his ſphear:
And eke the Lantern of the heaven,
Shal give more light by degrees ſeven
Than it gave ſince the world began:
The heavens renewed ſhal be then.
Right ſo the earth with ſuch devile,

compare

Compared to the heavenly paradise:
So heaven and earth shal be all one,
As meaneth the Apostle John.
The great sea shal no more appear,
But like a cristal pure and clear,
Passing imagination
Of man, to make narration,
Of glore, which God hath done prepare
To every one which cometh there:
The which with ears, nor yet with een
Of man may not be heard nor seen:
With heart it is unthinkable,
And with tongue unpronouncable:
Whose pleasures shal be so perfite,
Having in God so great delite,
The space now of a thousand year,
That time shal not an houre appear;
Which cannot comprehended be,
Till we that pleasant sight shal see.
When Paul was raviſht in the spirit
To the third heaven of glore repleat:
He sayes, the secrets which he saw
They were not lawful for to shew
To no man on earth livand:
Wherefore preaks not to understand,
Albeit thereto thou hast desire,
The secrets of the heavens Empire.
The more men look on Phebus bright,
The more feeble shal be their sight.
Right so let no man set his cure
To seek the high divine nature.
The more men study I suppose,
Shal be the more from their purpose.
To know whereto should men intend,
which Angels cannot comprehend:
But after this great Judgement,
All things to us shal be patent.
Let us with Paul our minds addres,
He being full of heavenliness,
Full humbly he teacheth us
Not for to be too curious:
Albeit men be of great ingine.
To seek the high secrets divine,

Whose Judgements are unsearchable,
His ways strange and investigable,
That is to say, past out finding,
Of whom no man can find ending.
It sufficeth us for to implore,
Great God to bring us to his glore.

Of certain pleasures of the glorified bodies.

SInce there is none in earth may comprehend
The heavenly glore, and wisdom infinit:
Wherefore, my son, I pray thee not pretend
To far to seek that matter of delite,
Which passeth natural reason to endite,
That God before that he the world create,
Prepar'd to them which are predestinate.

All mortal men shal be made immortal,
That is to say, never to die again:
Impossible, and so celestial,
That fire nor sword may do to them no pain,
Nor heat, nor cold, nor frost, nor wind, nor rain,
Though such things were, may do to them no dear,
These creatures right so shal they be as clear.

As flaming Phebus in his mansion,
Considering then if there shal be great light,
when everyone into his region
Shal shine like to the sun, and be as bright:
Let us with Paul desire to see that sight.
To be dissolv'd Paul had a great desire,
with Christ to be into the heavens empire.

And moreover, as clerks can describe,
These marvelous lights they been incomparable
Among the rest, in all their senses five,
They shal have sensual pleasures delectable,
The heavenly sound which shal be inenarrable,
Into their ears continually shal ring,
And eke the light of Christ Jesus our king.

Into this triumphant throne Imperial,
with hes mother the Virgin, Queen of Queens,
There shal be seen the court celestial,
Apostles, martyrs, confessors and virgins,
Brighter then Phebus in his sphear that shines,

The

The Patriachs and Prophets venerable,
There shal been seen in glore inestimable.

And with their spiritual eyes shal be seen
That sight which is most superexcellent,
God as he is and evermore hath been,
Continually that sight contempland.
Augustin saith: He rather take on hand
To be in hell, he seeing the essence
Of God, then be in heaven without his presence.

Who seeing God in his Divinitie,
He seeth in him all other pleasant things,
The which with tongue cannot pronounced be:
what pleasure been to see the Kings of kings?
the greatest pain the damned folk down thrings,
And to the devils most punition,
It is of God to lack fruition.

And moreover they shal feel such a smel,
Surmounting far the flewr of earthly flowrs:
And in their mouth a taste, as I hear tell,
Of sweet and supernatural sapours:
Als they shal see the heavenly bright colours,
Shining among these creatures divine,
which to describe transcendeth mans ingine.

And eke they shal have such agility,
In one instant to pass for their pleasure,
Ten thousand myles in twinkling of an eye,
So that their joyes shal be without measure,
They shal rejoice to see the great dolor
Of damned folk in hell, and their torment,
Because it is of God the just judgement.

Subtility they shal have marvelous,
Supposing that there were a wall of brass,
A glorious body may right hastily,
Out through the wall without impediment pass,
Such like as doth the sun-beams out through the glass,
As Christ to his disciples did appear,
All entrels close, and none of them did fear.

Albeit in heaven though every creature
Have not alike felicity and glore,
Yet every one shal have so great pleasure,
And so content, that they desire no more:

To have more joy they shal no more implore,
But they shal all be satisfied and content,
Like to this rude example subsequent.

Take a crowat, a pint-stop, and a quart,
A gallon pitcher, a punsion and a tun
Of wine, or balm, give every one his part,
And fill them full till they be over-run:
The little crowat, in comparison,
Shal be so full, that it shal hold no more
Of such measures, though they were twenty score.

Into the tun, or in the punsion,
So that these vessels in one quantity
May hold no more, except they over-run,
Yet have they not alike in quantity:
So by this rude example thou mayst see,
Though every one be not alike in glore,
Are satisfi'd that they desire no more.

Though presently by God his purveyance,
Both beasts and fowls, and fishes in the sea,
Are necessary for mans sustenance,
With corns, herbs, flowers, and fruitful trees
Then shal there be no commodity:
The earth shal bear no plant, nor beast brutal;
But as the heavens shal be bright like crystal.

Suppose some be on earth walking here down,
Or high above, where ever they please to go,
Of God they have ay clear fruition,
Both east and west, up, down, or too and fro:
Clerks have declared pleasures many mo,
Which doth transcend all mortal mans ingine,
The thousand part of those pleasures divine.

Into the heaven they shal perfectly know
Their tender friends, their father & their mother,
Their predecessors whom they never saw:
Their spouses, children, their sister & their brother:
And every one shal have such love to other,
Of others glore and joy they shal rejoice,
As of their own, as clerks do suppose.

Then shal be seen that bright Jerusalem,
Which John saw in his Revelation:
We mortal men, alace, are sore to blame,

that

That will not have consideration,
And a continual contemplation,
With hot desire to come unto that glore,
Which pleasure shal ensure for evermore.

O Lord, our God, and King Omnipotent,
Which knew ere the the heavens & earth creat,
Who would to thee be disobedient,
And so deserve for to be reprobat:
Thou knowst the number of predestinat,
Whom thou didst call and hast them justified,
And shal in heaven with thee be glorified.

Grant us to be, Lord, of that cholen sort,
Which of thy mercy superexcellent
Didst purifie, as scripture doth report,
With the blood of that holy Innocent,
Jesus, which made himself obedient
Unto the death, and served on the rood:
Let us, O Lord, be purged with that blood.

All creatures that ever God created,
As writeth Paul, they with to see that day:
When the children of God predestinated,
Shal do appear in their new fresh array;
When corruption shal be cleansed all away,
And changed shal be their mortal quality,
In the great glore of immortality.

And moreover all things corporal
Under the concave of the heavens Empire,
That now to labor subiect are and thral:
Sun, Moon and Stars, earth, water, air and fire.
In a manner they have an hot desire,
Wishing that day, that they may be at rest,
As Erasmus expounded manifest.

We see the great Globe of the Firmament
Continually in moving marvelous:
The seven Planets contrary their intent,
Are reft about with course contrarious.
The wind and sea with storms furious,
The troubled air, with frost, and snow and rain,
Until that day, they travel ay in pain.

And all the Angels of the orders nine,
Having compassion on our miseries,

They wish after that day, and to that fine
To see us freed from our infirmities,
And cleansed from these great calamities,
And troublous life which never shal have end
Until that day, I make it to be kend.

An Exhortation given by Father Experience. unto his Son the Courteour.

My Son, now mark well in thy memorie,
Of this false world the troubles transitorie.
whose dreadful days do now draw near an end:
Then call on God to be thine adiutorie,
And every day, my son, memento mori:
And woth not when or where þ thou shalt wend.
Here to remain, I pray thee not pretend.
And since thou knowst the time is very short,
In Christ his blood set all whole thy comfort.

Be not so much so lift in temporal things,
Since thou perceivst Pope, Emperor nor Kings
Into the earth have no place permanent:
Thou seest þ death them dolefully down thrings,
And reaves them from their rents, riches & reings:
Therefore on Christ confirm thy whole intent,
And of thy calling be right well content:
Then God that feedeth the fowles of the air,
All needful things he shal for thee prepare.

Consider in thy contemplation,
Ay since the worlds first creation,
Mankind hath suffered this misery mortal:
Ay tormented with tribulation,
With dolor, dread and desolation:
Gentles, and chosen people of Israel,
To this unhap, are all subiect and thral:
Which misery no doubt shal ever endure
Till the last day, my son, thereof be sure.

That day, as I have made narration,
Shal be the day of consolation,
To all the children of the chosen number:
There ended shal be their desolation.
And eke I make thee supplication,
In earthly matters take thee no more cumber.

Dread

Dread not to die, for death is but a slumber:
Live a iust life, and with a ioyous heart,
And of thy goods take pleasantly thy part

Of our talking now let us make an end:
Behold how Phebus downward doth descend,
Toward his Palace in the Occident:
Dame Cynthia, I see, she doth pretend,
Into her watry region to ascend,
With visage pale into the Orient.
The dew now donks, the roses redolent.
The mary-golds that all day were reioyced
Of Phebus heat, now craftily are closed.

The blisful birds are bowning to their trees,
And ceaseth from their heavenly harmonies.
The corn-craik in the craft I hear her cry:
The back, the howlet, feeble of their eyes,
For their pastime now in the evening flees,
The nightingale with mirthful melodie,
Her natural notes do pierce up through the sky,
To Cynthia making her observance,
Which on the night doth take her dalliance.

I see Pole Arctick in the North appear,
And Venus rising with her beams clear,
Wherefore, my son, I hold it time to go.
Would God, said I, you did remain all year,
That I might of your heavenly lessons lear:
Of your departing I am very wo.
Take patience, said he, it must be so:
Perchance I shal return with diligence.
Thus I departed from Experience.

And sped me home with heart sighing full sore,
And entered in my quiet Oratore:
I took paper, and there began to write
This misery, as you have heard before.
All gentle readers heartily I implore,
For to excuse my rural rude endite:
Though Pharisees would have at me despite,
Which would not that their craftinels were kend.
Let God be Iudge and so I make an end.

FINIS. quod LINDSAY.

The Testament and Complaint of our Soveraign Lord King James the fifth his Papingo, lying sore wounded, and may not die, till every man have heard what she sayes: Wherefore, gentle Readers haste you, that she may be put out of pain. Complyed by Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, Knight, *alias* Lyon, King of Arms.

Livor post fata quiescit.

THE PROLOGUE.

Although I had ingine Angelical,
With sapience more then Solomonical,
I wot not what matter put in memory:
The Poets old in style heroical,
In brief and subtil terms Rhetorical,
Of every matter, tragedy and story,
So ornatly to their high laud and glory,
Have done endite, whose supreame sapience
Transcendeth far my dull intelligence.

Of Poets now into our vulgar tongue,
For why, the bell of rhetorick been rung
By Chaucer, Gower, Ligat laureat,
Who dare presume these Poets to impung,
Whose sweet sentence through Albion been sung?
Or who can now the works counterfait
Of Kennedie, with terms aureat,
Of wise Dumbar, who language had at large,
As may be seen into his golden targe?

Quintin, Mercer, Roul, Hinderson, Hay & Holand
Though they be dead, their lives are livand:
Which to rehearse, makes readers to rejoice.
Alace, for once that lamp was in this land,
Of eloquence the flowing balmy strand:
And in our English Rhetorick the rose,
As of rubies the carbuncle is chose.
And as Phebus doth Cynthia precel,
So Gawin Douglas Bishop of Dunkel,
Had when he was into this land alive,

Above

Above vulgar Poets prerogative,
Both in practick speculation:
I say no more: good readers may descrive
His worthy works, in number mo then five:
And specially the true translation
Of Virgil, which been consolation
To cunning men, to know his great ingine,
As well in natural science, as divine.

And in the Court been present in these dayes,
That ballads, brieves, lustily and layes,
Which to our Prince dayly they do present:
Who can say more then sir James English sayes,
In ballads, farles, and in pleasant playes?
But Cutrols hath his pen made impotent:
Rid in cunning and practick right prudent:
And Stewart who deliters a stately style,
Full ornat works daily compyle.

Stewart of Lorn will carp most curiously,
Galbraith, Kinloch, when they list them apply,
Into that art are craftie of ingine:
But now of late is start up hastily
A cunning clerk, which writeth craftily,
A Plant of Poets, called Ballentine,
Whose ornat writs, my wits cannot define:
Get he into the court anthority,
He will prevel Quintine and Kennedy.

So though I had ingine, as I have none,
I know not what to write, by sweet S. John:
For why, in all the earth, of eloquence
Is nothing left, but barren rock and stone.
The polite terms are pulled every one,
By these surnamed poets of prudence
And since I find none other true sentence,
I shal declare ere I depart you fro,
The complaint of a wounded papingo.

Therefore because my matter is but rude,
Of sentence and of rhetorick denude,
To rural folk my writing is directed,
Far steemed from the sight of men of good:
For cunning men I know will soon conclude,
It nothing vowes, but for to be detected;
And when I hear my matter is detracted:

Then shal I swear, I made it but in mowes,
To landwart lasses, that milk the kine and ewes.

The Complaint of the Papingo.

WHo climbs too hy, perforce his foot must fail,
Exyeam I shal thee by experience,
If that thou please to hear a piteous tale,
How a fair bird by fatal violence,
Devoured was, and might not make defence
Contrare the death, so failed natural strength,
As after I shal show you at more length.

A Papingo right pleasayt and perfite,
Presented was to our most noble King,
Of whom his Grace a long time had delite,
More fair in form, I wot flew never on wing,
This proper bird he gave in governing
To me, which was his simple serviture,
To which I did my diligence and cure.

To learn her language artificial,
To play plat-foot, and whistel, foot before:
But of her inclination natural,
She counterfeit all fowls less and more:
Of her courage she would without my lore,
Sing like the merle, and crow like the cock,
Pew like the gled, chant like the laverock.

Bark like a dog, and kekkle like a kat,
Bleat like an hog, and buller like a bull,
Gail like a gonk, and weep when she was wat:
Climb on a cord, and laugh, and play the fool,
She might have been a menstrel against yool.
This blessed bird was to me so pleasant,
Where ever I fure, I bare her on mine hand.

And so befel upon a mirthful morrow,
Into my Garth I past me to repose,
This bird and I, as we were wont before row,
Among the flowers fresh, fragrant and formose:
My vital spirits duely did rejoice,
When Phebus rose, and rave the clouds sable,
Through brightness of his beams amiable.

Without vapor was well purificat,
The temperat air, soft, sober, and stren:
The earth by nature so edificat,

with

With wholsome herbs, blew, white, red & green,
Which elevat my spirit from the spleen.
That day Saturn and Mars durst not appear,
Nor Eole from his cave he durst not stear,

That day perforce behoved to be fair,
By influence and course celestial,
No planet preast'd for to pertourb the air:
For Mercurie by moving natural,
Exalted was into the throne triumphal
Of his mansion, into the fifteen gree,
In his own soveraign sign of virginie.

That day did Phebus pleasantly depart
From Gemini, and entred into Cancer:
That day Cupido did extend his dart.
venus that day conjoyned with Jupiter.
That day Neptunus bid him like a skar:
That day dame Nature with great business,
Furthered Flora to show her craftiness.

And retrogarde was Mars in Capricorn,
And Cynthia in Sagitar assealed:
That day came Ceres, goddess of the corn,
Full joyfully John-upon-land she pleased:
The bad respect of Saturn was appeased
That day by Juno, of Jupiter the joy,
Perturbing spirits causing to hold coy.

The sound of birds surmounting all the skyes
With melodie of notes musical,
The balmie drops of dew Titan up dryes,
Hanging upon the tender twists small,
The heavenly hew and sound angelical,
Such perfect pleasures painted in mine heart,
That with great pain from them I might depart.

So still among those herbs amiable
I did remain a space for my pastance,
But worldly pleasure is so variable,
Mixed with sorrow, dread, and inconstance,
That thereunto is no comparisance:
So might I say, my short solace, alace,
Alas driven to dolor in a little space.

For in that earth among these fragrant flowrs,
Walking alone, none but my bird and I:

Unto the time, that I had said mine hours,
This bird I set upon a branch me by,
But she began to speak right speedily,
And in that tree did so highly ascend,
That by no way I might her apprehend.

Sweet bird, said I, beware, mount not too hie,
Return in time, perchance thy feet may faylie,
Thou art right fat, and not well us'd to flee:
The greedy gled, I dread the thee assaylie.
I will, said she, Hailyie quod Hailyie,
It is my kind to climb ay to the hight;
Of feather and bone, I wot well I am wight.

So on the highest little tender twist,
With wings display'd, she sat full wantonly:
But Boreas blew a blast ere ever she wist,
Which brake the branch, and blew her suddenly
Down to the ground with many a careful cry,
upon a slob, she lighted on her breast.
The blood rusht out, and she cry'd for a priest.

God wot, if then mine heart was wo begone,
To see that fowl flighter among the flowrs,
which with great murning gan to make her mone,
Now coming are, said she, the fatal hours
Of bitter death, now must I thole the showrs:
O Dame Nature, I pray thee of thy grace,
Lent me leasure to speak a little space.

For to complain my fate unfortunate,
And to dispone my goods ere I depart,
Since of all comfort I am desolate,
Alone, except the death here with his dart.
With awful chear, ready to pierce mine heart:
And with that word she took a passion,
Then flatly fell, and swapped into swoon.

With sory heart pierc'd with compassion,
And salt tears distilling from mine een,
To hear that birds lamentation,
I did approach under an haw-thorn green,
Where I might hear and see, and not be seen:
And when this bird had swooned twise or thrise,
She began to speak, saying on this wise:

O false fortune, why hast thou me begull'd?

This

This day at morn, who knew this careful case?
vain hope, through thee my reason was exil'd,
Having such trust into thy fained face:
That ever I was brought to the court, alace,
Had I in forrest flown among my feers.
I might full well have lived many years.

Prudent counsel, alace, I did refuse,
Against reason using mine appetit:
Ambition did so mine heart abuse,
That Eolus at me had great despite.
Poets of me have matter to indite:
which clamb so high, and wo is me therefore,
Not doubting that the death should me devore.

This day at morn my form and featherm fair,
Above the proud peacock was precelling:
And now a cative carion full of care,
Bathing in blood down from heart distilling,
And in mine ears the bell of death is knelling.
O world so false, and changeable felicity,
Fy on thy pride, avarice and immundicity.

In thee I see nothing is permanent,
Of thy short solace, sorrow is the end:
Thy false infortunat gifts been to us lent,
This day full proud, the morn nothing to spend.
Oh, ye that do pretend ay to ascend,
My fatal end have in rememberance,
And you defend from this unhappy chance.

whether that I was stricken in extasie,
Or through a strong imagination:
But it appeared in my fantasie,
I heard this dolent lamentation:
Thus dulled into desolation,
Me thought this bird did brieve in her manner
Her counsel to the king, as you shal hear.

The first Epistle of the Papingo, directed to King James the fifth.

PRepotent Prince peerless in pulchritude.
Glore, honor, laud, triumph, and victory
Be unto thine high excellent celesitude,
with martial deeds condign of memory.

Since Atropos consumed hath my glory,
And dolent death, alace, must us depart,
I leave to thee my true unfained heart.

Together with this Cedul subsequent,
With most reverent recommendation:
I grant thy Grace gets many document,
By famous Fathers predication:
With many notable narration,
By pleasant Poets in style heroical,
How thou shouldst guide thy seat imperial.

Some do deplore the great calamities,
Of divers realms the transmutation,
Some piteously do treat of tragedies,
All for thy Graces information:
So I intend but adulation,
Into my barren rustical indite,
Among the rest (sir) something for to write.

Soverain conceive this simple similitude,
Of officers serving thy Seneyorie:
Who guids them wel, get at thy Grace great good:
Who are unjust, degraded are of glory,
And cancellat out of thy memory:
Providing them more pleasant in their place.
Believe right so God shal do with thy Grace.

Consider well thou be officiar,
And a vassal to that King incomparable:
Preats thou to please that puissant prince preclare
Thy rich reward shal be inestimable,
Exalted high in glore interminable.
Above Archangels, vertuous Potestats,
Pleasantly placed among the Principats.

Of thy vertue Poets perpetually
Shal make mention until the world be ended:
If thou exerce thine office prudently,
In heaven & earth thy Grace shal be commended:
Wherefore effear that he be not offended,
Which hath exalted thee to such honor,
Of his people to be a Governor.

And in the earth hath made such ordinance,
under thy feet all things terrestrial,
Are subject to thy pleasure and pastance:

Both

Both fowls and fishes, and beasts pastoral:
Men to thy service, and women they are thral:
Hauking, hunting, arms, and lawful armour,
Preordinat by God for thy pleasure.

Masters of musick to recreat thy spirit,
With daunted voyce, and pleasant instrument:
Thus mayst thou be of all pleasures compleat,
If in thine office thou be diligent:
But be thou found sloathful and negligent,
Or iniust in thine execution,
Thou shalt not fail divine punition.

Wherefore since thou hast such capacity
To learn to play so pleasantly, and sing,
Ride horse, run spear, with great audacity,
Shoot with hand-bow, crois-bow, &, culvering:
Among the rest, sir, learn to be a king:
Kyth on that craft thy pregnant fresh ingine,
Granted to thee by influence divine.

And since the definition of a King,
Is for to have of people governance,
Addeis thee first, above all other thing,
To put thy body to such ordinance,
That thy vertue thine honor may advance:
For how should princes govern their regions,
That cannot duely guide their own persons?

And if thy Grace would live right pleasantly,
Call thy counsel, and cast on them thy cure:
Their iust decrees defend and fortifie:
Without good counsel may no prince long endure:
Work with counsel, then shal thy work be sure.
Choose thy counsel of the most sapient,
Without regard to blood, riches, or rent.

Among all other pastime and pleasure,
Now in thine adolescent years young,
Wouldst thou each day study but half an hour,
The regiment of princely governing,
To thy people it were a pleasant thing,
There mightst thou find thine own vocation,
How thou shouldst use the scepter, sword & crown.

The Chronicles to know, I thee exhort,
Which may be mirror to thy majestie;

There

There shalt thou find both good and ill report,
Of every Prince after his quality:
Though they be dead, yet their works shal not die.
Truth well thou wilt be filled in that storie,
As thou deserves to be put in memorie.

Request that Roy which was rent on the rood
Thee to defend from deeds of defame,
That no Poet report of thee but good:
For Princes dayes endure but as a dream:
Since first king Fergus bare a diadem,
Thou art the last king of fivescore and five,
And all are dead, and none but thou alive.

Of whole number fifty and five were slain,
And most part of their own misgovernance:
Wherefore, I thee beseech, my loveraign,
Consider of their lives the circumstance:
And when thou knowst the cause of their mischance
On vertue then exalt thy self on hie,
Trusting in God t'escape that destinie.

Treat each true Baron as he were thy brother,
which must at need thee and thy realm defend:
When suddenly one doth oppress another,
Let justice mixt with mercy them amend.
Have thou their hearts, thou hast enough to spend:
And by the contrare, thou art but king of bone,
From time that their hearts are from thee gone.

I have no leasure for to write at length,
My whole intent unto thine Excellence:
Decreased so I am in wit and strength,
My mortal wound doth me such violence:
People of me may have experience:
Because, alace, I was unconsellable:
Now must I die a captive miserable.

The second Epistle of the Papingo, directed to her brethren of Court.

BRethren of Court, with mind precordial,
To the great God heartily I commend you:
Imprint my fall into your memorial,
Together with this cedul that I send you:
To preals over high, I pray you, nor pretend you.

This

This vain ascense of Court who will consider,
Who sits most hie, shal find his seat most slidder.

So ye that now go lanching up the ladder,
Take heed in time, fastning your fingers fast.
Who climbs most hie, most dint hath of the wea-
And least defence against the bitter blast (ther,
Of false fortune, which never taketh rest:
But now redoubted dayly she down things,
Not sparing Popes, Emperors nor Kings.

Though ye be mounted up above the skyes,
And have both king and court in governance:
Some were as high, which now right lowly lyes,
Complaining sore the court its variance:
The preterit time may be experience,
Which throgh vain hope of court did climb so hie,
Then lacked wings, when they thought best to flie.

Since each court is untrust and transitory,
Changing as oft as weather-cock in wind,
Making some glad, and other some right sory:
Formost this day, the morn may go behind.
Let not vain hope of court your reason blind.
Trust well some men wil give you lands as Lords
That would be glad to see you hang on cords.

I durst declare the miserability
Of diverse courts, were not my time is short;
The dreadful change, vain glore, and vility,
The painful pleasures, as Poets do report.
Sometime in hope, sometime in discomfort:
And how some men do spend their youthhood hail
In court, and ends into the hospital.

How some in court are quyet counsellers,
Without regard to common weal of kings,
Casting their cure for to be conquerers:
And when they were high raised in their reigns,
how chãge of court them dolefully down things,
And when they were from their estate deposed,
How many of their been right rejoyced.

And now fond fained fools and flatterers,
For smal service obtaint oft great rewards:
Panders, pike-thanks, custrons, and clatterers,
Lowps up from lands, then lights amõg ꝑlairds.

Blasphem-

Blasphematoꝛs, beggaꝛs, and common baꝛds,
Sometime in couꝛt have moꝛe authoꝛity,
Then devout Doctoꝛs of Divinity.

Who in some couꝛts been baꝛns of Beliel,
Full of dissimulat painted flattery,
Pꝛovoking by intoxicat counsel,
Pꝛinces to whoꝛedom and to haꝛlotry:
Who do in Pꝛinces put such hasatry,
I say foꝛ me, such peaꝛt pꝛovocatoꝛs,
Should punisht be above all stong tꝛaytoꝛs.

What tꝛavel, tꝛouble, and calamity
Have been in couꝛt within these hundꝛed yeaꝛs?
What moꝛtal changes, and what miseꝛies?
What noble-men been bꝛought upon theiꝛ beeꝛs?
Tꝛuth well, my fꝛiends, follow you must youꝛ (teeꝛs:
So since in Couꝛt been no tꝛanquility,
Set not on it youꝛ whole felicity.

The Couꝛt changes oftꝛimes with such outꝛage
That few oꝛ none may make it ꝛesistance:
And spaꝛeth not the Pꝛince moꝛt then the page,
As well appeaꝛeth by expeꝛience.
The Duke of Rothsay might make no defence,
Which was pertaining Roy of this ꝛegion,
But dolefully devoured was in pꝛison.

What dꝛead, what doloꝛ had that noble king
Robeꝛt the thiꝛd, when once he knew the case
Of his two sons the dolent departing,
Pꝛince David dead, and James captive? alace!
To tꝛue Scots-men which was a careful case.
This may ye know, the Couꝛt is vaꝛiand,
When blood ꝛoyal the change may not gain-stand.

Who ꝛeign'd in Couꝛt moꝛe hie and tꝛiumphand
Then Duke Uuꝛdoc while that his day endꝛed?
Was he not then Pꝛotectoꝛ of Scotland?
Yet of the Couꝛt he was not well assuꝛed.
It changed so, his long seꝛvice was smoꝛed:
He and his fair son Walteꝛ but ꝛemead,
Foꝛfaulted weꝛe, and put to doleful deads.

King James the fiꝛst, the patꝛon of pꝛudence,
Gem of ingine, and peaꝛl of policie,
Well of Justice, and flood of eloquence,

whoꝛ

whose vertue doth transcend my fantasie,
For to describe; yet when he stood most hie,
By false exorbitant conspiration,
That prudent Prince was pitteously put down.

And James the second, Roy of great renown,
Being in his super-excellent glore,
Through rackless shooting of a great canon,
The dolent Death, alace! did him devore.
One thing hath been of which I marvel more,
That fortune had at him such mortal feed,
Wong fifty thousand to wail him by the head.

My heart is pierced with pains for to panse,
Or for to write that Courts variance
Of James the third, when he had governance:
The dolor, dread, and desolation,
The change of Court and conspiration:
And how that Cochran with his company,
That time in Court clamb so presumptuously.

It had been good these bairns had not been born
By whom that noble Prince was so abused:
They grew as did the weeds among the corn.
That prudent Lords counsel was refused,
And held him quyet, as he had been inclused.
Alace, that Prince by their abusion,
Was finally brought to confusion,

They clamb so hie, and got such audience,
And with their prince grew so familiar:
his german brethren might get no presence:
The Duke of Albany, and the Earl of Mar,
Like banisht men were holden at the bar:
Till in the king there grew such mortal feid,
he fleem'd the Duke, and put the Earl to deid.

Thus Cochran with his cative company,
Forc'd them to flee, but yet they wanted feathers,
Above the high cedars of Lebanie:
They clamb so hie, till they lay over their ladders,
On Lawder bridge then keeped were in tedders,
Strangled to death, they got no other grace:
Their King captive which was a careful case.

To put in writ the fate unfortunat,
And mortal change, perturbeth mine engine:

My

My wits been weak, my fingers fatigat,
To dict or write the rancour and ruine,
The civil war, the battel intestin,
How that the son with banner broad displayed,
Against his father in battel came arrayed.

Would God ye day the Prince had been cōforted
With sapience of the proud Solomon,
And with the strength of Samson been supported,
With the bold hoast of the great Agamemnon.
What should I wish? remedy there is none:
Armorn a King, with scepter, sword and crown,
At night with death a deformed carion.

Alace, where is that right redoubted Roy,
That potent prince, gentle James the feird?
I pray to Christ his soul for to convoy:
A greater Noble never reign'd on the eird.
O Atropus! wary may be thy wierd:
For he was mirror of humility,
Lead-star and lamp of liberality,

During his time of Justice did prevail,
The savage Isles trembled for terrour:
Eskdale, Ewisdale, Liddisdale and Annandale,
Durst not rebel, doubting his dints dour,
And of his Lords had such perfect favour,
So for to show that he affeard not one,
Out through the realm he would ride him alone.

And of his Court through Europe sprang th
Of lusty Lords, and tender-Ladies ying: (tam
Triumphant turneys, justing, & knightly gam
With all pastime, according for a King.
He was the glore of princely governing:
Who through the ardent love he had to France,
Against England did move his ordinance.

Of Flowden field the ruine to revolve,
Of that most dolent day for to deplore,
I nill for dread, lest dolor you delolve:
Show you that prince in his triumphant glore
Destroyed was, what needeth process more?
Not by the vertue of the English ordinance,
But by his own wilful misgovernance.

Alace, that day had he been counsellable,

he hath obtained land, glore, and victory:
whose pitteous proces been so lamentable.
I lory for to put in memory.
I never read in tragedy and story,
At one journey so many Nobles slain,
For the defence and love of their Soveraign.

Now, brethren, mark into your remembrance,
A mirror of these mutabilities.
So may ye know of the Courts inconstance;
When Princes are thus pulled from their sees,
After whose death, what strange adversities:
What great mischief into this region rang,
When our prince yong culd neither speak nor gang:

During his tender youth & innocence, (chance:
What slouth, what reaf, what murder and mis-
There was nocht elle but wreaking & mischance,
Into that Court there reign'd such variance:
Diverse rulers made diverse ordinance.
Sometime our Queen reign'd in authority,
Sometime the proud Duke of Albany.

Sometime the Realm was ruled by regents,
Sometime by Lieutenants leaders of the Law:
Then reign'd so many disobedients,
That few or none stood of another aw:
Oppression did so loud his bowgel blaw,
That none durst ride but into fear of wear.
John upon land that time did lose his meir.

Who was more high in honor elevat
Then was Margaret our big & mighty Princess:
Such power was to her appropriat,
Of King and Realm, that she was Governess,
Yet came a change within a short process:
That pearl preclare, that lusty pleasant Queen,
Long time into that Court durst not be seen.

The Archbishop of saint Andrews James Betō,
Chancellar and primat in power pastoral,
Clamb next the king, most in this region:
The ladder shook, he lap and got a fall:
Authority, nor power spiritual,
Riches, friendship might not that time prevail,
When dame Curia began to stir her tail.

His

His high prudence avail'd him not a mite,
That time the Court bare him such mortal feud:
As prisoner they kept him in despite,
And sometime will not where to hide his head;
But disaguis'd like John the Reaff he yeed,
Had not been hope bare him such company,
He had been strangled by melancholy.

What cumber & care was in the court of France,
When King Francis was taken prisoner.
The Duke of Burbon amidst his ordinance,
Died at one stroke, right baitful brought to beer:
The Court of Rome that time ran all arier,
When Pope Clement was put in prison strong,
The noble City put to confusion.

In England who had greater governance,
Then their triumphant courtly Cardinal?
The Common-weal, some sayes, he did advance,
By equal Justice, both to great and smal:
There was no Prelat unto him peregal:
English-men sayes, had he reign'd longer space,
He had depoled saint Peter of his place.

His princely pomp, nor papal gravity,
His Palace royal, rich and radious;
Nor yet the flood of superfluity
Of his riches, nor travel tedious,
When once Dame Curia held him odious,
Avail'd him not his prudents most profound;
The ladder brake, and he fell on the ground.

Where been the doughty Earls of Dowglas,
Which royally into this region rang,
Forfault and slain? what needeth more procels?
The earl of March was marshalled them among.
Dame Curia them dolefully down throng.
And now of late who clamb more hie among us,
Then did Archbald, sometime the earl of Angus?

Who with the Prince was more familiar,
Nor of his Grace had more authority?
Was he not great warden and Chancellor?
Yet when he stood upon his highest gree,
Trusting nothing but perpetuity,
Was suddenly depoled from his place,

Forfault

For fault and fleemed, he got no other grace,
Wherefore truſt not into authority,
My dear brethren, I pray you heartfully;
Preſume not in your vain proſperity:
Confirm your truſt in God all utterly,
Then ſerve your prince with heart entire truly:
And when ye ſee the Court is at the beſt,
I counſel you then draw you to your reſt.

Where is the high triumphant court of Troy?
Or Alexander, with his twelve prudent peers?
Or Julius, that right redoubted Roy?
Agamemnon, moſt worthy in his wears?
To ſhow their fine my frayed heart affears:
Some murthered were, ſome poyſoned pitifully,
Their careful courts diſperſed dolefully.

Truſt well there is no conſtant court but one,
Where Chriſt is King, whoſe time interminable,
And high triumphant glore ſhal never be gone:
That quyet court mirthful and immutable,
Without variance ſtands ay firm and ſtable:
Diſſimulance, flattery, and falſe report,
Into that court ſhal never get reſort.

Truſt well, my friends, this is no fained fare,
For who that is in the extream of dead,
The verity doubtleſs they ſhould declare,
Without regard to favor, or to fead.
While ye have time, dear brethren make remead:
Adew for ever, of me ye got no more,
Beſeeching God, to bring you to his glore.

Adew, Edinburgh, thou high triumphant town,
In whoſe bounds right merrily I have been:
Of true trades-men the root of this region,
Moſt ready to receive Court, King and Queen:
Thy policy and juſtice may be ſeen.
Mere devotion, wiſdom and honeſtie.
And credence loſt, it may be found in thee.

Adew, fair Snadown, with thy towers hie,
The Chappel-royal park, and table round,
May, June and July would I dwel in thee.
Were I a man might hear the birds ſound,
Which doth againſt thy royal rock reſound.

Adew,

Adew, Lithgow, whose palace of pleasance,
Might be a pattern in Portugal of France.

Farewel, Falkland, the fortress sure of Fife,
Thy polite park under the Lommond law:
Sometime in thee I led a lusty life:
Thy fallow deer to see them rake and raw,
Court-men to come to thee they stand great aw,
Saying thy Burgh been of all borrows hail,
Because in thee they never got good ale.

The communing between the Papingo, and her holy Executors.

THe Py perceiv'd the Papingo in pain,
He lighted down, and fained him to greet:
Sister, said he, alace, who hath you slain?
I pray you, make provision for your spite:
Dispone your goods, and you confess compleat:
I have power, by your contrition,
Of all your mis's to give you full remission.

I am, said she a Channon regular,
And of my brethren Prior principal:
My white rocket, my clean life doth declare,
The black is of the death memorial:
Wherefore I think all your goods natural,
Should be submitted whole unto my cure,
Ye know I am an holy creature.

The raven came rouping when he heard ỳ rair.
So did the gled with many a pitsous pew,
And fainedly they counterfeit great care,
Sister, said they, your reckelsnels we rew:
Now best it is our counsel you ensue,
Since pretend to this promotion.
Religious men of great devotion.

I am black Monk, said the ratling raven:
So said the gled, I am an holy Frier,
And have power to bring you quick to heaven:
It is well known my conscience been clear,
The black Bible pronounce I shal perqueer,
So to our brethren you will give some goad:
God wot, if ye had need of elves food.

The Papingo said, Father, by the rood,
Albeit your rayment, of religious like.

Your

Your conscience, I suspect, it be not good:
I did perceive when privily ye did pike
A chicken from an hen under a dike:
I grant, said he, that hen she was my friend,
And I that chicken took but for my teind.

You know, the faith by us must be sustain'd,
So by the Pope it is prordinat,
That spiritual men should live upon their teind:
But well I wot you been predestinat,
In your extreams to be so fortunat,
To have such holy consolation:
wherefore we make you exhortation.

Since dame Nature hath granted you such
Leasure to make confession general, (grace,
Show forth your sin in time while you have space,
Then of your goods make a memorial.
We three shall make your feast funeral,
And with great bills bury we shal your bones,
Then trentals twenty trattle all at once.

The rukes shal rear, that men shal on them rew,
And cry, Commemoratio animarum:
We shal make chickens peep, and gallings pew,
Although the geese and hens should make alarum:
And we shal serve secundum usum sarum,
And make you safe, we find saint Blaise to burgh,
Crying to you the careful cornogh.

And we shal sing about your sepulture,
Saint Mungo's matius, and the meekle Creed
And then devoutly say, I you assure,
The old Placebo backward on the beed:
And we that wear for you the mourning weed.
And though your sprite with Pluto were possest,
Devoutly shal your dirigie be drest.

Father, said he, your facond words fair,
Full sore I dread the contrare to your deeds:
The wives of the villages cryes with care,
when they perceive ye mow overthwart their meds.
Your falle conceit both duc and drake sore dreads:
I marvel soothly, that ye be not ashamed
For your default, being so sore defamed.

I do abhor my poor perturbed sprite,
To make to you any confession:

I hear men say, you are an hypocrit,
Exempted from the Senyie of the Session.
To put my goods in your possession,
That will I not, so help me dame Nature,
Nor of my corps I will give you no cure.

But if I had the noble Nightingal,
The gentle jay, the merl, and, turtle true,
Mine obsequies and feats funeral,
Diser they would with notes all of the new,
The pleasant pown most angel-like of hew:
Would God I were with him this day confest,
And my devise duely by him adrest.

The mirthful mavise with the gay goldspink,
And lusty lark, would God they were present,
Mine infortune forsooth they would fore-think,
And comfort me that been so impotent.
The swift swallow in practick most prudent,
I know she would my bleeding stanch believe,
With her most vertuous stone restringitive.

Count me the case under confession,
The gled said proudly to the Papingo:
And we shal swear by our profession,
Counsel to keep, and show it no mo.
We thee beseech, ere thou depart us fro,
Declare to us some causes reasonable,
Why we are holden so abominable?

By thy travel thou hast experience,
First being bred into the Orient:
Then by thy good service and diligence,
To Princes made here in the Occident:
Thou knowst the vulgar peoples judgement,
Were thou transcurred the hot Meridonal,
Then next the Pole the plage Septentrional.

So by thine high ingine superlative,
Of all countries thou knowst the qualities:
Wherefore I thee conjure by God alive,
The verity declare withoutten lies,
What thou hast heard by lands or by seas,
Of us church-men, both good and evil report,
And how they judge, show us, we thee exhort.

Father, said she, I native creature.

Dare

Dare not presume with such matter to mell:
Of your cases, ye know, I have no cure:
Demand them which with prudence do excel:
I may not pew, my pains have been so fell:
Also perchance ye will not stand content,
To know the vulgar people their judgement.

Yet will Death a little withdraw his dart,
All that lyeth in my memorial,
I shal declare with true unfained heart.
And first, I say to you in general,
The common people sayeth, ye be all
Degenerat from your holy primitives,
As testifies the process of your lives.

Of your peerless prudent predecessors,
The beginning, I grant, was very good:
Apostles, Martyrs, Virgins and Confessors,
The sound of their excellent sanctitude,
was heard over all the world, by land and flood
Planting the faith by predication,
As Christ had made to them narration.

To fortifie the faith they took no fear
Before princes, preaching right prudently:
Of doloious death they doubted not dear,
The verity declaring fervently,
And martyrdom they suffered patiently:
They took no cure of lands, riches, nor rent:
Doctrine and death were both equivalent.

To show their works at length were great wonder,
whose miracles they were so manifest,
In name of Christ they healed many hunder,
Raising the dead, and purging the possest
with pervese spirits which had been oppress:
The crooked ran, the blind men got their een.
The deaf man heard, and lepers were made clean.

The Prelats spoused were with poverty,
Into those days when they flowrisht with fame:
And with her gemred Lady Chastity,
And Dame Devotion notable of name:
Humble they were, simple, and full of shame.
Thus Chastity, and Dame Devotion,
were principal cause of their promotion.

Thus they continued in this life divine,

Ay till there reigned in Romes great city:
A potent Prince, was named Constantin,
Perceived the Church had spoused poverty,
with good intent, and moved with pity,
Cause of divorce he put between them two,
And parted them withoutten words mo.

Then shortly with a great solemnity,
withoutten any dispensation,
The Church he spoused with Dame Property,
which hastily by proclamation,
To poverty caus'd make narration.
Under the pain of piercing of her een,
That with the church she never should be seen.

Saint Sylvester ỳ time reign'd Pope in Rome,
which first consented to the marriage
Of Property, of which began the bloom,
Taking the cure on her with hie courage:
Devotion drew her to an Hermitage,
When she considered Lady Property
So high exalted into dignity.

O Sylvester! where was thy discretion,
which Peter did renounce, thou didst receive:
Andrew and John they did leave their possession,
Their ships and nets, their lines, and all the lave:
Of temporal substance nothing would they have,
Contrarious to their contemplation,

But soberly their sustentation.
John the Baptist went to the wildernels,
Lazarus, Martha, and Marie Magdalen,
Left heritage and goods, both more and lels:
prudent saint paul though property prophane,
From town to town he ran, in wind and rain
Upon his feet, teaching the word of Grace,
And never was subjected to riches.

The gled then said: I hear nothing but good
proceed shortly, and thy matter advance.
The papingo said: Father, by the rood,
It were too long to hear the circumstance,
How property with her new alliance,
Grew great with child, as true men to me told,
And bare two daughters goodly to behold.

The

The eldest daughter named was Riches,
The second sister Sensuality,
which did increase within a short process,
per-pleasant to the Spirituality,
In great substance and excellent beauty,
These Ladies two grew so within few years,
That in the world were none might be their peers.

Thus royal Riches and Lady Sensual,
From that time forth they took whole governance
Of the most part of the spiritual:
And they again with humble observance,
Amorously their wits they did advance,
As true lovers their Lady for to please:
God wot if then their hearts were right at ease.

Some they forgot to study, pray and preach,
They grew so subject to dame Sensual;
And thought but pain poor people for to teach:
Yet they decreed it into their counsal,
They would no more to marriage be thral,
Trusting surely to observe Chastity.
And all beguil'd, said Sensuality.

Apparantly they did expel their wives,
That they might live at large without thirlage,
At liberty to lead their lusty lives,
Thinking men thral that been in marriage:
For new faces provoke do new courage.
Thus chastity they turn into delight,
wanting of wives been cause of appetit.

Dame Chastity did steal away for shame,
when once she did perceive their purveyance:
Dame Sensual a letter did proclaime,
And her exiled Italy and France.
In England could she get no ordinance,
Then to the King, and to the Court of Scotland
She turned her withoutten more demand.

Trusting into that Court to get comfort,
She made her humble supplication:
Shortly they said, she should get no support,
But threatned her with blasphemation:
To priests go make your protestation:
It is, said they, many a hundred year,
Since Chastity had any enterance here.

Cryed for travel, she to the priests past,
And to the rulers of Religion:
Of her presence shortly they were agast,
Saying: They thought it but abusion
Her to receive: to with conclusion,
with one advice decreed and gave doom,
They would receit no rebel out of Rome.

Should we receive that Romans have refused,
And banisht England, Italie and France,
For your flattry, then were we well abused?
pass hence, said they, & fast your wayes advance,
Among the Nuns go seek your ordinance:
For we have made oath of fidelity
To dame Riches and Sensuality.

Then patiently she made progression
Towards the Nuns with heart sighing full sore:
They gave her presence with procession,
Receiving her with honor, laud and glore,
purposing to preserve her evermore:
Of that novels came to Dame property,
To Riches, and to Sensuality.

Which sped them at the post right speedily,
And set a siege proudly about that place:
The silly Nuns did yield them hastily,
And humbly of that guilt they asked grace,
Then gave their hands of perpetual peace:
Receiving them, they cast up doors wide,
Then Chastity there no longer might bide.

So for refuge fast to the Friers she fled,
who said, they would of Ladies take no cure.
where is she now? then said the greedy sled,
Not among you, said she, I you assure:
I trust she be upon the borrow-moor,
By south Edinburgh, and that right many means
profest among the sisters of the Seans.

There hath she found her mother poverty,
And devotion her own sister carnal:
There hath she found faith, hope and charity,
Together with the vertuous Cardinal.
There hath she found a convent yet unthral
To Dame Sensual, nor yet with riches abused;
So quietly these Ladies are inclosed.

The

The pyat ſaid: I dread that they aſſailed,
They render them, as did the holy Nuns.
Doubt not, ſaid he, for they are ſo artailed,
They purpoſe to defend them with their guns:
Ready to ſhoot, they have ſix great canons,
Perſeverance, conſtance and conſcience,
Auſterity, labor and abſtinence.

To reſiſt ſubtil Senſuality,
Strongly they are enarmed feet and hand
By abſtinence, and keeped poverty,
Contrare riches, and all her falſe ſervands.
They have a Bombard braſed up in bands,
To keep their port, in the midſt of their cloſs,
Which is called, Domine, cuſtodi nos.

Within whoſe ſhot there dare no enemies
Approach their place, for dread of dints dour:
Both night and day they work as buſie bees,
For their defence, ready to ſtand in ſtour:
And have ſuch watches on their utter tour,
That dame Senſual with ſiege dare not aſſaily,
Nor come within a ſhot of their artailly.

The pyat ſaid: Wherefto ſhould they preſume,
For to reſiſt ſweet Senſuality,
Or dame Riches which rulers are at Rome?
Are they more conſtant in their quality,
Then the princes of ſpirituality,
Which pleaſantly withoutten obſtacle,
Have them received in their habitacle?

How long truſt ye, theſe Ladies ſhal remain
So ſolitare in ſuch perfection?
The papingo ſaid: Brother, in certain,
So long as they obey correction,
Chooſing their heads by election,
Unethral to riches and to poverty,
But as requireth their neceſsity.

O prudent prelats, where was your preſcience,
That took in hand to obſerve chaſtity
But auſtere life, labor and abſtinence?
Perceive ye not the great proſperity,
Apparently to come of property?
Ye know great chear, great eaſe and idleneſs

To lecherie was mother and mistres.

Thou rav'st unrock'd, ꝑ raven said, by the rood,
So to reprove riches and property:
Abraham and Isaac were rich, and very good:
Jacob and Joseph had prosperity.
The papingo said: that is of verity:
Riches, I grant, is not to be refused,
Providing als that they be not abused.

Then layd the raven a replication,
And said: Thy reason is not worth a mite,
As I shal prove with protestation:
That no man take my word into despite:
I say, the temporal princes have the wite,
That in the Church such pastors do provide,
To govern souls, themselves that cannot guide.

Long time after the Church took property,
The prelats liv'd in great perfection,
Unthral to riches or sensuality,
Under the holy spirites protection,
Direrly chosen by election,
As Gregorie, Jerome, Ambrose and Augustine,
Benedict, Bernard, Clement, Clete, and Line.

Such patient prelats entred by the port,
Pleasing the people by predication:
Now dyk-lowpers do in the Church resort,
By symonie and supplication
Of princes, by their presentation:
So silly souls that are the Lords sheep,
Are given to hungry ravenous wolves to keep.

No marvel is though we religious men,
Degenered be, and in our life confused,
But sing and drink, none other craft we ken,
Our spiritual Fathers have us so abused:
Against our will these traytors been intrused.
Laick men have now religious men in cures,
Profest virgins in keeping of strong whores.

Princes, princes, where is your high prudence,
In disposition of your benefices?
The guardoning of your Courticiens,
Is some cause of these great enormities:
There is a sort waiting like hungry flies,

For

For spiritual cure, though they be nothing able,
Whose greedy thirst been ay insatiable:

Princes, I pray you be no more abused,
To vertuous men having so smal regard:
Why should vertue through flatterie be refused,
That man of cunning can get no reward:
Alace, that ever a bragger or a baird,
A whore-master, or common bazarture,
Should in the Church get any kind of cure.

Were I a man worthy to wear a crown,
Ay when there waked any benefices:
I should cause call a Congregation,
The principal of all the prelacies,
Most cunning clerks of Universities,
Most Famous Fathers of Religion,
With their advice make disposition.

I should dispone all offices pastoral,
To doctors of divinity or lure:
And cause dame Vertue pull up all her sails,
When cunning men had in the church most cure.
Cause Lords send their sons, I you assure,
To seek science, and famous schools frequent,
Then them promove that were most sapient.

Great pleasure 'twere to hear a Bishop preach,
A dean a Doctor of Divinity,
An Abbot which could well the convent teach,
A parson flowing in Philosophie.
I time my time to wish which will not be.
Were not the preaching of the begging friers,
Lost were the faith amongst the seculiers.

As for their preaching, said, the papingo,
I them excuse, for why, they been so thral
To Property, and her digne daughters two,
Dame Riches, and fair Lady Sensual:
They may not use no pastime spiritual:
And in their habits take such great delite,
They have refused russet and rapluch white.

Taking to them scarlet and cramosie,
With menever, mertrick, greece and rich armine:
Their low hearts exalted are so hie,
To see their papal pomp it is a pine.

More rich array is now with fringies fine,
Upon the bairding of the Bishops mool,
Then ever had Peter or Paul against yool.

Their fair Ladies their chains may not escape:
Dame Sensual such seed in them hath sown:
Less skaith it were with licence of the Pope,
That each Prelat a wife had of his own,
Then see their bastards throghout the country blown:
For now be they well commed from the schools,
They fall to work as they were common bulls.

Dew, said the gled, thou preachest all in vain,
Ye secular folks have of your case no cures.
I grant, said she, yet men will speak again,
How ye have made an hundred thousand hoors,
Which had not been, were not your lecherous lures:
And if I lie, heartily I me repent:
Was never a bird, I know more penitent.

Then she her shrave with devout countenance,
To that false gled, which fained him a frier:
And when she had fulfilled her pennance,
Full subtily at her he can enquire:
Choose you, said he, which of us brethren here,
Shal have of your natural goods the cures:
You know none been more holy creatures.

I am content, said the poor papingo,
That you frier gled, & cozby monk your brother,
Have cure of all my goods, and eke no mo,
Since at this time friendship I find no other.
We shal be to you true, as to our brother,
Said they, and swore to fulfil her intent.
Of that, said she, I take an instrument.

The pyat said: What shal mine office be?
Over-man, said she, unto the other two.
The rouping raven said: Sweet sister, let see
Your whole intent, for it is time to go.
The greedy gled said: Brother, do not so:
We will remain, and here hold up her head,
And never depart from her till she be dead.

The papingo thanked them tenderly,
And said, since ye have tane on you the cure,
Then part my natural goods equally,

That

That ever I had or have of dame nature.
First to the Howlat indigent and poor,
Which on the day for shame dare not be seen,
To her I leave my gay galbert of green.

My bright depured eyes as crystal clear,
Unto the Back ye shal them both present,
In Phebus presence which dare not appear,
Of natural light he is so impotent.
My birnight back I leave with good intent
Unto the gentle piteous pelican,
To help to pierce her tender heart in twain.

I leave the gouk which hath no song but one,
My mystick with my voice angelical;
And to the goose give ye when I am gone,
Mine eloquence and tongue rhetorical:
And take and dry my bones great and small,
Then close them in a case of Ebur fine,
And then present unto the Phenix syne.

To burn with her when she her life renews:
In Arabie ye shal her find but weer,
And shal her know by her most heavenly hews,
Gold, Azure, gowls, purple and syneper:
Her date is for to live five hundred year,
Make to that bird my commendation,
Also I make you supplication.

Since of my corps I have given you the cure,
Ye speed you to the Court but tarrying,
And take mine heart of perfect portrature,
And it present unto the loveraign king;
I know ye will it close into a ring.
Commend me to his Grace, I you exhort,
And of my passion make him true report.

Ye three my tripes shal have for your travel,
With liver & lung to part equal among you,
Praying Pluto the potent prince of hell,
If ye fartyie, that in his net he fang you:
Be to me true, though I nothing belong you,
Sore I suspect your conscience been too large.
Doubt not, said they, We take it with the charge.

Adew brethren, said the poor papingo,
To talk no more, I have no time to tarry:

But

But ſince my ſpit muſt from my body go,
I recommend it to the queen of Farie.
Eternally into her court to tarrie,
In wildernes among the holts hore.
Then ſhe inclin'd her head, and ſpake no more.

Plunged into her mortal paſſion,
Full grievouſlie ſhe gripped to the ground:
It were too long to make narration,
with ſighs full ſore, with many a ſting & ſtound,
Out of the wound the blood did ſo abound,
A compaſs round was with her blood made red:
without remead there is nothing but dead.

And by ſhe had in Manus tuas ſaid,
Extinct was her natural ſenſes five:
Her head full ſoftly on her ſhoulders laid,
Then yield the ſpit with pains pungitive.
The raven began rudely to rug and rive,
Full ravenous like, his empty throat to feed,
Eat ſoftly brother (ſaid the greedy gled.)

While ſhe is hot, let part her even among us,
Take thou an half, and reach to me the other:
Into our right, I wot no wight dare wrong us.
The Pyat ſaid the fiend receive the other,
Why make ye me ſtep-bairn, and I your brother.
You do me wrong (ſir Gled) I ſhew your heart
Take here, ſaid he, the puddings for thy part.

Then wot ye well mine heart was wonder ſair
For to behold that dolent departing:
Her Angel feathers flaying in the air,
Except the heart was left of her nothing:
The Pyat ſaid, that pertains to the king,
Which to his Grace I purpoſe to preſent.
Thou (ſaid the Gled) ſhalt fail of thine intent.

The Raven ſaid, God not I rax in a rope,
If thou get this to either king or duke:
The pyat ſaid, plain I not to the pope,
Then in a ſmiddie I be ſmoid with ſmook.
With that the gled the piece caught in his clook,
And fled his way, the red with all their might
To chaſe the gled, flew all out of my ſight.

Now have ye heard the little tragedie.

The

The sore complaint, the testament and mischance
Of this poor bird which did ascend so hie:
Beseeching you excuse mine ignorance,
And rude endite, which is not to advance.
And to the Quier I give commandement,
Make no repair where Poets been present.

Because thou been of rhetorick so denude,
Be never seen near hand none other book:
with king nor queen, with lord, nor men of good.
With coat unclean, claim kindred to some cook:
Steal in ā nook, when they list on thee look.
For smel of smook men will abhor to hear thee,
Here I forswear thee, wherfor to lurk go lear thee.

The Dream of Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, Knight, familiar servitor to our Soveraign Lord, King James the fifth.

The Epistle to the Kings Grace.

RIght potent Prince, of hie imperial blood,
Unto thy Grace I trust it be well known,
My service done unto thy Celsitude,
Which needeth not at lenghth for to be shown:
And though my youth-hood near be overblown,
Exerc'd in service of your Excellence:
Hope hath me height a goodly recompence.

When thou wast young I bare thee in my arm
Full tenderly till thou began to gang:
And in thy bed oft happed thee full warm,
With Lute in hand then sweetly to thee sang.
Sometime in dancing fiercefully I flang,
And sometimes playing fairles on the flure,
And sometime of mine office taking cure.

And sometime like a feind transfigurat,
And sometime like a greesly ghost of gay,
In diverse forms oft-times disfigurat,
And sometime disguised full pleasantly.
So since thy birth, I have continually
Been exercis'd and ay to thy pleasure:
And sometimes steward, capper, and carvour.

Thy

Thy purse-master and secret thesaurer,
Thine ushers ay since thy nativity:
And in thy Chamber chief cubicular,
Which to this hour hath keeped my salvtie.
Loving be to the blessed Trinity,
That such a wretched worm hath made so able,
To such a Prince to be so agreeable.

But now thou art by natural influence,
High of ingine, and right inquisitive.
Of antique stories and deeds martial:
More pleasantly the time for to observe,
I have at length the stories to discrive,
Of Hector, Arthur, and gentle Julius,
Of Alexander and worthy Pompeius.

Of Jason and Medea all at length,
Of Hercules the acts honorable,
And of Samsons supernatural strength.
And of the leel Lovers the stories amiable.
And oftimes have I fained many a fable
Of Troylus the sorrow and the joy,
And sieges all of Eyr, Thebes and Troy.

The prophecies of Rymer, Bede and Merlin,
And many other pleasant history,
Of the red Etin, and Gyre Carlin:
Comforting thee when that I saw thee sory:
Now with support of the King of glory,
I shal thee show a story of the new.
The which before I never to thee shew.

But humbly I beseech thine Excellence,
With ornat terms though I cannot express
This simple matter for lack of eloquence:
Yet notwithstanding all my business,
With heart and hand my mind I will address,
As best I can and most compendious.
Now I begin, the matter hapned thus.

The Prologue.

INto the Kalends of January,
When fresh Phebus by moving circular,
From Capricorn was entred in Aquarie,
With blasts that had the branches made ful bare:
The snow and sleet perturbed all the air,

And

And fleemed Flora from every bank and buss,
Through the support of auctore Eolus.

After that I the longsome winter night
Had lyen waking in my bed alone:
through heavy thought, that no way sleep I might,
Remembring of divers things by-gone.
So up I rose and cloathed me anone:
By this fair Titan with his beams light,
Over the world had spread his banner bright.

With cloke and hood I dressed me believe,
With double shoes and mittans on mine hands:
Albeit the air was right penetrative,
Yet sure I forth, lanching ov'rthrough the lands
Toward the sea, to sport me on the sands;
Because unbloomed was both bank and bray:
And so as I was passing by the way,

I met Dame Flora in dole-weed disagnised,
Which into May was dulce and delectable,
with sturdy storms her sweetness was surprised:
Her heavenly hews were turned into sable,
which sometime were to lovers amiable:
Fled from the frost the tender flowrs I saw,
Under dame Natures mantle lurking law.

The smal fowls in flocks saw I flee.
To Nature making lamentation:
They lighted down beside me on a tree:
Of their complaint I had compassion,
And with a piteous lamentation,
They said, Blessed be summer with they flowrs,
And wearied be thou winter with thy showrs.

Alace, Aurora, the silly lark can cry,
where hast thou left thy balmy liquor sweet
That us rejoyced, we mounting in the sky?
Thy silver drops are turned into sleet.
O fary Phebus, where is thy wholsome heat?
Why sufferest thou thy heavenly pleasant face
with misty vapors be obscur'd? alace.

Where art thou May & June thy sister sheen,
well bordered with desires of delight?
And gentle July with thy mantle green,
Enbalmed with roses both red and white?

Now

Now old and cold January in despite,
Reaves from us all pastime and pleasure:
Alace, what gentle heart may this endure?

Overstyled with the clouds odious,
Was the golden skyes of the Orient:
Changing in sorrow songs melodious,
which we had wont to sing with good intent,
Resounding to the heavens firmament:
But now our day is changed into night.
with that they rose, and flew out of my sight.

Pensive in heart, passing full soberly,
Unto the sea forward I past anone:
The sea was out, the sand was smooth and dry,
Then up and down I mused mine alone,
Till that I spy'd a little cave of stone,
High in a craig, upward I did approach,
without staying, and clamb up to the roach.

And purposed for passing of the time,
Me to defend from otiosity,
With pen and paper to register in time,
So merry matter of antiquity:
And idleness, ground of iniquity,
She made so dull my spirits me within,
That I knew not at what end to begin.

But sate still in that cave, where I might see
The waltering of the waves up and down:
And this false worlds instability,
Unto the sea making comparison,
And of this wretched worlds variation:
To them that fixes all their whole intent,
Considering who most had, should most repent.

So with my hood I happed me full warm,
And in my cloke I folded both my feet:
I thought my corpse with cold should take no harm:
My mittans held my hands full well in heat:
The scouling rock me covered from the sleet,
There still did I sit my bones for to rest,
Till Morpheus with sleep my spirit oppress.

So through the boysterous blasts of Eolus,
And through my waking on the night before:
And through the seas moving marvellous,

By

By Neptunus, with many a rout and roar.
Constrain'd I was to sleep without ten more,
And what I dreamed in conclusion,
I shal you tell a most marvellous vision.

The Dream of Sir *David Lindsay*.

I Thought a Lady of portrature perfyte,
Did salute me with benign countenance:
And I which of her presence had delite,
To her again made humble reverence,
And her demanded, saving her pleasure,
what was her name? she answer'd courteously,
Dame Remembrance, said she, called am I.

Which come now is for pastime and pleasure.
Of thee, and for to bear thee company;
Because I see thy spirite without measure,
So sore perturbed by melancholy:
Causing thy corps to wax both cold and dry,
Therefore get up and go anone with me.
So were we both in twinkling of an eye

Down through the earth in midst of the center,
Ere ever I wist, into the lowest hell:
And in that careful cave when we did enter,
Pouting and Pouling we heard with many a yell,
In flame of fire right furious and fell,
Was crying many careful creature,
Blaspheming God, and warying nature.

There saw we diverse Popes and Emperors,
Without recover many careful King.
There saw we many wrongous conquerors,
Without ten right readers of other reigns:
The men of kirk lay bonden into kings.
There saw we many careful Cardinal,
And Archbishops in their pontifical.

Proud and perverse Prelats out of number,
Priors, Abbots, and false flattering Friers:
To specifie them all, it were a cumber:
Regular Chanons, churle monks and charterers,
Cursous clarks, and Priests seculars.
There was some part of each religon,
In holy kirk which did abusion.

Then I demanded Dame Remembrance,

the

The cause of these prelats punition?
She said the cause of their unhappy chance,
Was covetous lust and ambition,
The which now makes them lack fruition
Of God, and here eternally must dwel,
Into this painful poysoned pit of hell.

And they did not instruct the ignorant,
Provoking them to penitence by preaching;
But served worldly Princes insolent,
And were promoved by their fained fleitching,
Not for their science, wisdom, nor their teaching.
By simonie was their promotion,
More for deniers, then for devotion.

Another cause of the punition
Of these unhappy prelats imprudent,
They made not equal distribution
Of holy kirk Patrimony, nor rent;
But temporally they have it all mispent,
Which should have been triparted into three:
First, to uphold the kirk in honesty.

The second part, to sustain their estates.
The third part to be given to the poors;
But they dispone these goods all other gates,
On carts and dice, on harlotry and whoors.
Those catives took no cure of their cures,
Their Church ruine, their Ladies cleanly cled,
And richly ruled both in boord and bed.

Their bastard bairns proudly they provided,
The Kirk-goods largely they did on them spend:
In their default their subdites were misguided,
And counted not their God for to offend,
Which caus'd them lack grace at the latter end.
Ruling that rout, I saw in cups of brass,
Simon Magus, and Bishop Caiaphas.

Bishop Annas, and the traytor Judas,
Mahomet that prophet poysonable:
Core, Dathan and Abiram there was.
Hereticks we saw innumerable,
It was a sight right wondrous lamentable.
How that they lay into these flames fleeting,
With careful cryes, sore groaning and weeping.

Religious men were punisht painfully,

For

For vain glory and disobedience,
Breaking their constitutions wilfully:
Not having their over-men in reverence,
To know their rule they took no diligence:
Unlawfully they used Property.
Passing the bounds of wilful Poverty.

Full sore weeping, with voices lamentable,
They cryed loud: O Emperor Constantine,
We may wite thy possession poysonable,
Of all our great punition and pain:
Albeit your purpose was to a good fine,
Thou banisht from us true devotion,
Having such eye to our promotion.

There we beheld a den full dolorous,
Where that princes and Lords temporal
Were cruciat with pains rigorous.
But to expream their pains in special,
It doth exceed all my memorial:
Importable pain they had but comforting:
Their blood royal made them no supporting.

Some native king for cruel oppression,
And other some for their wrongous conquest,
were condemned they and their succession.
Some for publick adultery and incest.
Some suffered people never to live in rest,
Delyted so in pleasure sensual,
Wherefore their pain was there perpetual.

There was the cursed Emperor Nero,
Of every vice the horrible vessel.
There was Pharaoh, with many princes mo,
Oppressors of the children of Israel.
Herod, with many mo then I can tell,
Ponce pilate was there hanged by the halse,
With unjust Judges, for their sentence false.

Dukes, Marquesses, Earls, Barons & Knights,
With their princes was punisht painfully,
participant they were of their unrights.
Forward we went, and let these Lords ly,
And saw where Ladies lamentably,
Like mad Lions were carefully crying
In flame of fire right furiously frying.

Empresses, Queens, and Ladies of honor,

Many

Many Dutchels, and Countels full of care,
They pierd mine heart these tender creatures,
So pined in that pit full of despair.
plunged in pain with many ruthful rare,
Some for their pride, some for adultery,
And for their tying of men to lechery.

Some had been cruel and malicious,
Some for making of wrongous heritors.
For to rehearse their lives vicious,
It were a great stay to the auditors.
Of lechery they were the very lures,
With their provocative impudicity,
Brought many a man to infelicity.

Some women for their pusillanimity,
Dare set with shame they did them never shrive,
Of secret sins done into quiety,
And some repented never in their life.
Withoutten ruth those ruffians did them rive
Rigorously without any compassion,
Great was their dool and lamentation.

That we were made, they cry'd full oft, alace!
Thus tormented with pains intollerable,
We minded not when we had time and space,
But took in earth our lusts delectable:
Wherefore with fiends ugly and horrible,
We are condemn'd for evermore, alace,
Eternally withoutten hope of grace.

Where is the meat and drink delicious,
With which we fed our careful carions:
Gold, Silver Silk, and pearls precious,
Our riches, rents, and our possessions,
Withoutten hope of our remissions.
Alace, our pains they are insufferable,
And our torments to count innumerable.

Then we beheld where many a thousand
Common people lay flightering in the fire:
Of every state the was a baithful band,
There might be seen many a sorrowful syte,
Some for envy suffered, and some for yre.
And some for lack of restitution,
Of wrongous goods without remission.

Men-

Mensworn merchants for their wrongous winning:
Murderers of gold, and common usurers:
False men of law in cautels right cunning:
Thieves, reavers, and publick oppressers:
Some part there were of unleal laborers,
Craftsmen there saw we out of number:
Of each sort to declare, it was a cumber.

Also long some for me is to indite,
Of this prison the pains in special:
The heat, the cold, the dolor and despite,
Wherefore I speak of them in general.
That doleful den, that furnace infernal,
Whose reward is to rew without remead,
Ever dying, and never to be dead.

Hunger and thirst in stead of meat and drink,
And for their clothing, toads and scorpions:
That dark mansion is tapissed with stink,
They see nothing but horrible visions:
They have but scorns and derision,
Of foul fiends, and blasphemations.
There feeling is importable passions.

For melody, miserable mourning:
There was no solace, but dolor infinite,
In bailful beds bitterly burning,
With sobbing, sighing, sorrow, and with spite:
Their consciences their hearts so did byte:
To hear them flyte, it was a cause of care,
So in despite plunged into despair.

A little above that dolorous dungeon,
We entred into a countrey full of care,
Where that we saw many a legion,
weeping & howling with many a ruthful rair:
what place is that, said I, of bless so bare?
She answered, and said, Purgatory.
Which purgeth souls ere they come to glory.

I see no pleasure here, but meekle pain:
wherefore, said I, leave we this sort in thral,
I purpose never to come hear again.
But yet I do believe, and ever shal,
That the true kirk can no ways erre at all:
Such things to be as clarks do conclude,

Albeit

Albeit my hope stands most in Christis blood.

Above that, in the third prison anone,
We entred in a place of perdition,
where many babes were making drearie mone,
Because they lacked the fruition
Of God, which was the great punition
Of baptism, they lacked the enseynie,
Upward we went, and left that mirthles menyie.

Into a vault above that place of pain,
Unto the which but sojourn we ascended,
That was the Limb, in the which did remain
Our fore-fathers, because Adam offended,
Eating the fruit, the which was so offended,
Many a year they dwelt in that dungeon,
with darkness, and with desolation.

Then through the earth of nature cold and dry,
Glad to escape those places perilous;
We hasted us right wonder speedily,
Yet we beheld the secrets marvelous,
Of mynes of gold and stones precious:
Of silver, and of every fine metal,
Which to declare it were to long to dwel.

Up through the water shortly we intended,
Which environs the earth withoutten doubt:
Then through the air shortly we ascended,
His regions through beholding in and out:
which earth and water closed round about,
Syne shortly upward through the fire we went,
which was the highest and hottest element.

When we had all the elements overpast,
That is to say, earth, water, air and fire:
Upward we went withoutten any red,
To see the heavens was our most desire:
But ere we might win to the heavens empire,
It behoved to us pass the way full even,
Up through the spheres of the planets seven.

First to the Moon, and visite all her sphere,
Queen of the sea, and beauty of the night:
Of nature moist and cold, and nothing clear,
For of her self she hath none other light,
But the reflex of Phebus beams so bright,

The

The twelve signs she passeth round about,
In eight and twenty dayes withoutten doubt.

Then we ascended to Mercurius,
Which Poets call the God of eloquence:
Right doctor-like with terms delicious,
In art expert, and full of sapience.
It was pleasure to paule on his prudence:
Painters and Poets are subiect to his cure,
And hot and dry he is of his nature.

Also as cunning Astrologers sayes,
He doth compleat his course naturally,
In three hundred and eight and thirty dayes,
Then upward we ascended hastily
To fair Venus, where she right lustily
Was set into a seat of silver sheen,
That fair fresh Goddess, that lusty loves queen.

They pierc'd mine heart, her blinks amorous,
Albeit that sometime she is changeable:
With countenance, and chearful colorous,
Sometime right pleasant, glad and delectable:
Sometime constant, and sometime variable,
Yet her beauty resplendet as the fire,
Swages the wrath of Mars that god of ire.

This pleasant planet, if I can right describe,
She is both hot and moist of her nature:
This is the cause she is provocative.
To all them that are subiect to her cure,
To Venus works so that they may endure.
And she compleats her courses natural,
In twelve moneths withoutten any fail.

Then past we to the sphere of Phebus bright,
That lusty lamp, and lantern of the heaven:
And gladder of the stars with his clear light,
And principal of all the planets seven,
And set in midst of them all full even,
As Roy royal rolling into his sphere,
Full pleasantly into his golden chair.

Whose influence and vertue excellent,
Giveth the life to every earthly thing:
Which prince of every planet precellent,
Doth soller flowers, and causeth herbs to spring.

Through

Through the cold earth, and causeth birds to sing:
Also his regular reigning in the heaven,
Is just under the Zodiack full even.

For to descrive his diadem royal,
Bordered about with stones shining full bright:
His golden cart or throne imperial,
The four steeds that draweth it full right,
I leave to Poets, because I have no slight:
But of his nature he is hot and dry,
Compleating in one year his course truly.

Then up to Mars inby we hasted us,
wonder hot, and dryer then the thunder,
His face flaming as fire furious,
His boast and brag more awful then an hunder,
Made all the heaven most like to shake asunder:
who would behold his countenance and fear,
Might call him well the god of men of weer.

with color red, and look malicious,
Right cholerick of his complexion,
Auster angrie, sweer and seditious,
Principal cause of the destruction
Of many good and noble region,
were not venus his ire doth mitigat,
This world of peace would be right desolat.

The God of grief withoutten so journing,
In years two his course he doth compleat.
Then past we up where Jupiter the king,
Sate in his sphere right amiable and sweet,
Complexionat with moistness and with heat.
That pleasant Prince, fair, dulce, and delicat,
Provoked peace, and banished debate.

The old Poets by superstition,
Held Jupiter the Father principal
Of all these Gods, in conclusion,
Of his prerogative in special,
And by his vertues into general,
To old Saturn he maketh resistance,
when in his malice he would work vengeance.

Thus Jupiter withoutten sojourning,
Passeth through all the twelve signs full even,
In years twelve: then without tarrying,

we

gate pas into the highest of the seven,
To Saturnus, which troubleth all the heaven:
With heavy chear, and color pale as lead,
In him we saw but dolor to the dead.

And cold and dry is he of his nature,
Foul like an owl, of evil condition,
Right unpleasant he is of portratour.
His intoxicat dispolition,
Je puts all things in perdition:
Ground of sickness and melancholious,
Perverse and poor, both falle and envyous.

His quality I cannot love but lack,
As for his moving naturally but weer,
About the signs of all the Zodiack,
He doth compleat his course in thirty year:
And so we left him in his frosty sphere:
Upward we did ascend incontinent,
But rest, till we came to the firmament.

The which was fixed full of stars bright,
Of figure round, right pleasant and perfyt:
Whole influence and right excellent light,
And whole number cannot be put in writ,
Yet cunning clarks do naturally indyte
How he doth end his course withouten weer,
In the space of an hundred and thirty year.

Then the ninth sphere and mover principal
Of all the rest, we visit all the heaven,
Whole daily motion is continual,
Both firmament and all the planets seven,
From east to west making them go full even,
Into the space of four and twenty years.
Yet by the mind of the Astronomers.

The seven planets into their proper spheres,
From east to west they move naturally:
Some swift some slow, as to their kind effears,
As I have shown before especially:
Whole motion causeth continually
Right melodious harmony and sound,
And all through moving of these planets round.

Then mounted we with right fervent desier,
Up through the heaven called the crystalline:

And so we entred into the heavens empire,
Which to describe it passeth mine engine,
Where God into his holy throne divine,
Reigns in his glory inestimable,
With Angels clear which are innumerable.

In orders nine these spirits glorious
Are divided the which excellently,
Making loving with sound melodious;
Seeing Sanctus right wonder fervently.
These orders nine They are full pleasantly
Divided into hierarchies three,
And three orders in every hierarchie.

The lowest order are the angels bright,
As messengers to this low Region:
The second orders archangels full of might,
Vertues, potestats, principats of renown.
The sixth is called, Domination:
The seventh Thronus, the eighth high Cherubin:
The ninth and highest called, Seraphin:

And next unto the blessed Trinitie,
In his triumphing throne imperial,
Three into one, and one substance in three,
Whose individible essence eternal,
The rude ingine of mankind is too smal
To comprehend, whose power infinit,
And divine nature, no creature can write.

So mine ingine is not sufficient,
For to treat of his high divinity:
All mortal men are insufficient
To consider these three in unity.
Such subtile matter I must needs let be,
To study on my creed it were full fair,
And let doctors of such matters declare.

Then we beheld the blest humanity
Of Christ sitting upon his seat royal,
At the right hand of the divinity:
With an excellent court celestial,
Whose exercition continual
Was in loving their Prince with reverence,
And on this wise they keeped ordinance.

Next to the throne we saw the queen of queens,
well

Well companied with Ladies of delite:
Sweet was the song of these blessed virgins,
No mortal man their solace may endyte.
The angels bright innumerable infinite,
Every order into their own degree,
Were officers unto the Deity.

Patriarchs and Prophets honorable,
Collateral counsellers in his consistory:
Evangelists, Apostles, venerable,
were Captains unto the King of glory,
Which chistain-like had won the victory,
Of that triumphant court celestial:
Saint Peter was Lieutenant general.

The Martyrs were as noble stalwart knights
Discomfiters of cruel battels thrie.
The flesh, the world, the fiend, & all their mights,
Confessors, doctors in divinity,
As chappel-clarks unto his Deity:
And last we saw infinit multitude,
Making service unto his Celitude.

Which by the high divine permission,
Felicity they had invariable:
And of his God head clear cognition,
And compleat peace they had interminable.
Their glore and honor was inseparable:
That pleasant place repleat of pulchritude,
Unmeasurable it was of magnitude.

There is plenty of all pleasures perfite,
And clear brightness without obscurity,
Without ten dolor, vulcor, and delite:
Without ten rancour, perfect charity:
Without ten hunger, satiability:
O happy are the souls predestinat,
When soul and body shal be glorificat.

These marvellous mirths for to declare
By Arithmetick, they are innumerable;
The portrature of that Palace preclare,
By Geometrie, it is unmeasurable.
By Rhetorick also inpronounceable:
There is no ears may hear, nor eyes may see,
Nor heart may think this their felicity.

Whereto should I presume for to endite,
The which laint Paul, that Doctor sapient,
Cannot express, nor into paper write,
The high excellent work indeficient,
And perfect pleasures ever permanent,
In presence of that mighty King of glore,
Which was and is, and shal be evermore.

At rememberance I humbly did desire,
If I might in that pleasure still remain.
Said she, against reason is thy desire,
wherefore, my friend, thou must return again
Into the world where thou must sustain pain,
And thole the death with cruel pains sore,
Ere thou begin to reign with him in glore,

Then we returned, sore against my will.
Down through the spheres of the heavens clear:
Her commandment behov'd I to fulfil,
with sory heart, wot ye withoutten weer,
I would full fain have stayed there all year.
But she said to me, there is no remead,
Ere thou remainest here first thou must be dead.

Said I, I pray you heartfully, Madame,
Since that we have such contemplation
Of heavenly pleasures; yet ere we pass hame,
Let us have some consideration
Of earth, and of her situation.
She answered and said, That shal be done,
So were we brought into the air full soon:

Where we might see the earth all at on sight,
But like a mote to it appear'd to me,
In the respect of the heavens bright.
I have marvel, said I, how this may be,
The earth it seems of a smal quantity:
The least star fixed in the firmament,
Is more then all the earth, by my judgement.

She said: Son, thou hast shown the verity,
The smallest star fixt in the firmament,
Indeed it is of greater quantity
Then all the earth, after the intent
Of wise and cunning clarks sapient.
What quantity is then the earth? said I,
That shal I show, said she, to thee shortly. After

After the names of the Aſtronomers,
And ſpecially the Author of the ſphere,
And other diverſe great Philoſophers,
The quantity of the earth circular,
Is fifty thouſand leagues withoutten wear,
Seven hundred and fifty and one mo,
Dividing ay one league in miles two:

And every mile in eight ſtades divided,
Each ſtade an hundred pace twenty and five:
A pace five foot, who would them right divide:
A foot four palm, as I can right deſcrive:
A palm four inch. And whoſo would believe
The circuit of the earth, paſs round about,
Muſt be conſidered in this wiſe, no doubt.

Suppone that there were no impediment,
But that the earth but peril were and plain,
Then that the perſon were right diligent,
And went each day ten leagues in certain,
He might paſs round about, and come again
In four years, and fifteen weeks, and days two.
Go read the Author, and thou ſhalt find it ſo.

The Diviſion of the Earth.

Then certainly ſhe took me by the hand,
And ſaid: My ſon, come on thy way with me
And ſo ſhe made me clearly underſtand,
How that the earth divided was in three,
In Africa, Europe and Aſia,
After the mind of the Coſmographours;
That is to ſay, the two worlds deſcripturs.

Firſt, Aſia is contained in the Orient,
And is well more then both the other twain:
Africa, and Europe, in the Occident,
And are divided by the ſea certain.
And that is called, the ſea Mediterran,
Which at the ſtrait of Marock hath entrie,
That is between Spanyie and Barbarie.

Toward the ſouth-weſt lyeth Africa:
On the north-weſt Europe doth ſtand,
And all the eaſt containeth Aſia,
On this wiſe is divided the firm land.
It were meekle for me to take in hand

Theſe regions to declare in ſpecial,
Yet ſhal I ſhow their names in general.

In many diverſe famous regions,
Is divided this part of Aſia,
Well pleniſh: with Cities, Towrs, and Towns,
The great Inde and Meſopotamia,
Pentapolis, Perſia and Syria,
Cappadocia, Seres and Armenie,
Babylon, Chaldea, Parth and Arabie.

Sydon, Judea and Paleſtina,
Upper Scythia, Jure and Galilee,
Hyberia, Bactria and Phileſtina,
Hircania, Campegina and Samaria.
In little Aſia ſtands Galathie,
Pamphilia, Iſauria and Lede,
Rhegia, Arthuſia, Aſſyria and Mede.

Secondly, we conſidered Africa,
With many fruitful famous regions,
As Ethiopie and Tripolitana,
Zeuges, where ſtandeth that triumphant town,
Of noble Carthage, that city of renown,
Garamantes, Napaber and Lybia,
Egypt alſo and Mauritania.

Fez, with Numidie, and Tingitane,
Of Africa theſe are the principal:
Then Europe we conſidered in certain,
Whoſe regions ſhortly rehearſe I ſhal:
Theſe principal I find above them all,
Which are Spainyie, Italie, and France:
Whoſe ſub-regions were meekle to advance.

Nether Scythia, Thrace and Caramanie,
Auſtria, Hiſtria, and Pannonia:
Denmark, Gothland, Grunland, and Almanie;
Pole, Hungarie, Boeme, Norica, Rhetia.
Helvetia, and diverſe ma.
Alſo in four divided is Italie,
Toſcane, Hetruria Naples, and Campanie.

And ſub-divided ſundry other wayes,
As Lumbardie, Venice, and other ma.
Calabre, Romanes, and Genowayes.
In Greece, Epirus, and Dalmatia,

Theſſa-

Thessalia, Africa, and Illyria,
Achaia, Bortica, and Macedone,
Arcadie, Pierie, and Lacedemone,

And France we saw divided into three,
Belgica Celtica, and Aquitane:
And sub-divided in Flanders, Picardie,
Normandie, Galcoign, Burgundie and Britain:
And others diverse Duitcheries in certain,
The which were too long for to declare;
Wherefore of them as now I speak no mare.

In Spanyie lyes Castile and Arragone,
Navar, Galice, Portugal, and Granate:
Then saw we famous Iles many one,
Which in the Ocean sea were situat;
Them to describe my wit were desolat:
Of Cosmographie I am not so expert,
For I did never study in that art.

Yet I shal some of her names declare,
As Madagascar, Gades, and Taproban,
And other diverse Iles both good and fair,
Situat into the sea Mediterran:
As Cyper, Candie, Corsica, and Saban,
Crete, Abydos, Thoes, and Sicilia,
Lesbus, Colie, and mans many others ma.

Who would at length hear the description
Of every Ile, as well as the firm land:
And property of every region,
To study and to read must take in hand,
All the authentick works to understand
Of Plinius, and worthy Ptolomie,
Who were expert into Cosmographie.

There shal they find the names and properties
Of every Ile, and each region:
Then I inquired of earthly paradise,
Of the which Adam lost possession:
Then shew'd she me the situation
Of that precelling place full of delite,
Whose properties were long for to endite.

Of Paradise.

THis Paradise of all pleasures perfite,
Situat I saw into the Orient:

That glorious Earth of every flowr doth fleet,
The lufty lillies, and roses redolent,
Fresh wholesome fruits indeficient.
Both herb and tree there groweth ever green,
Through vertue of the temperat air serene.

The sweet wholsome aromatick odors,
Proceeding from the herbs medicinal:
The heavenly hew of those fragrant flowrs,
It was a sight wonder celestial.
The perfection to show in special,
And joyes of the region divine,
Of mankind it exceedeth the engine.

And eke so high in situation,
Surmounting the mid region of the air:
Where no manner of perturbation
Of weather may ascend so high as there.
For floods flowing from a fountain fair,
As Tygres, Ganges, Euphrates and Nile,
Which in the east transcutreth many a mile.

The Countrey closed is about full right,
With walls high of hot and burning fire,
And straitly keeped by an Angel bright.
Since the parting of Adam our Grandsyr,
Which through his crime incurred Gods yre,
And of that place lost the possession,
Both from himself and his succession.

When this lovesome Lady Remembrance,
All this foresaid, had caus'd me understand,
I prayed her of her benevolence,
To show to me the Countrey of Scotland.
Well son, said she, that shal I take in hand:
So suddenly she brought me in certain
Even just above the broad Ile of Britain.

Which standeth North-west in the ocean sea,
And divided into famous Regions two:
The south part England a full rich countrie,
Scotland the North, with many Iles mo.
By west England, Ireland doth stand also,
Whose properties I will not take in hand
To show at length, but only of Scotland.

Of

Of the Realm of Scotland.

Which after my simple intendement,
And as Remembrance did to me report,
I shal declare the sooth and veriment:
As I best can, and into terms short,
Wherefore effectuously I you exhort,
Albeit my writing be not to advance,
Yet where I fail, excuse mine ignorance,

When that I had over-seen this region,
The which of nature is both good and fair:
I did propone a little question,
Beseeching her the same for to declare.
What is the cause our bounds been so bare
(Said I) or what doth move our misery?
Or wherefore doth proceed our poverty?

For through the support of your high prudence,
Of Scotland I perceive the properties:
Also consider by experience,
Of this Countrie the great commodities:
First, the abundance of fishes in our seas,
And fruitful mountains for our bestial,
And for our corn full many lusty vail.

The rich rivers pleasant and profitable,
The lusty locks with fishes of sundry kinds:
Hunting, hawking, for Nobles convenable,
Forrests full of doe, roe, harts and hinds.
The fresh fountains whose wholesom crystal strands
Refreshing to the flowrishing green medes,
So lack we nothing that to Nature needs.

Of every mettal we have the rich mines,
Both gold, and silver, and stones precious;
Albeit we lack the spices and the wines,
Or other strange fruits delicious,
We have as good, and more needful for us:
Meat, drink, fire, clothes might there be cauld a-
which else is not into the Wappe found. bound.

More fairer men, nor of greater ingine,
Nor of more strength, great deeds for to endure:
Wherefore I pray you, that you would define
The principal cause wherefore we are so poor?

For I marvel greatly, I you assure,
Considering the people and the ground,
That Riches should not in this realm abound.

My son, said she, by my discreation,
I shal make answer as I understand:
I say to thee, under confession,
The fault is not, I dare well take in hand,
Neither into the people, nor the land.
As for the land, it lacks none other thing
But labor, and the peoples governing,

Then wherein lyes our improsperity,
Said I, I pray you heartfully, Madam,
You should declare to me the verity?
Or who shal bear of our barran the blame?
For by my truth, to see I think great shame,
So pleasant people, and so fair a land,
And so few vertuous deeds taken in hand.

Said she, I shal after my smal judgement,
Declare some causes into general:
And into terms short show mine intent,
And then transcend unto more special.
So this is my conclusion final,
Lacking of Justice, Policy and Peace,
Are cause of this unhappiness, alace.

It is difficile riches to encrease,
Where Policy maketh no residence:
And Policy may never have entres,
But where that Justice doth its diligence.
To punish, where there may be found offence.
Justice may not have domination,
But where Peace maketh habitation.

What is the cause, then would I understand,
That we should lack Justice and Policy,
More then doth France, Italy, or England?
Madame said I, show me the verity:
Since we have many laws in this countrey,
Why lack we of laws exercition,
Who would put Justice to execution?

Wherein doth stand our principal remead?
Or who may make amends for this mischief?
Said she I find the fault into the head:

For

For they in whom doth ly our whole relief,
And them foot and ground of all our grief:
For when the heads they were not diligent,
The members muſt of needs be negligent.

So I conclud, the cauſes principal
Of all the troubles of this nation,
Are in the Princes into special;
The which have the gubernation,
And of the people domination:
Whoſe continual exercition
Should be in Juſtice execution.

For when the ſloathful herd doth ſlug ſleep,
Taking no care in keeping of his flock:
Who would go ſearch among ſuch herds sheep,
May able find many poor ſcabbed crock:
And going wild at large without ten lock,
Then Lupus comes, and Laurence in a ling,
And without ruth the ſilly sheep down thring.

But the good herd wakerike and diligent,
Doth ſo that all the flock are ruled right,
To whoſe whiſſel are all obedient:
And if the wolves do come by day or night
them to devore, then they are put to flight,
Hunted and ſlain by their well daunted dogs,
So are they ſure both of ews, lambs and hogs.

So I conclud through the negligence
Of our fatuat heads inſolent,
Is cauſe of all this Realms indigence,
which in Juſtice have not been diligent:
But to good counſel diſobedient,
Having ſmal eye unto the Common-weal,
But to the ſingular profit every deal.

For when theſe wolves by oppreſſion,
The poor people but pity do oppreſs,
Then ſhould the Princes make punction,
And cauſe theſe rebels for to make redreſs,
That riches might by, and policy increaſe:
But right difficil it were to make remead,
when that the fault is ſo into the head.

The Complaint of the Common-wealth of Scotland.

AND thus as we twert walking to and fro,
We saw a boisterous beern come ore the bent
But horse, or foot, as fast as he might go,
Whose rayment was all ragged, torn and rent,
With visage lean, as he had fasted Lent:
And forward fast his way he did advance,
With a right melancholious countenance.

With scrip on hip, and pyke staff in his hand,
As he had purposed to pass from hame:
Said I: Good-man, I would fain understand,
If that you please, to show what were your name:
Said he: My son, of that I think great shame;
But since ye would of my name have a feel,
Forsooth they call me, John the Common-weal.

Sir Common-weal, who hath you so disguised?
Said I, or what makes you so miserable?
I have marvel to see you so surprised,
The which that I have seen so honorable:
To all the world you have been profitable,
And well honored in every Nation:
How happens now your tribulation?

Alace, said he, thou seest how it doth stand
With me, and how I am discherished,
Of all my grace, and must pass from Scotland,
And go before where I was cherished.
Remain I here, I am but perished,
For there are few to me that taketh tent,
Which makes me go thus ragged, riven and rent.

My tender friends are all past to the flight,
For policy is fled again in France:
My sister Justice, almost hath lost her sight,
That she cannot hold rightly the balance,
Plain wrong is Captain of the Ordinance,
The which debarreth Lawty and Reason,
And small remead is found for open treason.

Into the south, alace, I was near slain,
Over all the land I could find no relief:
Almost between the Wers and Lochmabane,
I could

I could not know a leel man by a thief.
To show their reek, theft, murther and mischief,
And vicious works, it would infect the air,
Also too longsome for me to declare.

Into the Highland I could find no remead,
But suddenly I was put to exile;
Those sweer swingers they took of me no heed,
Nor among them let me remain a while.
Also in the out-Iles, and in Argyle,
Unthrift, sweerness, falshood, poverty and strife,
Put policy in danger of her life.

In the Law-land I came to seek refuge,
And purpos'd there to make my residence:
But singular profit caus'd me soon delodge,
And did me great injuries and offence:
And said to me: Soon, harlot, hie thee hence,
And in this Countrey see thou take no cures,
So long as mine authority endures.

And now I may no longer make debate,
For I know not to whom I should me mean:
For I have sought all the spiritual state,
Which took no count for to hear me complean:
Their officers they held me at disdain,
For Simony he rules up all that rout,
And Covetice that churle caus'd bar me out.

Pride hath chased from them humility,
Devotion is fled unto the Friers:
Sensual pleasure hath banisht Chastity:
Lords of Religion they go like seculiers,
Taking more count in telling their deniers,
Then they do of their constitution:
Thus are we blinded by Ambition.

Our Gentle-men are all degenerate:
Liberality and Lawty both are lost,
And Covetice with Lords laureat:
Knightly courage turned to brag and boast:
The civil war misguideth every hoast:
There is nought else, but each man for himself,
That makes me go thus banisht like an Elf.

Therefore, adew, I may no longer tarry:
Farewel, said I, and with S. John to borrow:

But

But wot ye well mine heart was wonder sory,
When Common-weal so souped was in sorrow,
Yet after the night, come the glad morrow.
Wherefore, I pray you show me in certain,
When that you purpose for to come again?

That question it shal soon be decided,
Said he: There shal no Scot have comforting
Of me until I see the Countrey guided
By wisdom of a good and prudent king,
Which shal delight him most above all thing,
To put Justice to execution,
And on strong traytors make punition,

And yet to thee I say another thing,
I see right well that proverb is full true:
Woe to the realm that hath too young a king.
With that he turn'd his back, and said: Adew.
Over Firth, and fell right fast from me he flew:
Whose departing to me was displeasand:
With that remembrance took me by the hand.

And soon I thought she brought me to the roch,
And to the cave where I began to sleep:
With that a ship did speedily approach,
Full pleasantly sailing upon the deep:
And then did slack her sailes, and gan to creep
Toward the land, annent where that I lay:
But wot you well, I got a fellon fray.

All her great cannons she let crack at once,
Down shook the streams from the top-castel:
They spared not the powder nor the stones:
They shot their boats, & down their anchors fell:
Their mariners they did shout and yell,
Then hastily I start out of my dream,
Half in a fray, and speedily past hame.

And lightly dyned with list and appetite:
Thereafter past I to an Oratore:
I took my pen, and there began to write
All the vision that I have shown before.
Sir, of my dream, as now thou gets no more.
But I beseech God for to send thee grace,
To rule thy realm in unity and peace.

The

The Exhortaion to the Kings Grace.

SIr, since that God of his preordinance,
Hath granted thee to have the governance
Of his people, and created thee a king,
Fail not to print in thy remembrance,
That he would not excuse thine ignorance,
If thou be careless in thy governing:
Wherefore advels thee above all other thing,
Of his laws to keep the observance,
If thou think long in Royalty to reign.

Thank him that hath commanded dame Nature
To paint thee of so pleasant portraour:
Her gifts they may be clearly on thee knowen:
To dame Fortune thou needs no Procatour,
For she hath largely shown on thee her cure,
Her gratitude she hath unto thee shown:
And since that thou must reap as thou hast sown,
Have all thy hope on God the Creator,
And ask him grace, that thou mayst be his own.

And then consider thy vocation,
That for to have the gubernation
Of this Kingdom thou are predestinat.
Thou mayst well know by true narration,
What sorrow and what tribulation
Hath been in this poor Realm infortunate:
Notwithstanding them that hath been delotat,
And of thy people have compassion,
Since thou by God art so preordinat.

Take manly courage, and leave insolence,
And use counsel of noble Dame Prudence:
Ground thee firmly on Faith and Fortitude:
Draw to the Court Justice and Temperance,
And to thy Common wealth have attendance.
And also I beseech thy Celsitude,
Hate vicious men, and love them that are good:
And each flatterer thou fleem from thy presence,
And false report out of thy Court exclud.

Do equal Justice both to great and smal,
And be example to the people all,
Exercising vertuous deeds honorable.

Be not a wretch, for ought that may befal:
To that unhappy vice, if thou be thral,
To all men thou shalt be abominable.
Kings nor Knights are never convenable
To rule the people, be they not liberal.
Was never yet no wretch too honorable.

And take example of the wretched ending,
Which made Midas of Thrace, the mighty King,
That to his Gods made invocation,
Through greedines, that all substantial thing,
That ever he toucht, should turn but tarrying
Into fine gold: he got his supplication:
All that he toucht without delation,
Turned in gold, both meat, drink and clothing,
And died for hunger without recreation.

And I beseech thy Majesty serene,
From lechery thou keep thy body clean:
Taste never that intoxicat poyson:
From that unhappy sensual sin abstain,
Till that thou get a lusty pleasant Queen,
Then take thy pleasure with my benison:
Take heed how prideful Tarquin lost his crown,
For the defloring of Lucrece the sheen,
And was deprived and banisht Romes Town.

And in despite of his lecherous living,
The Romans would be subject to no King.
Many long years, as stories do record,
Till Julius by vertuous governing,
And princely courage gan on them to reign,
And chosen of Romans Emperor and Lord.
Wherefore, my soveragin, in thy mind remord,
That vicious life makes oft an evil ending,
Except it be by special grace restord.

And if thou wouldst thy fame and honor grew,
Use counsel of thy prudents Lords rew:
And see thou not presumptuously pretend
Thine own particular will for to ensew.
Work with counsel, so shalt thou never rew.
Remember of thy friends the fatal end,
Which to good counsel would not condescend,
Till bitter death, alace, did them persue.
From such unhap, I pray, God thee defend.

And

¶ And finally, remember thou muſt die,
And ſuddenly paſs from this mortal ſea,
And art not ſicker of thy life two hours:
Since there is none from that ſentence may flee,
King Queen, nor Knight, of low eſtate, nor hie,
But all muſt thole of death the bitter ſhowrs.
Where are they gone thole Popes and Emperors?
Be they not dead? So ſhal it fare on thee.
Is no remead, ſtrength riches, and honors.
And ſo with concluſion,
Make you proviſion,
To get the infuſion
Of his high grace,
which bled with effuſion,
with ſcorn and deriſion,
And died with confuſion,
Confirming our peace.

The Complaint of Sir DAVID LINDSAY of the Mount Knight, directed to the King's Grace.

SIR, I beſeech thine Excellence,
Hear my complaint with patience:
My dolent heart doth me conſtrain
Of mine infortune to complain.
Albeit I ſtand in great doubtance,
whom I ſhal blame of my miſchance,
whether Saturnus cruelty,
Reigning in my nativity,
By bad aſpects which work vengeance,
Or other heavenly influence:
Or if I be predeſtinat,
In Court to be infortunat,
which have ſo long in ſervice been,
Continually with king and queen,
And entered to thy Majeſty,
The day of thy nativity:
wherethrough my friends been aſhamed,
And with my foes I am defamed.
Seeing that I am not regarded,
Nor with my brethren of Court rewarded:
Blaming my ſloathful negligence,

that

That seeks not for some recompence.
When diverse men do me demand,
Why gets thou not some piece of land,
As well as other men have gotten?
Then with I to be dead and rotten,
With such extream discomforting,
That I can make no answering.
I would some wise men did me teach.
Whether that I should flatter or fleach:
I will not flyt, that I conclude,
For crabbing of thy Celsitude:
And to flatter, I am defamed:
Lack I reward, then am I shamed:
But I hope thou shalt do as well,
As did the Father of Famel,
Of whom Christ maketh mention,
Who for a certain pension,
Hyred men to work in his vineyard:
But who came last, got first reward,
Whereethrough the first men were displeased,
But he them prudently appeased:
For though the last men first were served,
Yet got the first that they deserved,
So I am sure thy Majestie,
Shal once regard me ere I die,
And rub the rust of mine engine,
Which is for langour like to tine:
Although I bare not like a bare,
Long service yerneth ay reward.
I cannot blame thine Excellence,
That I so long lack recompence:
Had I solisted like the lave,
My reward had not been to crave:
But now I may not understand,
A dumb man yet wan never land:
And in the Court men gets nothing
without importunat asking.
Alace my sloath and shamefastnes
Debar'd me from all greedines:
Greedy men that are diligent,
Right oft do obtain their intent,
And fall not for to conquels lands,
And namely at young princes hands.

But I took never no other cure
In special, but for thy pleasure:
But now I am no more dispar'd,
But I shal get princely reward:
The which shal be to me more glore,
Then them thou didst reward before.
When men wo ask ought at a king,
Should ask his Grace a noble thing.
To his Excellence honorable,
And to the asker profitable.
Though I be in mint asking sludder,
I pray thy Grace, for to consider,
thou hast both made Lords & Lairds,
And hast given many rich rewards
To them which were full far to seek,
When I lay nightly by thy cheek:
I take the Queens Grace, thy mother.
My Lord Chanceller, & many other,
thy nurse, and thine old mistress,
I take them all to bear witness:
Old Willie Dillie were he alive,
My life full well he could deserive,
How as a Chap-man bears his pack,
I bare thy Grace upon my back:
And sometimes stridlings on my neck,
Dancing with many bend and beck.
The first syllabs that thou didst mute,
was Pa-da lyne upon the Lute.
Then plaid I twenty springs perqueer
which were great pleasure for to hear.
From play thou left me never rest:
But Ginkerton thou lov'dst ay best.
And when thou camest from the school.
Then I behov'd to play the fool:
As I at length into my dream,
My sundry service did expream:
Though it be better, as saith the wise,
Hap to the Court, then good service:
I know thou lovest me better than,
than now some wife doth her good man
Then men to other doth record,
Said, Lindlay would be made a Lord.
Thou hast made Lords, sir, by Saint Gell,

Of some that hath not serv'd so well.
To you, my Lords, that do stand by,
I shal you show the causes why:
If you list to tarry, I shal tell
How my misfortune thus befel:
I prayed dayly on my knee,
My young master that I might see
Of age in his estate royal,
Having power imperial:
Then trusted I without demand,
To be promoved to some Land:
But mine asking I got too soon,
Because th'Eclipse fell in the Moon,
the which all Scotland made on steer,
Then did my purpose run areer,
the which were longsome to declare:
And eke mine heart is wonder fair,
when I have in remembrance.
The sudden change of my mischance:
the king was but twenty years of age,
when new rulers came in their rage,
For Common-weal no taking care,
But for their profit singular:
Impudently like witless fools,
They took the young prince from the schools,
Where he understood obedience,
Was learning vertue and science,
And hastily put in his hand
The governance of all Scotland:
As who would in a stormy blast,
when mariners been all agast,
Through danger of the seas rage.
Would take a child of tender age,
which never had been on the sea,
And to his bidding all obey.
Giving him the whole governal,
To ship, merchant, and marinal,
For dread of rocks, and for land,
To put the ruther in his hand:
without Gods grace is no refuge,
If there be danger ye may judge.
I give them to the devil of hell.
That first devised that counsel:

I will not say it was treason,
But I dare swear it was no reason:
I pray God let me never see reign
Into this Realm so young a king.
I may not tarry to decide it,
How then the Church a while was guided,
By them that partly took in hand
To guide the King and all Scotland.
And eke longsome for to declare,
Their facond flattering words fair:
Sir (some would say) your Majestie
Shal now go to your libertie:
Thou shalt to no man be coacted,
Nor to the school no more subjected.
we think them very natural fools
That learns over meekle at the schools.
Sir, you must learn to turn a spear,
And guide you like a man of war:
For we shal put such men about you,
That all the world, and mo shal doubt you.
Then to his Grace they put a guard,
which hastily got their reward,
Each man after their quality,
They did solist his Majesty.
Some caul'd him revel at the racket,
Some hail'd him to the hurlie hacket.
And some to show their courtly corses,
Would ride to Leith and run their horses,
And mightily gallop over the sands,
They neither spared spur nor wands:
Casting gamonds with bends and becks,
For wantonnels some broke their necks:
There was no play but cards and dice,
And ay sir flattery bare the price,
Rounding and rouking one to another,
Take thou my part (said he) my brother:
And make between us sicker bands,
when ought shal bark among our hands,
That each man stand to help his fellow:
I hold thereto man, by alhallow,
So you fish not within my bounds.
That shal I not, by great wounds,
Said he, but rather take thy part.

So shal I do, by my heart.
And if the thesaurer be our friend,
Then shal we both get tack and tiend:
Take he our part, then who dare wrong us,
And we shal part the pelf among us.
But haste us while the King is young,
But let each man keep well his tongue,
And in each quarter have a syy,
Us to advertise hastily,
When any casualities
Shal happen into our countries,
Let us make sure provision,
Ere he come to discretion.
No more he knows then doth a saint,
What thing it is to have or want:
So ere he come to perfect age,
We shal be sicker of our wage,
And then let each carl crave another.
That mouth speak more, said he, my brother:
For God nor I rax in a rope,
Thou might'st give counsel to the Pope.
Thus labor'd they within few years,
That they became no pages peers:
So hastily they made a band,
Some gathred gold, some conquest land,
Sir, some would say, By saint Denice,
Give to me some fat Benefice,
And all the profit you shal have:
Give me the name, take you the lave.
But by his Bulls were well come hame,
To make service he would think shame,
Then slip away withoutten more,
When he had gotten that he sought for.
We thought it was a piteous thing,
To see that fair young tender King,
Of whom these Gallants stood none aw
To play with him pluck at the craw.
They became rich, I you assure,
But ay the Prince remained poor.
There was few of that garison,
That learned him a good lesson:
But some to crack, and some to clatter:
Some playd the fool, & some did flatter.

said

said one, Devil stick me with a knife,
But (sir) I know a maid in Fife,
One of the lustiest wanton Lasses,
whereto (sir) by Mary she passes.
Hold thy tongue, brother, said the other,
I know fairer by fifteen fother.
Sir, when ye please to Lithgow pass,
There shal ye see a lusty Lass.
Now trittle trattle, trow low,
said the third man thou dost but mow,
when his Grace comes to fair Sterling,
There shal he see a Dayes darling.
Sir (said the fourth) take my counsel,
And go all to an high wodel:
There may ye lowp at liberty,
withoutten any gravity.
Thus every man said for himself,
And did among them part the pelf.
But I, alace ere ever I wist,
was troden down into the dust:
with heavy charge withoutten more,
But I knew never yet wherefore.
And hastily before my face,
Another slipped in my place:
which full lightly got his reward,
And filled was, the ancient Laird.
That time I might make no defence,
But took perforce in patience:
Praying to send them a mischance
That had the Court in governance:
The which against me did malign,
Contrare the pleasure of the king.
For well I know his Graces mind
was ever to me true and kind:
And contrare their intention,
Caus'd pay me well my pension:
Though I a while lacked presence,
He let me have none indigence.
when I durst neither peep nor look,
Yet would I hide me in a nook,
To see these uncouth vanities.
How they like many busie bees,
Did occupy their golden hours,

With help of these new Governours
But my complaint for to compleat,
I got the lowr, and they the sweet.
And John Macrerie the kings fool,
Got double garments against Yool.
Yet in his most triumphant glore,
For his reward got the glengore:
Now in the Court seldom he gors,
In dread men tread upon his toes.
As I that time durst not be seen,
In open Court for both mine een:
Alace, I have no time to tarry,
To show you all the ferry fary,
How these that had the governance,
Among themselves raisd variance,
And who most to my skaith consented,
within few years full sore repented,
when they could make me no remead,
For they were harld out by the head:
And others took the governing,
well worse then they in all kind thing.
Those Lords took no more regard,
But who might purchase best reward:
some of their friends got benefices,
And other some got Bishoprices:
For every Lord as he thought best,
Brought in a bird to fill the nest,
To be a watchman to his marrow,
They gan to draw at the cartharrow.
The proudest prelats of the kirk,
were fain to hide them in the mirk.
That time so failed was their sight,
lensyn they might not thole the light
Of Christs true Gospel to be seen,
so blinded are their corporal een
with worldly lusts sensual,
Taking in realms the governal,
Both guiding court and session,
Contrare to their profession:
wherefore I think they should have shame,
Of spiritual Priests to take the name:
For Isaias into his wark
Calls them dumb dogs that cannot bark,

that

That call'd are Bishops, and cannot preach,
Nor Christ law to the people teach:
If for to preach been their profession,
Why should they meil with Court of Session:
Except it were in spiritual things,
Referring unto Lords and Kings
Temporal causes to be decided.
If they their spiritual office guided,
Each man might say they did their parts.
But if they can play at the cartes,
And mollet moylie on a mool,
Though they had never seen the school.
Yet at this day, as well as than,
Will be made such a spiritual man.
Princes that such Prelats promoves,
Account thereof to give behoves,
Which shal not pass without punishment,
Except that they mend and repent;
And with due minisration,
Work after their vocation.

¶ I wish the thing that will not be,
The perverse Prelats are so hie:
When once that they be called Lords,
They are occasion of discords:
And largely will propines beght,
To cause each Lord with other fight,
If for their part it may avail:
So to the purpose of my tale,
That time in Court rose great debate,
And every Lord did strive for state,
That all the Realm might make no redding,
Till on each side there was blood-shedding.
All fielded other in land or burgh,
At Lithgow, Melros and Edinburgh.
But to deplore, I think great pain,
Of Noble men that there were slain:
And as longsome to be reported,
Of them which to the Court resorted,
As tyrants, traitors and transgressors,
And common publick plain oppressors,
Men-murtherers, and common thieves,
Into that Court got their relieves.
There were few Lords in all these lands,

But to new Regents made their hands,
Then rose a reek ere ever I wist,
The which could all their hands birst.
Then they alone which had the guiding,
They could not keep their feet from sliding:
But of their lives they had such dread,
That they were fain to trot over Tweed.

¶ Now potent Prince I say to thee,
I thank the holy Trinitie,
That I have liv'd to see the day,
That all the world is went away,
And thou to no man are subiected,
Nor to such counsellers coacted.
The four great vertues cardinals,
I see them with the principals;
For Justice holds her sword on hie,
With her ballance of equitie,
And in this Realm hath made such order,
Both through the high land and the Border,
That oppression and all his fellows,
Are hanged high upon the gallows.
Dame prudence hath thee by the head,
And temperance doth thy bridle lead.
I see dame Force makes assistance,
Bearing the targe of Assurance,
And lusty Lady Chastity,
Hath banisht sensuality.
Dame riches takes on thee such cure,
I pray God, that she long endure,
That poverty dare not be seen
Into thine house for both her een:
But from thy Grace fled many myles,
Among the hunters in the Iles.
Dissimulance dare not show her face,
which wont for to beguile thy Grace.
Folly is fled out of the town,
Which ay was contrare to reason.
Policy and peace begins to plant,
That vertuous men can never want,
And all sloathful idle lowns,
Shal fettered be in the galeyouns.
John upon land being glad, I trow,
Because the rush-bush keeps his kow:

So

So is there nought I understand,
without good order in this land,
Except the spirituality,
Praying thy Grace thereto have eye:
Caule them make ministration,
Conform to their vocation:
To preach with unfained intents,
And truly use the Sacraments,
After Christs institutions,
Leaving their vain traditions,
Which do the silly sheep illud,
For whom Christ Jesus shed his blood:
And superstitious pilgrimages,
Praying to graven Images,
Express against the Lords command:
I do thy Grace to understand,
If thou to mens Laws assent,
Against the Lords commandement,
As Jeroboam and many mo,
Princes of Israel also,
Consenters to Idolatry,
Which punisht were right piteously,
And from their realms rooted out,
So shalt thou be withoutten doubt,
Both here and there withoutten more,
And lack the everlasting glore.
And if thou wilt thine heart incline,
And keep his blessed law divine,
As did the faithful Patriarks,
Both in their words, & in their warks:
And as did many faithful kings
Of Israel, during their reigns:
As King David and Solomon,
Who Images would suffer none
In their rich temple for to stand,
Because it was not Gods command:
But destroyed all Idolatrie,
As in the Scripture thou mayst see,
whose rich reward was heavenly bliss
which shal be thine thou doing this.
Since thou hast cholen such a guard,
Now I am sure to get reward:
And since thou art the richest king,

That ever in this Realm did reign,
Of gold and stones precious,
Most prudent and ingenious,
And hath thine honor done advance,
In Scotland, England, & in France,
By martial deeds honorable,
And are to every vertue able,
I know thy grace will not misken me,
But thou wilt either give or lend me,
Would thy Grace lend me to a day,
Of gold a thousand pound or tway,
And I shal fix with good intent,
Thy Grace a day of payment,
With sealed obligation,
Under this protestation:
When the Bass and the Ile of May,
Bees set upon the mount Sinay.
When the Lowmond beside Falkland,
Bees lift up to Northumberland.
When Church-men yearns no dignity.
Nor wives no soveraignity;
Winter without frost, snow, wind or rain,
Then shal I give the gold again.
Or I shal make to thee payment,
After the day of Judgement.
Within a moneth at the least,
When saint Peter shal make a feast
To all the fishers of Aberlady. (by:
Io thou have mine acquaintance rea-
Failing thereof by saint Philan,
Thy Grace gets never a groat again.
If thou be not content of this,
I must request the King of bliss,
That he to me have some regard,
And cause thy Grace me to reward:
For David king of Israel.
Who was the great Prophet royal,
Saith, God hath whole at his command,
The hearts of Princes in his hand,
Even as he lists them for to turn,
That must they do without sojourn:
Some to exalt in dignity,
And some deprived in poverty.

Some

Sometimes of low men to make Lords,
And sometimes Lords to bind in cords,
And them all utterly destroy,
As pleaseth God that noble Roy:
For thou art but an instrument
Of that great God Omnipotent.
So when it pleaseth thine Excellence,
Thy Grace shall make me recompence,
Or he shall cause me stand content,
Of quyet life and sober rent,
And take me in my latter age,
Unto my simple Hermitage,
And spend what mine elders have won,
As old Diogenes in his tun.
Of this complaint, with mind full meek,
Thy Graces answer, sir, I beseek.

Quod Lindsay to the King.

The Tragedie of the umwhile most Reverend Father, David, by the grace of God, Cardinal, and Archbishop of Saint Andrews, &c. Compyled by Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, Knight, alias Lyon King of Arms.

Mortales cum mali sitis, supra Deum ne vos extollitis

THE PROLOGUE.

NOt long ago after the hour of prime,
Secretly sitting in mine Oratore,
I took a book to exercise the time,
Wherein I found many tragedy and story,
Which John Boccas had put in memory:
How many Princes, Conquerors and Kings,
were dolefully deposed of their reigns.

How Alexander the potent Conqueror,
In Babylon was poysoned piteously,
And Julius the mighty Emperor,
Murthered at Rome, cruelels and cruelly:

Prudent Pompey in Egypt shamefully
He murthered was, what needeth process more,
Whose tragedies were pity to deplore,

I sitting so upon my book reading,
Right suddenly before me did appear
A wounded man abundantly bleeding,
With visage pale, and with a deadly chear,
Seeming a man of two and fifty year,
In rayment red, clothed full courteously,
Of velvet and of Satin cramosie.

With feeble voice, as men oppress with pain,
Shortly he made me supplication,
Saying, my friend, go read, and read again,
If thou canst find by true narration,
Of any pain like to my passion:
Right sure I am were John Boccas alive,
My tragedy at length he would describe.

Since he is gone, I pray thee to endite,
Of mine infortune some remembrance:
Or at the least my tragedy to write,
As I to thee shal show the circumstance,
In terms short of my unhappy chance,
Since my beginning to my fatal end,
Which I would to all creatures were kend.

Can I (said I) make such memorial,
But of thy name I had intelligence?
I am David that careful Cardinal,
Which do appear (said he) to thy presence,
That sometime had so great preeminence.
Then he began his deeds for to endite,
And ye shal hear, and I begin to write.

The Tragedie of the Cardinal.

I David Beaton, sometimes Cardinal,
Of noble blood by line I did descend:
During my time I had no Peregal,
But now, alace, is come my fatal end.
Ay gree by gree upward I did ascend,
So that into this Realm did never reign,
So great a man as I under a King.

When I was a young gallant Gentle-man,
Princes to serve I set my whole intent;

First

First to ascend to archyoth I began
An Abbacy of great riches and rent.
Of that estate yet was I not content,
To get more riches, dignity, and glore,
Mine heart was set, alace, alace therefore.

I made such service to our soveraign King,
He did promove me to more high estate:
Syince above all priests for to reign,
Arch-bishop of saint Andrews consecrat:
To that honor when I was elevat,
My prideful heart was not content at all,
Till that I creat was a Cardinal.

Yet preast I to have more authority,
And finally was chosen Chancellar:
And for upholding of my dignity,
Was made Legat, then had I no compare,
I purchast for my profit singular,
My bores and my treasures to advance,
The Bishoprick of Mirepoise in France.

Of all Scotland I had the governal,
But mine advice concluded was nothing:
Abbot, Bishop, Archbishop and Cardinal,
Into this Realm no higher could I reign,
But if I had been Pope, Emperor, or King.
For shortness of the time I am not able,
At length to show mine acts honorable.

For through my princely prodigality,
Among Prelats in France I bare the prise:
I show my lordly liberality
In banqueting, playing at cards and dyce.
Into such wisdom I was holden wise,
And spared not to play with King nor knight,
Three thousand Crowns of gold upon a night.

In France I made four honest voyages,
Where I did acts digne of remembrance:
Through me were made triumphant marriages,
To our Soveraign both profit and pleasance.
Queen Magdalen the first daughter of France,
With great riches was into Scotland brought.
That marriage through my wisdom was wrought,

After whose death in France I past again,
The second Queen home ward I did convoy:

That lusty Princess Mary of Lorain,
Which was receiv'd with great triumph and joy,
So served I our right redoubted Roy:
Soon after that Henry of England King,
Of our Soveraign desired a communing.

Of that meeting our King was well content,
So that in York was set both time and place:
But our Prelats and I would never consent,
That he should see King Henry in the face:
But we were well content albeit his Grace,
Had called the sex to speak with any other,
Except the King, who was his mothers brother.

Whereby there rose great war & mortal strife,
Great heirships, hunger, dearth and desolation:
On either side did many lose their life:
If I would make a true narration,
I called all that tribulation:
For to take peace I never would consent,
Except the king of France had been content.

During this war were taken prisoners,
Of noble men fighting full furiously,
Many a Lord, baron, and batchelers,
Wherethrough our king took such melancholy,
Which have him to the death right dolefully:
Extream dolor did so overset his heart,
That from this life, alace he did depart.

But after that both strength & speech is ceased,
A paper blank I have his Grace subscrive,
Into the which I wrote all that I pleased,
After his death, which long were to describe:
Through that writing I purposed believe,
With support of some Lords benevolence,
In this region to have preeminence.

As for my Lord, our righteous Governor,
If I would shortly show the verity.
To him I had no manner of favor,
During that time I purposed that he
Should never come to no authority;
For his support therefore he brought among us,
Forth of England, the noble Earl of Angus.

Then was I put aback from my purpose,
And suddenly cast in captivity:
My pitiful heart to daunt, I do suppose, De-

Devised by the high divinity;
Yet in mine heart I vaing no humility:
But now the word of God full well I know,
Who doth exalt himself, God will bring low.

In the mean time when I was so subdued,
Ambassadors were sent into England,
Where they both peace and marriage contracted:
And more surely for to observe that band,
were promised diverse pledges of Scotland.
Of that contract I was no wise content,
Nor never would thereto give my consent.

To Captains that keeped me in ward,
Gifts of gold I gave them great plenty,
For to the future time I had regard:
Wherethrough I scaped from captivity:
But when I was free at my liberty,
Then like a Lyon loosed from his cage,
Out through the realm I gan to rail and rage.

Contrare the Governor and his Company,
Oftentimes made I insurrection:
Purposing for to have him hastily
Subdued unto my correction,
Or put him to extream subjection:
During this time, if it were well decided,
This realm by me was utterly divided.

The Governor purposing to subdue,
I raised an host of many a bold Baron:
And made a rade that Lithgow yet may rew,
For he destroyed a mile about the town:
For that I got many black malisoun:
Yet contrare to the Governors intent,
with our young prince we unto Striviling went.

For high contemption of the Governour,
I brought the Earl of Lennox out of France,
That lusty Lord living in great pleasure,
Did loose that land and honest ordinance:
But he and I fell soon at variance;
And through my counsel was within short space,
For fault and fleemed, he got no other grace.

Then through my prudence, practick & ingine,
Our Governor I caused to consent,

Full quietly to my counsel incline,
whereof his nobles were not well content:
For why, I caus'd dissolve in Parliament,
The band of peace contracted with England,
wherethrough came harm & heirship to Scotland.

The peace broken, arose new mortal wears
By sea, and such reak without relief,
Which to report my frayed heart effears:
The verity to show in terms brief,
I was the root of all this great mischief.
The south countrey may say it had been good,
That my nurse had smoyed me in my cood.

I was the cause of meekle more mischance,
For th uphold of my glore and dignity.
And pleasure of the potent King of France,
with England would I have no unity:
But who consider would the verity,
We might full well have liv'd in peace and rest,
Nine or ten years, and then playd loose or fast.

Had we with England keeped our contracts,
Our noble men had liv'd in peace and rest,
Our merchants had not lost so many packs.
Our common people had not been oppress,
On either side all wrongs had been redrest:
But Edinburgh since, then Leith and Kinghorn,
That day and hour may ban that I was born.

Our Governor to make him to me sure,
with sweet and subtil words I did him lure,
Till I his son and heir got in my cure:
To that effect I found a crafty wile,
That he no manner of way might me beguile.
Then leugh I when his lieges did alledge,
How I his son had gotten into pledge.

The Earl of Angus, and his germane brother,
I purpos'd then to make them lose their life:
Right so to have destroyed many other,
Some with the fire, some with the sword & knife:
In special many Gentle men in Fife:
And purposed to put to great torment,
All favorers of the Old and New Testament.

Then every man they took of me such fear,

that

That time when I had so great governance:
Great Lords dreading I should do them dear,
They durst not come to Court without assurance,
Since then there hath not been such variance.
Now to our Prince, Barons obediently,
without assurance come full courteously.

Mine hope was most into the king of France,
Together with the Popes Holiness,
More then in God, my worship to advance:
I trusted so into their gentleness,
That man durst presume me to oppress.
But when the day came of my fatal hour,
Far was from me their support and succour.

Then to preserve my riches and my life,
I made a strength of walls high and braid:
Such a fortress was never found in Fife,
Believing there no man durst me invade:
Now find I true the Same which David said;
Except God of an house be master of wark,
He works in vain, though it be never so stark.

For I was through the whol power divine,
Right dolefully beat down among the ash,
which could not be through mortal mans ingine,
But as David did kill the great Golias,
Or Holofern by Judith killed was,
In midst among his triumphant army,
So was I slain into my chief city.

When I had greatest domination,
As Lucifer had in the heavens empire,
Came suddenly my deprivation,
By them which did my dolent death conspire:
So cruel was their furious burning ire:
I got no time, leasure, nor liberty
To say, in manus tuas, Domine.

Behold my fatal infelicity,
I being in my strength incomparable:
That dreadful dungeon made me no supply:
My great riches and rents profitable,
My silver-work, jewels inestimable.
My papal pomp of Gold, my rich treasure,
My life and all I lost in half an hour.

To the people was made a spectacle
Of my death and deformed carion.
Some said, It was a manifest miracle.
Some said, it was divine punition,
So to be slain into my strong dungeon.
When every man had judged as he list,
They salted me, then clos'd me in a kist.

I lay unburied five moneths and more,
Ere I was born to Cloister, Church or Queer:
In a gung-hill, great pity to deplore,
Without suffrage of Thanon, Monk or Frier.
All proud Prelats at me may lessons lear,
Which reign'd so long, and so triumphantly,
Then in the dust dung down so dolefully.

To the Prelats.

O Ye my brethren, princes of the priests,
I make to you hearty supplication:
Both night and day revolve into your breasts,
The process of my deprivation.
Consider what been your vocation,
To follow me I pray you, not pretend you,
But read at length this cedul that I send you.

Ye know how Jesus his disciples sent
Ambassadors to every Nation,
To show his Law and his Commandement,
To all people by predication:
Therefore to you I make narration,
Since ye to them are very successors,
Ye ought to do as did your predecessors.

How dare ye be so bold to take in hand,
For to be heraulds to so great a King;
To bear his message both to burgh and land,
Ye being dumb, and can pronounce nothing:
Like menstrels that can neither play nor sing:
Or why should men give to such herds an eyre,
That cannot guide their flock about the myre:

Shame ye not to be Christ's servitors,
And for your hyre have great temporal lands,
Since of your office ye cannot take the cures,
As Canon law and Scripture you commands:
Ye will not teach, tend flock nor offrand,

tend

Teind wool, teind lamb, teind calf, teind gryle &
To make service ye are all out of use, (goose,

My dear brethren, do not as ye were wont,
Amend your lives now while your days endures
Trust well ye shal be called to your count,
Of every thing belonging to your cures:
Leave halartry, your harlotry and whoors,
Remembring on mine unprovided dead,
For after death may not man make remead.

Ye prelats that have thousands for to spend,
Ye send a simple Frier for you to preach:
It is your craft, I make it to be kend,
Your selves into your Temple for to teach:
But marvel not though silly friers fleach;
For if they plainly show the verity,
Then will they want the bishops charity.

Wherefore is given to you such royal rent,
But for to find the people spiritual food;
Preaching to them the old and new Testament:
The Law of God doth plainly so conclude.
But not your hope into vain worldly good,
As I have done: behold my great treasure,
Made me no help at mine unhappy hour,

That day when I was Bishop consecrat,
The great Bible was bound upon my back:
What was therein I little knew God wat,
Bore then a beast bearing a precious pack;
But hastily my covenant I brake;
For I was oblisht with mine own consent,
The law of God to preach with good intent.

Brethren, right so when ye were consecrat,
Ye oblisht you upon the self same wise;
Ye may be called bishops counterfeit,
As Gallants dushes for to make a guise.
Now think I, Princes are not to prise,
To give a famous office to a fool,
As who would put a mitre on a stool.

Stare, ye that sorrowful sight had seen,
How I lay wallering bathed in my blood,
To mend your lives it had occasion been,
And leave your old corrupted conditions,

falling

Failing thereof: then shortly I conclude,
Except ye from your ribaldry arise,
Ye shal be served on the self-same wise.

To the Princes.

IMprudent princes, without discreation,
Having on earth power imperial,
Ye have been cause of this transgression,
I speak unto you all in general,
Which do dispone all office spiritual,
Giving the souls which are Christs sheep,
To blind pastors but conscience to keep.

When the Prince doth lack an officer,
A baker, brewer, or a master cook,
A trim taylor, a cunning cordoner,
Over all the land at length he will cause look,
Most able men such offices to brook.
A brewer that can brew most wholsome ail,
A cunning cook that best can season kail.

A taylor who hath fostered been in France,
That can make garments of the gayest guise:
Ye Princes, are the cause of this mischance,
That when there doth walk any benefice,
Ye ought to do upon the self same wise.
Cause search and seek both in burgh and land,
The law of God who doth best understand.

Make him a bishop that prudently can preach
As doth pertain to his vocation:
A parson who his parochin can teach,
Cause vicars make due ministration,
Also I make you supplication:
Make you Abbots right religious men,
Which to the people Christs law can ken.

But not to Rebels new come from the rost,
Not of a shuffet stoln out of a stable:
The which into the school made never no cost,
Nor never was to spiritual science able,
Except the cards, the dyce, the chels and table,
Of Rome-rakers nor of rude ruffians,
Of callay-packers nor of publicans.

Nor of fantastick fained flatterers,

Most

Most meet to gather nettles into May,
Of Cowhubies, nor of clatterers,
That in the Church can neither sing nor say,
Though they be cloked up in clarks array,
Like doated dotors new come out of Athens,
And mumble over a pair of mangled Matins.

Not qualified to keep a benefice,
But through Sir Simons solitation:
I was promoved on the self same wise,
Alace through Princes supplication.
And made at Rome through false narration,
Bishop, Abbot, but no religious man:
Who me promov'd, I now their bones do ban.

Albeit I was Legat and Cardinal,
Little I knew therein what should be done:
I understood no science spiritual,
No more then did blind Allan of the Moon.
I dread the king that sitteth high above,
On you, Princes, shal make more punishment,
Right so on us through righteous judgement.

On you, Princes, for undiscreet giving
To ignorants such offices to use:
And we for our importunat asking,
Which should have done such dignity refuse.
Our ignorance hath done the world abuse,
Through covetice of riches and of rent.
That ever I was a prelat, I repent.

O Kings! take ye no care to give in cure,
Virgins profest into Religion,
Into the keeping of a common whoor?
To make, think ye not great derision,
A woman parson of a parochin,
where there is two thousand soules to guide,
That from harlots cannot their hips hide?

What if king David lived in these dayes?
Or out of heaven, what if he looked down,
The which did found so many fair Abbeyes,
Seeing the great abomination,
In many Abbeyes of this nation?
He would repent that narrowed so his bounds,
Of yearly rent therefore of thousand pounds.

where-

Wherefore I counsel every Christian king
Within his Realm making reformation,
To suffer no more Rebels for to reign,
Above Christs true Congregation:
Failing hereof, I make narration,
That the princes and prelats all at once,
Shal buried be in hell, soul, blood, and bones,

That ever I keeped benefice, sore I rew,
Or to such hight so proudly did pretend:
I must depart, therefore my friends, adew,
Where ever it pleaseth God, now must I wend:
I pray thee to my friends me recommend,
And failyie not at length to put in write
My tragedie, as I have done indite.

The deploration of the death of Queen Magdalen.

O Cruel Death, too great is thy puissance,
Devorer of all earthly living things:
Adam, we may blame thee of this mischance;
In thy default this cruel tyrant regins,
And spareth neither Emperor nor Kings.
And now, alace, hath reft forth of this land,
The flower of France, and comfort of Scotland.

Father Adam, alace, that thou abusedst
Thy freewill, being disobedient:
Thou choosedst death, and lasting life refusedst,
Thy succession, alace that may repent
That thou hast made mankind so impotent,
That it may make to death no resistance,
Example of our queen, the flower of France.

O dreadful dragon with thy doleful dart,
Which did not spare of feminine the flowr:
But cruelly didst pierce her through the heart,
And wouldst not give her respite for an hour,
To remain with her prince and paramour,
That she at leisure might have tane licence,
Scotland on thee may cry a loud vengeance.

Thou let Methusalem live nine hundred year,
Threescore and nine: but in thy furious rage,
Thou didst devour this young princess but wear

Ere

Ere she was compleat seventeen year of age:
Sirely Gozmond, why didst thou not allwage,
Thy furious rage contrare this lusty queen,
Till we some fruit had of her body seen?

O dame Nature, thou didst no diligence
Contrare this thief who all the world confounds;
Hadst thou with natural targes made defence,
That bryber had not come within her bounds,
And had been saved from such mortal stounds,
This many a year, but where was thy discretion,
That let her pass, till we had seen succession?

O Venus, with thy blind son Cupido,
Fy on you both, that made no resistance:
Into your Court yor never had such two,
So leel lovers without dissimulance,
As James the fifth, and Magdalen of France,
Descending both of blood imperial,
To whom in love I find no Peregal.

For as Leander swam out through the flood,
To his fair Lady Hero many nights:
So did this prince through bulering streams wood
With Earls, Barons, Squyers, and with knights,
Contrare Neptune and Eole and their mights,
And left this realm into great desperance
To seek his love, the first daughter of France.

And the like prudent queen Penelope,
Right constantly will change him for none other,
And his pleasure, left her own countrey,
Without regard to Father and to mother,
Taking no care of sister or of brother,
But shortly took her leave and left them all,
For love of him, to whom love made her thral.

O dame Fortune, where was thy great comfort
To her to whom thou was so favorable?
Thy sliding gift made to her no support,
Her high linage nor riches intellable,
I see thy puissance is but variable:
When her Father the most dear Christian king
To his dear child might make no supporting.

The potent prince her lusty love and knight,
With his most hardy nobles of Scotland:

Contrare

Contrare that baitful bitter had no might,
Though all the men had been at his command,
Of France, Flanders, Italie, and England,
With fifty thousand millions of treasure,
Might not prolong that Ladies life one hour.

O Paris, of all Cities principal,
who did receive our Prince with laud and glory:
Solemnedly through arches triumphal,
which day being dign to put in memory.
For as Pompey after his victory,
was into Rome received with great joy,
So thou receivedst our right redoubted Roy.

But at his marriage made upon the morn,
Such solace and solemnisation,
was never seen before since Christ was born,
Nor to Scotland such consolation:
There sealed was the confirmation
Of the well keeped ancient alliance,
Made between Scotland & the Realm of France.

I never did see a day more glorious,
So many in so rich abullements:
Of silk and gold, with stones precious,
Such banqueting, such sound of instruments,
with song and dance, and martial ornaments.
But like a storm after a pleasant morrow,
Soon was our solace changed into sorrow.

O traytor death, whom none can contramand,
Thou mightst have seen the preparation
Made by the three Estates of Scotland,
With great comfort and consolation,
In every city, castle, tower and town,
And how each noble set his whole intent,
To be excellent in abullement.

Thief, saw'st thou not the great preparatives
Of Edinburgh, that noble famous town:
Thou saw'st the people labouring for their lives
To make triumph with trump and clarion:
Such pleasure was never seen in this region,
As should have been the day of her entrels,
with great propines given unto her Grace.

Thou saw'st making right costly scaffolding

De

Depainted well with gold and azur fine:
Ready prepared for the upsetting,
With fountains flowing water clear and wine.
Disguised folk, like creatures divine,
On each scaffold to play a sundry story,
But all in weeping turned thou their glory.

Thou sawest full well many fresh galland,
well ordred for receiving of their queen,
Each crafts-man with his bent bow in his hand
Right gallantly in short clothing of green,
The honest burgess clad thou shouldst have seen:
Some in scarlet, and some in cloth of green,
For to have met their Lady soveraign.

Provest, Baillies, and Lords of the town,
The Senators in order subsequent,
Clad into silk of purple black and brown:
Then the great Lords of the Parliament,
with many knightly baron and barent,
In silk and gold, in collor comfortable:
But thou, alace, all turned unto sable.

Then all the Lords of Religion,
And princes of the priests venerable,
Full pleasantly in their procession:
With all cunning clarks honorable.
But thistously thou tyrant treasonable,
All their great solace and solemnities,
Thou turned into doleful dirigies.

The next in order passing through the town,
thou shouldst have heard the noise of instruments,
And tabern, trumpet, shalm and clarion,
with reed resounding through the elements:
The heraulds with their awful vestiments,
with mases upon either of their hands,
To rule the preass with burnisht silver wands.

Thou last of all in order triumphand,
That most illustrious princess honorable,
With her the lusty Ladies of Scotland,
which would have been a sight most delectable:
Her rayment to rehearse I am not able:
Of gold, and pearl, and precious stones bright,
Twinkling like stars into a frosty nighe.

Under

Under a pale of gold she should have past,
By burgesses born, clothed in silks fine:
The greatest maker of household at the last,
With him in order all the kings train.
whose ornaments were longsome to define:
On this manner she passing through the Town,
Should have received many benison.

Of virgins and of lusty burgels wives,
Which should have been a sight celestial:
Clive la Royn, crying for their lives,
With an harmonious sound angelical;
In every corner mirth musical:
But thou tyrant, in whom is found no grace,
Our Alleluia, hath turned in, alace.

Thou shouldst have heard the dulcat Orators,
Making her highness salutation,
Both of the Clergy, town and counsellors,
with many notable narration.
Thou shouldst have seen her coronation,
In the fair Abbey of the Holy-rood,
In presence of a mirthful multitude.

Such banqueting, such awful ornaments,
On horse & foot that time which should have been:
Such Chappel Royal with such instruments,
And crafty musick singing from the spleen,
In this countrey was never heard nor seen.
But all this great solemnity and fame,
Thou turned hast in Requiem eternam.

Unconstant world, thy friendship I defy,
Since strength, nor wisdom, riches and honour
Vertue nor beauty none may certifie,
within thy bounds for to remain one hour.
what avails to be King or emperour,
Since princely puissance may not be exempted
From death, whose dolor cannot be expressed.

Since man on earth hath no place permanent
But all must pass by that most horrible port:
Let us pray to the Lord Omnipotent,
That doleful day to be our great comfort,
That in this Realm with him we may resort:
which from the hell with his blood ransom'd been

with

with Magdalen sometime of Scotland Queen.

O death though thou the body may devour
Of every man, yet hast thou not puissance
Of their vertue for to consume their glore,
As shal be seen of Magdalen in France,
Sometime our Queen, whom Poets shal advance,
And put her in imperial memory,
So shal her fame of thee have victory.

Though thou hast kild the heaven'ly flour of Frāce
which impted was into the Thistle keen:
wherein all Scotland saw their whole pleasance,
And made the Lyon rejoyced from the spleen:
Though the root be pulled from the leaves green,
The smel of it shal in despite of thee,
Keep ay two realms in peace and amnity.

The answer which Sir David Lindsay made to the Kings flyting

REdoubted Roy, your ragement I have red,
which doth perturb my dull intendement.
From your flyting, would God that I were fred,
Or elle some tygers tongue were to me lent.
Sir, pardon me, though I be impatient,
which am so with your pryncing pen detracted,
And rude report, from Venus court detected.

Lusty Ladies that on your Lybel looks,
My company do hold abominable:
Commanding me bear company with Cooks,
Most like a devil they hold me detestable:
They banish me, saying, I am not able
Them to compleale, or please to their presence:
Upon your pen I cry a loud vengeance.

were I a Poet I should preals with my pen,
To wreck me on your venemous writing:
But I must do as dog doth in his den,
Fold both my feet, or flee far from your flyting:
The meekle devil may not endure your dyting:
wherefore Cor mundum crea in me, I cry,
Proclaming you the Prince of Poetry.

Sir, with my Prince pertains me not to ply,

But

But since your Grace hath given me such cōmand
To make answer, I must it needs obey:
Though ye be strong now like an Elephand,
And into Venus works most valiand,
The day will come and that within few years,
That ye will draw at leasure with your fears.

What can ye say further, but I am faild
In Venus works? I grant, Sir, that is true,
The time hath been I was better artailed
Then I am now; but yet full sore I rew
That ever I did mouth-thankless so persew:
Wherefore take heed, and your fine powder spare,
And wast it not, but if ye know well where.

Though you run rudely like a restless ram,
Shooting your bolt at many sundry shels:
Believe right well it is a biding game;
Wherefore beware with doubling of the bels,
For many one do haste their own souls knels:
And specially when that the well goes dry,
Then cannot get again such stuff to buy.

I give your Counsel to the fiend of hell,
That would not of a Princess you provide,
Suffering you run shooting from shel to shel,
Wasting your corps, letting your time overslide:
For like a busteous bull you run and ride,
Riotously like a rude rubiator,
Ay sucking like a furious fornicator.

On ladrons for to loup you will not let,
How ever the carribalds cry the corinough:
Remember how beside the masking-fat
You cast a queen overthwart a stinking trogh:
That fiend with fusling on her rosted hogh,
Cast down ẏ fat, wherethrough drink, draf & jugs
Came rudely running down about your lugs.

Would God the Lady that loved you best,
Had seen you there ly swattring like two swine:
But to endite how that duddron you drest,
Drowped w̄ dregs whimpring with many whryn,
That process to report it were a pain.
On your behalf, I thank God times ten score,
That you preserv'd from gut & from grandgore.

Now

Now, sir, farrwel, because I cannot flyte:
And though I could, I were not to advance
Against your grnat meetre to endyte:
But beware with laboring of your lance:
Some sayes there comes a buckler out of France,
Which will endure your dints though they be dure;
Farewel, of flowing Rhetorick the flowr.

Quod Lindsay in his dyting
Against the Kings flyting.

The Complaint and publick Confession of the Kings old Hound, called Bash, directed to Bawty, the Kings best beloved Dog, and his companions. Made at command of King James the fifth, by Sir David Lindsay of the Mount Knight, alias Lyon, King of Arms.

ALace! to whom should I complain,
In mine extream necessity?
Or to whom should I make my moan?
In Court no dog will do for me:
Beseeching some for charity,
To bear my supplication,
To Scuddler, Lufra and Bawty,
Now ere the king pass from the Town.
I have followed the Court so long,
While in good faith, I may no mair:
The countrey knows I may not gang,
I am so crooked, old and sair,
That I know not where to repair:
For when I had authority,
I thought me so familiar,
I never dread necessity.
I rew the case that Geordy Steel
Brought Bawty to the kings presence,
I pray God let him never do well,
Since that I got no audience:
For Bawty now gets such credence,
That he lyes on the Kings night gown,
Where I perforce for mine offence,

Must

Must in the close by like a clown:
For I have been ay to this hour,
A wirrier of lamb and hog,
A tyrant and a tuleyour,
A murtherer of many a dog.
Five fowls I chast out throgh a scrog,
Wherefore their mothers did me warie,
For they were all drown'd in a bog,
Spear at John Gordon of Pitcarrie,
Which in his house did bring me up,
And used me to kill the deer:
Sweet milk and mel he made me sup,
That trade I learned soon perqueer.
All other vertue ran areer.
When I began to bark and flyte:
For there was neither monk nor frier,
Nor wife, nor child, but I would byte.
When to the king the case was known,
Of mine unhappy hardiness,
And all the sooth unto him shown,
How every dog I did oppress:
Then gave his Grace command express,
I should be brought to his presence:
Notwithstanding my wickedness.
In court I got great audience.
I shew'd my great ingratitude
To the Captain of Badyeno,
Which in his house did find me food,
Two years with other hounds mo:
But when I saw that it was so,
That I grew high into the Court,
For his reward I wrought him wo,
And cruelly I did him hurt.
So they that gave me to the King,
I was their mortal enemy.
I took cure of no kind of thing,
But to please the Kings Majesty:
But when he knew my cruelty.
My falshood and my plain oppression,
He gave command that I should be
Hanged without confession.
And yet because that I was old,
His Grace thought pity for to hang me,

And let me wander where I would,
Then let my foes for to sang me,
And every Butchers dog down dang me.
When I crow'd best to be a Laird,
Then in the Court each wight did wrong me,
And this I got for my reward,
I had wirried black Wackelon,
Were not the rebels came and red:
But he was fleemed from the town,
When once the King saw how I bled.
He caus'd lay me upon a bed,
For with a knife I was mischieved.
This Wackelon for fear he fled,
A long time ere he was relieved.
And Patrick Sterling in Argyl,
I bare him backward to the ground,
And had him slain within a while,
Were not the helping of an hound:
Yet got he many a bloody wound,
As yet his skin will show the marks.
Find me a dog where ever ye found,
Hath made so many bloody larks.
Good brother Lanceman Lindlays dog
Which ever hath kept thy lawtie,
And never wirried lamb nor hog,
Pray Lufra, Scudlar and Bawtie,
Of me Bash for to have pity,
And provide me a portion
In Dumfermling where I may dree
Penmance for mine extortion.
Get by their solitation,
A letter from the kings Grace,
That I may have collation,
With fire and candle in the place,
But I will live short time alace!
Lack I good fresh flesh for my gams,
Between Ashwednesday and Palch,
I must have leave to wirry lambs.
Beauty consider well this bill,
And every point thereof fulfil,
And read this cedul that I send you,
And now in time of mils amend you.
I pray you, that you not pretend you,

To climb too high, nor do no wrong:
But from your foes with right defend you.
And take example how I gang,
I was that no man durst come near me,
Nor put me forth of my lodging:
No dog durst from my dinner skar me,
When I was tender with the king.
Now every tyk doth me down thring,
The which before by me was wronged:
And swears I serve no other thing,
But in an halter to be hanged.
Though ye be homely with the king,
Ye Scudler, Lufra and Bawty,
Beware that ye do not down thring
Your neighbor through authority,
And your example make by me;
And believe well you are but dogs:
Though ye stand in an high degree,
See ye bite neither lambs nor hogs:
Though ye have now great audience,
See that by you none be oppress,
Ye will be punisht for your offence,
When once the king be well confest:
There is no dog that hath transgress
Through cruelty, if he may fang him,
His Majesty will take no rest,
Till on a gallows he cause hang him.
I was once as far ben as ye are,
And had in Court such audience,
And ay pretended to be higher:
But when the kings excellence
Did know my fallet and offence,
And my prideful presumption,
I got no other recompence.
But hoyd and hunted out of the town,
Was never so unkind a corse,
As when I had authority:
Of my friends I took no force,
The which before had done for me,
This proverb is of verity,
Which I had heard red in a letter,
The highest in court nearest the windy,
Except he guide him all the better.

I took no more thought of a Lord,
Then I did of a kitchin knave,
Though every day I made discord,
I was let up above the lave,
The gentle hound was to me slave,
And with the kings own fingers fed,
The silly raches would I reave,
Thus for mine ill deeds I was dred.
Therefore, Bawtie, look best about,
When thou art highest with the king:
for then thou standst in greatest doubt,
Be thou not good in governing.
Put no poor tyk from his sleeding,
Nor yet no silly raches reave:
He sits above that sees all thing,
And of a knight can make a knave.
When I came stepping ben the floor,
All raches great room to me red:
I of no creature took cure,
But lay upon the kings own bed:
With cloth of gold though it were spred,
For fear each freek would stand on far:
With every dog I was so dred,
They trimbled when they heard me nar:
Good brother Bawty, hear thee even,
Though with thy Prince thou be potent:
It cryes a vengeance from the heaven,
For to oppress an innocent:
In wealth be thou most diligent,
And do no wrong to dog nor bitch,
As I have, which I now repent.
No meikan reave to make thee rich,
Nor for augmenting of thy bounds,
Ask no reward, sir, at the king,
Which may do hurt to other hounds:
Express against Gods own bidding.
Chase no poor tyk from his midding,
Throgh cast of court, nor kings request:
And of thy self presume nothing,
Except thou be a brutal beast,
Trust well there is none oppressor,
Nor butchers dog, drawer of blood,
A tyrant nor a transgressor.

That shal now of the king get good,
From time forth that his Celsitude,
Doth clearly know the verity;
But he is fleem'd: for to conclud,
Or hanged high upon a tree.
Though ye be cupled altogether,
with silk and sooles of silver fine,
A dog may come out of Balwhidder,
And make you lead a lower train:
Then shal your pleasure turn in pine,
when a strong hunter blows his horn,
And all your credance make you tyne,
Then shal your labor be forlorn.
I say no more, good friends, adew,
In dread we never meet again:
That ever I knew the court, I rew,
was never wight so well of wane.
Let no dog now serve our soveraign,
Except he be of good condition;
Be he perverse, I tell you plain,
He hath need of a good remission.
That I am on this wise mischieved,
The Earl of Huntly I may warie,
He ween'd that I had been relieved,
When to ȳ court he caus'd me carrie:
would God I were now in Pitearrie,
Because I have been so ill beedie:
Adew, I dare no longer tarrie,
I dread I wave into a widdie.

A Supplication directed for Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, to the Kings Grace, in contemption of Side Tailes, and Muzzeled Faces.

SIR, though your Grace hath put great order,
Both in the highland and the border,
Yet I make supplication,
To have some reformation,
Of a smal fault which is no treason,
Though it be contrary to reason;
Because the matter been so vile,

It

It may not have an ornat stile:
Wherefore I pray your Excellence,
To hear me with great patience:
Of stinking weeds maculat,
No man may wear a rose chaplat.
Soveraign, I mean of these side tails,
Which through the dust and dubs trails,
Three quarters long behind their heels,
Cryes against all Common weals:
Though Bishops in their pontificals,
Have men to bear up their side tails,
For dignity of their office:
Right so a Queen, or an Empyce,
Albeit they use such gravity,
Conforming to their majesty,
Though their robe royals be upborn.
I think it but a very scorn,
That every Lady of the land,
Should have her tail so side trailand;
Albeit they be of high estat,
The queen they may not counterfait:
Where ever they go, it may be seen,
How Church and callay they sweep clean.
The Images into the Kirk,
May think of their side tails great irk:
For when the weather been most fair,
The dust flies highest in the air,
And all their faces doth begarie.
If they could speak, they would them wary.
To see I think a pleasant sight,
Of Italie the Ladies bright,
In their cloathing most triumphand,
Above all other Christen land:
Yet when they travel through the towns,
Men sees their feet beneath their gowns,
Four inches above their proper heels,
Circulat above as round as wheels:
wherethrough there doth no powder rise,
Their fair whit limbs for to surprise.
But I think most abusion,
To see men of Religion,
To bear their tails through the street,
That folks may behold their feet:
I trow saint Bernard, nor saint Blaise, cause

Caul'd never man bear up their claike.
Better nor Paul, nor Saint Androw,
Caul'd nere bear up their tails I trow.
But I laugh best to see a Nun,
Caule bear her tail above her bun,
For nothing else, as I suppose,
But for to show her lillie white hose:
In all their rules they will not find,
who should bear up their tails behind.
But I have most into despite,
poor clagocks clad with raploch white,
which have scarce two marks of fees,
will have two els beneath their knees:
Rittock that cleeked was yestreen,
The morn will counterfait the queen.
A moorland meg that milks the yows,
Clagged with clay above the howes:
In barn or byre she will not bide,
Except her kirtle tail be side.
In borrowes wanton burgels wives,
who may have sidest tails strives,
Twell bordered with velvet fine,
But following them it is a pine.
In summer when the streets dryes,
They raise the dust above the skyes.
None may go near them at their ease,
Except they cover mouth and nease,
From the powder to keep their een:
Consider if their cloves be clean.
Between their cleaving & their knees,
who would behold their sweaty thies,
Begaried with dirt and dust,
It were enough to stanch the lust
Of any man that saw them naked:
I think such giglots are but glaiked,
without profit to have such pride,
Harling their clagged tails so side.
I would the borrowton bairns had breeks,
To keep such mist from makins cheeks,
I dread rough makin die for drouth,
when such dry dust blows in her mouth.
I think most pain after a rain,
To see them touked up again.

then

Then when they step out through the street,
Their fording flaps about their feet:
Their loachly lyning forthwith flyped.
That hath the muck and midding wiped:
They waste more cloth within few years
Then would cloth fifty score of Friers.
When Marion from the midding goes,
From her morn-darg she strips the nose,
And all the day where ever she go,
Such liquor she liks up also.
The turcumes of her tail I trow,
Might be a supper to a sow,
I know a man which sware great oaths,
How he did lift a kittocks clothes;
And would have done I wot not what,
But soon remead of love he gat:
he thought no shame to make it written
How her side tail was all beshitten.
Of filth such flowre strake to his heart,
That he behov'd for to depart.
Said she, Good sir, me think you rew.
Said he, Your tail casts such a stew,
That by Saint Bride I cannot byde it:
You were not wise that would not hide it.
Of tails I will no more endite,
For dread some dudron me despite:
Notwithstanding I will conclud,
That of side tails there comes no good.
Syder then can their hanclets hide,
The remanent proceeds of pride.
And pride proceedeth of the devil:
Thus alwayes they proceed of evil.
Another fault, Sir, may be seen,
They hide their face all but the een,
When gentle men bids them good-day,
without reverence they slide away:
That none may know, I you assure,
An honest woman by an whoor.
Except their naked face I see,
They get no more good-dayes of me.
Halse a French Lady when ye please,
She will discover mouth and nease,
And with a humble countenance,
With visage bare make reverence.

when

When our Ladies do ride in rain,
Should no man have them at disdain:
Though they be covered mouth and nease,
In that case they will none displease:
Nor when they go to quyet places,
I them excuse to hide their faces,
When they would make collation
With any lusty Champion:
Though they be hid then to the een,
Ye may consider what I mean.
But in the Church and Market places,
I think they should not hide their faces:
Except these faults be sure amended,
My flyting, sir, shal never be ended.
But would your Grace my counsel take,
A proclamation you should make,
Both in the land and borrowstowns,
To show their face and cut their gowns.
None should from them exeemed be,
Except the Queens Majesty;
Because this matter is not fair,
Of rhetorick it must be bair.
Women will say, this is no bourds
To write such vile and filthy words:
But would they cleanse their filthy tails,
Which over the myre and midding trails,
Then should my writing ended be,
No other mends they got of me.
The truth should not be holden close,
Veritas non querit angulos,
I know good women that been wise,
This rural rime will not disprise.
None will me blame, I you assure,
Except a wanton glorious whore,
whose flyting I fear not a flee.
Farewell, ye get no more of me.
Quod Lindsay, in contempt of side tailes,
That Duddrons and Duntibours
through the dubbs trails.

KITTIES CONFESSION.

Compyled (as is believed) by Sir DAVID LINDSAY of the Mount Knight &c.

THE

The Curat and Kittie.

The Curat, Kittie would confess,
And she told on both more and less:
When she was talking as she wist,
The Curat, Kittie would have kist;
But yet a countenance he bare,
Digest, devout, dain and demure;
And yet began her to exame:
He was best at the after game.
Said he: Have ye any wrongeous gear?
Said she, I stole a peck of bear.
Said he, that should restored be;
Therefore deliver it to me.
Tibbie and Peter bade me spear,
By my conscience they shal it bear.
Said he live ye in lecherie?
Said she, Willie Leno mowed me.
Said she, his wife that shal I tell,
To make my quaintance with her sell.
Said he, Know ye no heresie?
I know not what this is, said she.
Said she, Heard ye no English books?
Said she, my master on them looks.
Said he: The Bishop shal that know:
For I am sworn that for to show,
Said he, What said he of the King?
Said he, Of good he spake nothing.
Said he, his Grace of that shal wit,
And he shal lose his life for it.
When she in mind did more revolve,
Said he, I cannot you absolve:
But to my chamber come at even,
Absolved for to be and shriven.
Said she, I will pass to another,
And I met with sir Andrews brother,
And he full cleanly did me shrive,
But he was somewhat talkative:
He asked many a strange tale,
How that my love did me embrace:
What day, how oft, what sort, and where?
Said he, I would I had been there.
He me absolved for a plack,

Though

Though he with me no price would mack,
And meekle Latine he did mumble,
I heard nothing but humble bumble.
He shew me nothing of Gods word,
Which sharper is then any sword,
And deep into our hearts doth print
Our sins, wherethrough we do repent.
He put me nothing into fear,
Wherethrough I should my sins forbear.
He shew me not the malediction,
Of God for sin, nor the affliction,
And in this life the great mischief
Ordain'd to punish whore and thief.
He shew me not of the hells pain,
That I might fear, and vice refrain,
He counsell'd me not to obtain,
And lead an holy life and clean;
Of Christs blood nothing he knew,
Nor of his promises full true,
That saveth all that will believe,
That satan shal us never grieve.
He teached me not for to traist
The comfort of the holy Ghaist;
And bade me not to Christ be kind,
To keep his law with heart and mind,
And love and thank his great mercie,
From sin and hell that saved me,
And love my neighbors as my sell,
Of this nothing he could me tell:
But gave me pennance every day,
An Ave Maria for to say,
And frydayes five no fleih to eat,
But butter and eggs is better meat:
And with a plack to buy a Wels,
From drunken Sir John Latine-less.
Said he: A plack I will cause Sandie
Give thee again at handie dandie:
Then into pilgrimage to pass.
The very way to wantonness.
Of all this pennance I was glad,
I had them all perqueer, I said:
To mow and swear I know the price.
I shal it set on cinque, and syce;

But

But he my counsel could not keep,
He made him by the fire to sleep,
Then cryed: Collops, beef and toales,
Hole and shoes with double soales,
Cakes and candle, greese and salt,
Coorns of meal, and handfuls of malt,
Woollen and linnen, warp and woft,
Dame, keep the keys of your wool-soft:
Though drink and sleep made him to rave,
And so with us they play the knave.
Friers swear by their profession,
None be safe without confession,
And make all men to understand,
That it is Gods own command:
Yet it is nothing but mans dream,
The people to confound and shame:
It is nought else but mans Law,
Made mens minds for to knaw,
Wherethrough they file them as they will,
And make their Laws conform thereto,
Sitting in mens conscience,
Above Gods magnificence,
And doth the people teach and tyll,
To serve the Pope and Antichrist.
To the great God Omnipotent,
Confess thy sins, and thee repent,
And trust in Christ, as writeth Paul,
Which shed his blood to save thy soul,
For none can thee absolve but he,
Nor take away thy sins from thee.
If of good counsel thou hast need,
Or hast not learned well thy Creed,
Or wicked vices reign in thee,
The which thou canst not mortifie,
Or be in desperation,
And would have consolation;
Then to the preacher true thou pass,
And show thy sin and thy trespass:
Thou needs not for to show him all,
Nor tell thy sins both great and smal.
Which is impossible to be
But show the vice which troubles thee,
And he shal of thy fault have rueth.

said with the word of veritie,
Shal comfort and shal counsel thee:
The Sacraments shows ther at length,
Thy little faith to firm and strength,
And how thou shouldst them rightly use,
And all hypocrisie refuse.
Confession first was ordain'd free,
In this sort in the Church to be:
So to confess, as I describe,
Was in the Church primitive.
So was Confession ordained first,
Though Codrus kyte should cleave and burst.

The *Justing*, between *James Watson*, and *John Barbour*, Servitors to King JAMES the fifth. Compyled by Sir *David Lindsay* of the Mount, Knight, alias, Lyon, King of Arms.

IN Saint Andrews on Whitsonmononday,
Two Champions their manhood to essay,
Past to the Barrace enarmed head and hands:
Was never seen such Justing in no lands,
In presence of the Kings Grace and Queen,
Where many lusty Lady might be seen,
Many Knight, Baron and Barent,
Came forth to see that awful Tornament.
The one of them was gentle James Watson,
And John Barbour that gentle champion:
Unto the king they were familiars,
Of his chamber both cubiculars.
James was a man of great intelligence,
A mediciner full of experience:
And John Barbour he was a noble Leech,
Crooked carlings he would cause them get speech.
When once they entred were into the field,
Full womanly they weelded spear and shield,
And wighely waved in the wind their heels
Hobling like Cadgers ryding on their creels:
But either ran at other with such haste,
That they could never their spear get in the rest.
When gentle James trowd best with John to meet
His spear did fall among his horses feet.
I am right sure, good James had been undone,
were

Were not that John his marks took by the moon.
My spear is good, now keep thee from my knocks
Said John, albeit thou thinks my legs like rocks.
Carry a while, said James, for by my thrift,
The fiend a thing can I see but the lift.
No more can I, said John by Mary bread,
I see nothing, except the steeple-head:
Yet though my brains be like two barrow trams,
Defend thee man, then ran they to like rams:
At that rude rink James had been stricken down
Were not that John for fierceness fell in swon:
And right so James to John had done great dear,
Were not among his horseleet broke his spear.
Said James to John, yet for our Ladies sakes,
Let us together strike three market strakes.
I hold, said John, that shal on thee be wroken:
But ere he spur'd his horse, his spear was broken.
From time with spears none can their marrow meet,
James drew a sword with a right awful spit,
And ran to John, and would raught him a rout:
John's sword was rusted, and would no ways come out.
Then James let drive at John with both his fists:
He miss the man, and dang upon the lists:
And with the stroke he trowd the man was slain;
His sword stack fast, and got it never again.
By this good John had gotten out his sword,
And ran to James with many awful word:
My furiousness forsooth now shalt thou find.
Striking at James, his sword flew in the wind.
Then gentle James began to crack good words:
Alace, said he, this day, for lack of swords,
Then either ran at other with new races,
With gloves of plate they beat all others faces.
Who wan the field, no creature could name,
Till at the last John cryed: Red, for shame,
Yea, red said James, for it is my desire,
It is an hour since I began to tyre.
So by they had ended that royal rink,
Into the field might no man stand for stink.
Then every man that stood on far, cry'd Fy:
Saying, Adew; for dirt parts company.

Their horse harnes and all things were so good, Loving to both, that day was shed no blood.

FINIS.

Quod Lindsay, at command of King James the fifth.

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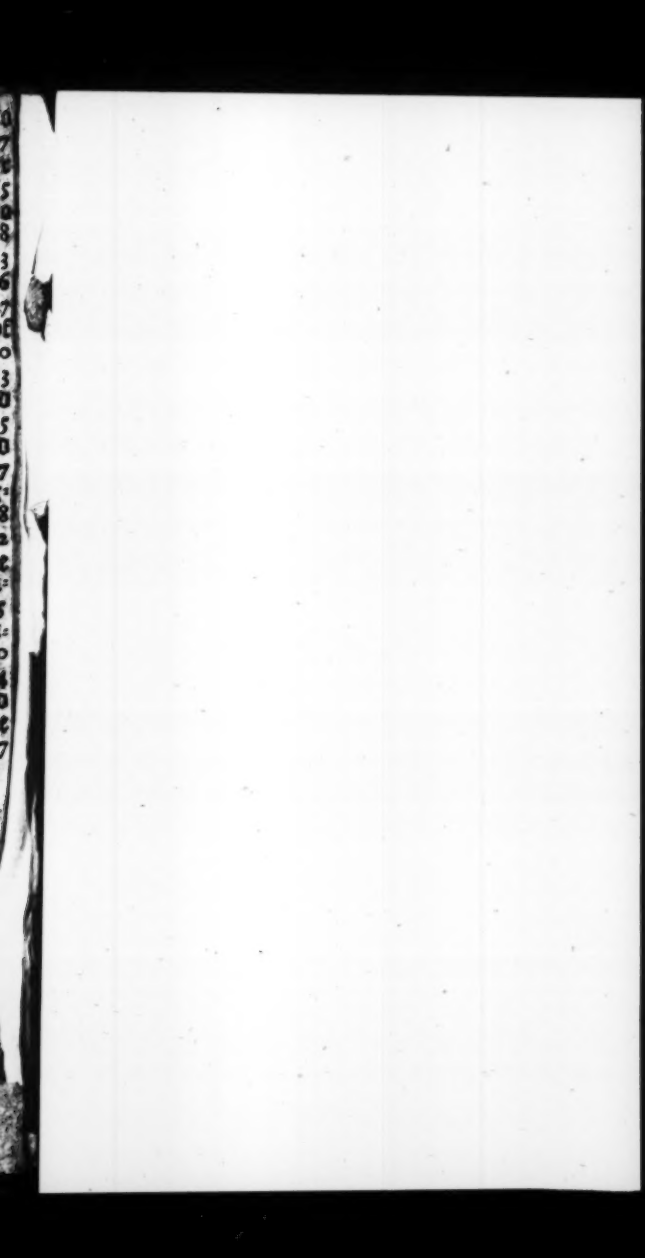

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UMI

THE WORKS OF THE FAMOUS AND WORTHY Knight, Sir DAVID LINDSAY of the Mount, *alias*, Lyon, King of Armes.

Newly corrected and vindicate from the former errors wherewith they were corrupted: And augmented with sundry works, &c.

JOB VII.

Militia est vita hominis super terram.

Vivet etiam post funera virtus.

GLASGOW,

Printed By ROBERT SANDERS One of his *Majesties* Printers.

1683.

But since your Grace hath given me such cōma,
To make answer, I must it needs obey:
Though ye be strong now like an Elephand,
And into Venus works most valiand,
The day will come and that within few years,
That ye will draw at leasure with your fears.

What can ye say further, but I am faild
In Venus works? I grant, Sir, that is true,
The time hath been I was better artailed
Then I am now; but yet full sore I rew
That ever I did mouth thankless so persew:
Wherefore take heed, and your fine powder spar
And wast it not, but if ye know well where.

Though you run rudely like a restless ram,
Shooting your bolt at many sundry shels:
Believe right well it is a biding game;
Wherefore beware with doubling of the bels,
For many one do haste their own souls knels:
And specially when that the well goes dry;
Then cannot get again such stuff to buy.

I give your Counsel to the fiend of hell,
That would not of a Princess you provide,
Suffering you run shooting from shel to shel,
Wasting your corps, letting your time overslide
For like a busteous bull you run and ride,
Riotously like a rude rubiator;
Ay sucking like a furious fornicator.

On ladrons for to loup you will not let,
How ever the carribalds cry the corinough:
Remember how beside the masking fat
You cast a queen overthwart a stinking trogh:
That fiend with fusling on her rosted hogh,
Cast down ꝑ fat, wherethrough drink, draf & jugs
Came rudely running down about your lugs.

Would God the Lady that loved you best,
Had seen you there ly swattring like two swine;
But to endite how that duddron you drest,
Drowped ẇ dregs whimpring with many whryn
That process to report it were a pain.
On your behalf, I thank God times ten score,
That you preserv'd from gut & from grandgore.

Now

Now, sir, farrwel, because I cannot flyte;
And though I could, I were not to advance
Against your estat meetre to endyte:
But beware with laboring of your lance:
Some sayes there comes a buckler out of France,
Which will endure your dints though they be dure.
Farewel, of flowing Rhetorick the flowr.

Quod Lindsay in his dyting
Against the Kings flyting.

The Complaint and publick Confession of the Kings old Hound, called Bash, directed to Bawty, the Kings best beloved Dog, and his companions. Made at command of King James the fifth, by Sir David Lindsay of the Mount Knight, alias Lyon, King of Arms.

Alace! to whom should I complain,
In mine extream necessity?
Or to whom should I make my moan?
In Court no dog will do for me:
Beseeching some for charity,
To bear my supplication,
To Scuddler, Lusra and Bawty,
Now ere the king pass from the Town.
I have followed the Court so long,
While in good faith, I may no mair:
The country knows I may not gang,
I am so crooked, old and fair,
That I know not where to repair:
For when I had authority,
I thought me so familiar,
I never dread necessity.
Lets the case that Geordy Steel
Brought Bawty to the kings presence,
I pray God let him never do well,
Since that I got no audience:
For Bawty now gets such credence,
That he lyes on the Kings night gown,
Where I perforce for mine offence,

Must

Mull in the close by like a clown:
For I have been ay to this hour,
A worrier of lamb and hog,
A tyrant and a tulyeour,
A murtherer of many a dog.
Five fowls I chast out through a scrog,
wherefore their mothers did me warie.
For they were all drown'd in a bog,
Spear at John Gordon of Pitcarrie,
which in his house did bring me up,
And used me to kill the deer:
Sweet milk and mel he made me sup,
That trade I learned soon perqueer.
All other vertue ran areer.
When I began to bark and flyte:
For there was neither monk nor frier,
Nor wife, nor child, but I would byte.
when to the king the case was known,
Of mine unhappy hardiness,
And all the sooth unto him shown,
How every dog I did oppress:
Then gave his Grace command express,
I should be brought to his presence:
Notwithstanding my wickedness.
In court I got great audience.
I shew'd my great ingratitude
To the Captain of Badyeno,
which in his house did find me food,
Two years with other hounds mo:
But when I saw that it was so,
That I grew high into the Court,
For his reward I wrought him wo,
And cruelly I did him hurt.
So they that gave me to the King,
I was their mortal enemy.
I took cure of no kind of thing,
But to please the Kings Majesty:
But when he knew my cruelty.
My falhood and my plain oppression,
He gave command that I should be
Hanged without confession.
And yet because that I was old,
His Grace thought pity for to hang me,

And let me wander where I would,
Then set my foes for to hang me,
And every Butchers dog down dang me.
When I trow'd best to be a Laird,
Then in the Court each wight did wrong me,
And this I got for my reward,
I had wirried black Mackelon,
Were not the rebels came and red:
But he was fleemed from the town,
When once the King saw how I bled.
He caus'd lay me upon a bed,
For with a knife I was mischieved.
This Mackelon for fear he fled,
A long time ere he was relieved.
And Patrick Sterling in Argyl,
I bare him backward to the ground,
And had him slain within a while,
Were not the helping of an hound:
Yet got he many a bloody wound,
As yet his skin will show the marks.
Find me a dog where ever ye found,
Hath made so many bloody larks.
Good brother Lanceman Lindlays dog
Which ever hath kept thy lawrie,
And never wirried lamb nor hog,
Pray Lufra, Scudlar and Bawtie,
Of me Bath for to have pity,
And provide me a portion
In Dumfermling where I may dree
Pennance for mine extortion.
Get by their solistation,
A letter from the kings Grace,
That I may have collation,
With fire and candle in the place,
But I will live short time alace!
Lack I good fresh flesh for my game,
Between Ashwednesday and Palch,
I must have leave to wirry lambs.
Beauty consider well this bill,
And every point thereof fulfil,
And read this cedul that I send you,
And now in time of mis amend you.
I pray you, that you not pretend you,

To climb too high, nor do no wrong:
But from your foes with right defend you.
And take example how I gang,
I was that no man durst come near me,
Nor put me forth of my lodging:
No dog durst from my dinner skar me,
When I was tender with the king.
Now every tyk doth me down thring,
The which before by me was wronged:
And swears I serve no other thing,
But in an halter to be hanged.
Though ye be homely with the king,
Ye Scudler, Lufra and Bawty,
Beware that ye do not down thring
Your neighbor through authority,
And your example make by me;
And believe well you are but dogs:
Though ye stand in an high degree,
See ye bite neither lambs nor hogs:
Though ye have now great audience,
See that by you none be oppress,
Ye will be punisht for your offence,
When once the king be well confest:
There is no dog that hath transgrest
Through cruelty, if he may sang him,
His Majesty will take no rest,
Till on a gallows he cause hang him.
I was once as far den as ye are,
And had in Court such audience,
And ay pretended to be higher:
But when the kings excellence
Did know my fallet and offence,
And my pitiefull presumption,
I got no other recompence.
But hoyd and hunted out of the town,
Was never so unkind a coyse,
As when I had authority:
Of my friends I took no force,
The which before had done for me,
This proverb is of verity,
Which I had heard red in a letter,
The highest in court nearest the widdy,
Except he guide him all the better.

I took no more thought of a Lord,
Then I did of a kitchin knave,
Though every day I made discord,
I was set up above the lave,
The gentle hound was to me slave,
And with the kings own fingers fed,
The silly raches would I reave,
Thus for mine ill deeds I was pled.
therefore, Bawtie, look best about,
when thou art highest with the king:
for then thou standst in greatest doubt,
Be thou not good in governing.
But no poor tyk from his feeding,
Nor yet no silly raches reave:
he sits above that sees all thing,
And of a knight can make a knave.
when I came stepping ben the floor,
All raches great room to me red:
I of no creature took cure,
But lay upon the kings own bed:
with cloth of gold though it were spred,
For fear each freek would stand on far:
with every dog I was so bred,
They trimbled when they heard me nar:
Good brother Bawty, hear thee even,
Though with thy Prince thou be potent:
It ceyes a vengeance from the heaven,
For to oppress an innocent:
In wealth be thou most diligent,
And do no wrong to dog nor bitch,
As I have, which I now repent.
No meffan reave to make thee rich,
Nor for augmenting of thy bounds,
Ask no reward, sir, at the king,
which may do hurt to other hounds:
Tryest against Gods own bidding.
Chase no poor tyk from his mooring,
though cast of court, nor kings request:
And of thy self presume nothing,
Except thou be a brutal beast,
Trust well there is none oppressor,
Nor butchers dog, drawer of blood,
A tyrant nor a transgressor.

That shal now of the king get good,
From time forth that his Celsitude,
Doth clearly know the verity,
But he is steem'd: for to conclud,
Dt hanged high upon a tree.
Though ye be cupled altogether,
with silk and sooles of silver fine,
A dog may come out at Walwhidder,
And make you stad a lower train:
When shal your pleasure turn in pine,
when a strong hunter blows his horn,
And all your credance make you tyne,
Then shal your labor be forlorn.
I lay no more, good friends, adew,
In dread we never meet again:
That ever I knew the court, I rew,
was never wight so well of wane.
Let no dog now serve our soveraign,
Except he be of good condition:
Be he perverse, I tell you plain,
He hath need of a good remission.
That I am on this wise mischieved,
The Earl of Huntly I may warie,
He ween'd that I had been relieved,
When to ỳ court he caus'd me carrie:
Would God I were now in Pitcarrie,
Because I have been so ill bedite:
Adew, I dare no longer tarrie,
I dread I wave into a widdie.

A Supplication directed for Sir David Lindsey of the Mount, to the Kings Grace, in contemption of Side Tailes, and Muzzeled Faces.

SIR, though your Grace hath put great order,
Both in the highland and the border,
Yet I make supplication,
To have some reformation,
Of a small fault which is no treason,
Though it be contrary to reason;
Because the matter been so vile,

It

It may not have an ornat stile:
Wherefore I pray your Excellence,
To hear me with great patience:
Of sinking weeds maculat,
No man may wear a role chaplat,
Soveraign, I mean of these side tails,
Which through the dust and dubs trails,
Three quarters long behind their heels,
Cryeis against all Common weals:
Though Bishops in their pontificals,
Have men to bear up their side tails,
For dignity of their office:
Right so a Queen, or an Emprice,
Albeit they use such gravity,
Conforming to their maiesty,
Though their robe royals be upborn.
I think it but a very scorn,
That every Lady of the land,
Should have her tail so side trailand;
Albeit they be of high estat,
The queen they may not counterfait:
Where ever they go, it may be seen,
How Church and tallay they sweep clean.
The Images into the Kirk,
May think of their side tails great irk;
For when the weather bein most fair,
The dust flies highest in the air,
And all their faces doth begarle.
If they could speak, they would them warn.
To see I think a pleasant sight,
Of Italie the Ladies bright,
In their cloathing most triumphand,
Above all other Christen land:
Yet when they travel through the towns,
Men sees their feet beneath their gowns,
Four inches above their proper heels,
Circulat above as round as wheels:
Wherethough there doth no powder rise,
Their fair whit limbs for to surprise.
But I think most abusion,
To see men of Religion,
To bear their tails through the street,
That folks may behold their feet:
I trow saint Bernard, nor saint Blaise, cause

Caus'd never man bear up their claise.
Peter nor Paul, nor Saint Androw,
Caus'd nere bear up their tails I trow.
But I laugh best to see a Nun,
Cause bear her tail above her bun,
For nothing else, as I suppose,
But for to show her lillie white hose:
In all their rules they will not find,
who should bear up their tails behind.
But I have most into despite,
poor clagocks clad with raploch white,
which have scarce two marks of fees,
will have two els beneath their knees:
Kittock that cleeked was yestreen,
The morn will counterfait the queen.
A moorland meg that milks the yows,
Clagged with clay above the howes:
In barn or byre she will not bide,
Except her kirtle tail be side.
In borrowes wanton burgess wives,
who may have sidest tails strives,
Well bordered with velvet fine,
But following them it is a pine.
In summer when the streets dryes,
They raise the dust above the skyes.
None may go near them at their ease,
Except they cover mouth and nease,
From the powder to keep their een:
Consider if their cloves be clean.
Between their cleaving & their knees,
who would behold their sweaty thies,
Begarled with dirt and dust,
It were enough to stanch the lust
Of any man that saw them naked:
I think such giglots are but glaiked,
without profit to have such pride,
Harling their clagged tails so side.
I would the borrowston bairns had breeks.
To keep such mist from makins cheeks,
I dread rough makin die for drouth,
when such dry dust blows in her mouth:
I think most pain after a rain,
To see them couked up again.

then

Then when they step out through the street,
Their fording flaps about their feet:
Their loachly lyning forthwith flyped.
That hath the muck and midding wiped:
They waste more cloth within few years
Then would cloth fifty score of Friers.
When Marion from the midding goes,
From her morn-darg she strips the nose,
And all the day where ever she go,
Such liquor she liks up also.
The turcumes of her tail I trow,
Might be a supper to a sow,
I know a man which sware great oaths,
How he did lift a kittocks clothes;
And would have done I wot not what,
But soon remead of love he gat:
he thought no shame to make it written
How her side tail was all beshitten.
Of filth such flowre strake to his heart,
That he behov'd for to depart.
Said she, Good sir, me think you rew.
Said he, Your tail casts such a stew,
That by Saint Bride I cannot byde it:
You were not wise that would not hide it.
Of tails I will no more endite,
For dread some dudron me despite;
Notwithstanding I will conclud,
That of side tails there comes no good.
Syder then can their hanclets hide,
The remanent proceeds of pride.
And pride proceedeth of the devil:
Thus alwayes they proceed of evil.
Another fault, Sir, may be seen,
They hide their face all but the een,
When gentle men bids them good-day,
Without reverence they slide away:
That none may know, I you assure,
An honest woman by an whoor.
Except their naked face I see,
They get no more good-dayes of me.
Halse a French Lady when ye please,
She will discover mouth and nease,
And with a humble countenance,
With visage bare make reverence,

when our Ladies do ride in rain,
Should no man have them at disdain:
Though they be covered mouth and nease,
In that case they will none displease:
Nor when they go to quyet places,
I them excuse to hide their faces,
When they would make collation
With any lusty Champion:
Though they be hid then to the een,
Ye may consider what I mean.
But in the Church and Market places,
I think they should not hide their faces:
Except these faults be sure amended,
My flyting, sir, shal never be ended.
But would your Grace my counsel take,
A proclamation you should make,
Both in the land and borrowstowns,
To show their face and cut their gowns.
None should from them exeemed be,
Except the Queens Majesty;
Because this matter is not fair,
Of rhetorick it must be bair.
Women will say, this is no bourds
To write such vile and filthy words:
But would they cleanse their filthy tails,
Which over the myre and midding trails,
Then should my writing ended be,
No other mends they got of me.
The truth should not be holden close,
Veritas non querit angulos,
I know good women that been wise,
This rural rime will not disprise.
None will me blame, I you assure,
Except a wanton glorious whore,
Whose flyting I fear not a flee.
Farewell, ye get no more of me.

Quod Lindsay, in contempt of side tailes,
That Duddrons and Duntibours
through the dubbs trails.

KITTIES CONFESSION.

Compyled (as is believed) by Sir DAVID LINDSAY of the Mount Knight &c.

THE

The Curat and Kittie.

The Curat, Kittie would confess,
And she told on both more and less:
When she was talking as she wist,
The Curat, Kittie would have kist;
But yet a countenance he bare,
Digest, devout, dain and demure;
And yet began her to exame:
He was best at the after game.
Said he: Have ye any wrongeous gear?
Said she, I stole a peck of bear.
Said he, that should restored be;
Therefore deliver it to me.
Tibbie and Peter bade me spear,
By my conscience they shal it bear.
Said he live ye in lecherie?
Said she, Willie Leo mowed me.
Said she, his wife that shal I tell,
To make my quaintance with her sell.
Said he, Know ye no heresie?
I know not what this is, said she.
Said she, Heard ye no English books?
Said she, my master on them looks.
Said he: The Bishop shal that know:
For I am sworn that for to show,
Said he, What said he of the King?
Said he, Of good he spake nothing.
Said he, his Grace of that shal wit,
And he shal lose his life for it.
When she in mind did more revolve,
Said he, I cannot you absolve:
But to my chamber come at even,
Absolved for to be and shriven.
Said she, I will pals to another,
And I met with Sir Andrews brother,
And he full cleanly did me shrive,
But he was somewhat talkative:
He asked many a strange cast,
How that my love did me embrace?
What day, how oft, what sort, and where?
Said he, I would I had been there.
He me absolved for a plack,

Though

Though he with me no price would mack,
And meekle Latine he did mumble,
I heard nothing but humble bumble.
He shew me nothing of Gods word,
Which sharper is then any sword,
And deep into our hearts doth print
Our sins, wherethrough we do repent.
He put me nothing into fear,
Wherethrough I should my sins forbear.
He shew me not the malediction,
Of God for sin, nor the affliction,
And in this life the great mischief
Ordain'd to punish whore and thief.
He shew me not of the hells pain,
That I might fear, and vice refrain,
He counsell'd me not to obtain,
And lead an holy life and clean;
Of Christs blood nothing he knew,
Nor of his promises full true,
That saveth all that will believe,
That satan shal us never grieve.
He teached me not for to traist
The comfort of the holy Ghaist;
And bade me not to Christ be kind,
To keep his law with heart and mind,
And love and thank his great mercie,
From sin and hell that saved me,
And love my neighbours as my sell,
Of this nothing he could me tell:
But gave me penmance every day,
An Ave Maria for to say,
And frydayes five no flesh to eat,
But butter and eggs is better meat:
And with a plack to buy a Mels,
From drunken Sir John Latine-lels.
Said he: A plack I will cause Saudie
Give thee again at handie dandie:
Then into pilgrimage to pass.
The very way to wantonnels.
Of all this penmance I was glad,
I had them all perqueer, I said:
To mow and swear I know the pyke,
I shall it set on cinque and syce:

But

But he my counsel could not keep,
He made him by the fire to sleep,
Then cryed: Collops, beef and coales,
Hose and shoes with double soales,
Cakes and candle, greese and salt,
Coorns of meal, and handfuls of malt,
Wollen and linnen, warp and woft,
Dame, keep the keys of your wool-loft:
Though drink and sleep made him to rave,
And so with us they play the knave.
Friers swear by their profession,
None be safe without confession,
And make all men to understand,
That it is Gods own command:
Yet it is nothing but mans dream,
The people to confound and shame:
It is nought else but mans Law,
Made mens minds for to knaw,
Wherethrough they file them as they will,
And make their Laws conform theretil,
Sitting in mens conscience,
Above Gods magnificence,
And doth the people teach and tyst,
To serve the Pope and Antichrist.
To the great God Omnipotent,
Confess thy sins, and thee repent,
And trust in Christ, as writeth Paul,
Which shed his blood to save thy soul,
For none can thee absolve but he,
Nor take away thy sins from thee.
If of good counsel thou hast need,
Or hast not learned well thy Creed,
Or wicked vices reign in thee,
The which thou canst not mortifie,
Or be in desperation,
And would have consolation;
Then to the preacher true thou pass,
And show thy sin and thy trespass:
Thou needs not for to show him all,
Nor tell thy sins both great and smal.
Which is impossible to be
But show the vice which troubles thee,
And he shal of thy fault have rueth.

And

And with the word of verite,
Shal comfort and shal counsel thee:
The Sacraments showis thee at length,
Thy litle faith to firm and strength,
And how thou shouldst them rightly use,
And all hypocrisie refuse.
Confession first was ordain'd free,
In this sort in the Church to be:
So to confess, as I declerive,
Was in the Church primitive.
So was Confession ordained first,
Thouzh Codrus kyte should cleave and burst.

The Justing, between *James Watson*, and *John Barbour*, Servitors to King JAMES the fifth. Compyled by Sir *David Lindsay* of the Mount, Knight, alias, Lyon, King of Armes.

IN Saint Andrews on Whitsonmononday,
Two Champions their manhood to essay,
Paid to the Barrace enarmed head and hands:
Was never seen such Justing in no lands,
In presence of the Kings Grace and Queen,
Where many lusty Lady might be seen,
Many Knight, Baron and Barone,
Came forth to see that awful Tornament.
The ane of them was gentle James Watson,
And John Barbour that gentle champion:
Unto the king they were familiars,
Of his chamber both cubiculars.
James was a man of great intelligence,
A mediciner full of experience:
And John Barbour he was a noble Leech,
Crooked carlings he would cause them get speech.
When once they entred were into the field,
Full womanly they weelded spear and shield,
And wightly waved in the wind their heels
Nobling like Cadgers ryding on their creels:
But either ran at other with such haste,
That they could never their spear get in the rest.
When gentle James trowd best with John to meet
His spear did fall among his horses feet.
I am right sure, good James had been undone,
Were

Were not that John his marks took by the moon.
My spear is good, now keep thee from my knocks
Said John, albeit thou thinks my legs like rocks.
Tarry a while, said James, for by my thrift,
The fiend a thing can I see but the lift.
No more can I, said John by Mary bread,
I see nothing, except the steeple-head:
Yet though my brans be like two barrow-trams,
Defend thee man, then ran they to like rams:
At that rude rink James had been stricken down
Were not that John for fierceness fell in sown:
And right so James to John had done great dear,
were not among his horsefeet broke his spear.
said James to John, yet for our Ladies sakes,
Let us together strike three market strakes.
I hold, said John, that shal on thee be wroken:
But ere he spur'd his horse, his spear was broken.
From time with spears none can their marrow meet,
James drew a sword with a right awful sprit,
And ran to John, and would raught him a rout:
John's sword was rusted, and would no wayes come out.
Then James let drive at John with both his fists:
He mist the man, and dang upon the lists:
And with the stroke he trowd the man was slain;
His sword stack fast, and got it never again.
By this good John had gotten out his sword,
And ran to James with many awful word:
My furiousness forsooth now shalt thou find.
Striking at James, his sword flew in the wind.
Then gentle James began to crack good words:
Alace, said he, this day, for lack of swords,
Then either ran at other with new races,
With gloves of plate they beat all others faces.
Who wan the field, no creature could name,
Till at the last John cryed: Red, for shame,
Yea, red said James, for it is my desire,
It is an hour since I began to tyre.
So by they had ended that royal rink,
Into the field might no man stand for stink.
Then every man that stood on far, cry'd Fy:
Saying, Adew; for dirt parts company.

The

Their horse harnels and all things were so good,
Loving to both, that day was shed no blood.

FINIS.

Quod Lindsay, at command of
King James the fifth.

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